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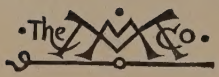
LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

EDWIN LAWRENCE GODKIN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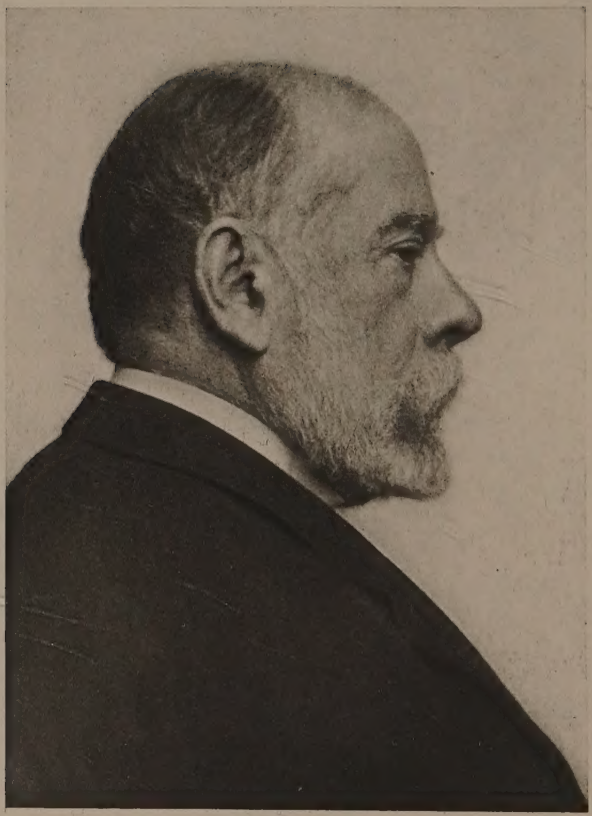

Yours very truly
E. L. Godkin

LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

EDWIN LAWRENCE GODKIN

EDITED BY

ROLLO OGDEN

WITH PORTRAITS

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VOLUME II

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LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

EDWIN LAWRENCE GODKIN

LIFE OF EDWIN LAWRENCE GODKIN

CHAPTER IX

It was Matthew Arnold who said of Mr. Godkin that he was "a typical specimen of the Irishman of culture." The Celtic temperament was there: the spontaneity, the large impulse, the vivacity, the joy of combat. Not even the mystic element was wanting,— a brooding strain, a touch of the *Obermensch;* he half laughingly believed in omens and presentments. Thus we find him writing: "When I woke, I was in great grief over Mrs. Gurney's death, of which I thought I had just heard the news. This dream about Mrs. Gurney has frightened me a little. I have had some very striking dreams, and am always impressed by a vivid one." All, however, was steadied and controlled by the widest outlook upon history and upon life. In Mr. Godkin was strangely blended the philosopher and the man of action. Of unusual social charm, gladly warming both hands at the fire of life, he was also given to detached and deep and sometimes melancholy reflection. A phrase of his own in a letter to Norton was shrewdly self-descriptive: "I unfortunately cannot live in the

house, and am always poking my nose into the serene upper air of philosophy, which is rather a desolate and chilly region, in which it is hard for a politician in a democracy to feel very comfortable — everybody down below having all the while a jolly time." No one could join more heartily than Mr. Godkin in the jolly time, but there was something in him which, at the same moment, looked down meditatively upon it all from above.

Mr. Godkin's humor was of the very man. He told Mr. Howells that his youth was "harrowed with laughter." And his laugh was the broad and infectious merriment of Socrates, not the thin crackling of Voltaire. This outward and visible sign of his rich inner appreciation of the comic and the absurd in life was remarked by all who knew him. His friends prized it. "My dear fellow," wrote Norton to him, at a time when the *Nation's* affairs were worrying Mr. Godkin unusually, "I shall wish the *Nation* had never been born if it is going to take the laugh out of you. If you can't laugh on the day the last number is issued (if that day should ever come) *pereat Natio*." "I shall keep my laugh. Don't be afraid," was the reply. The common idea of either Mr. Godkin or Professor Norton would not well fit in with this passage from one of the earliest letters of the former to the latter: "I retain an exceedingly pleasant remembrance of my visit to Cambridge. . . . A few more laughs, such as we had on the last

evening, would, I think, considerably prolong my life." Writing to the same correspondent, December 27, 1866, he said: "We had a very merry Christmas in New Haven. The day was bright and bracing; the place is full of agreeable associations to me, and we had some laughing such as I rarely have anywhere now except at your house, or when you are in mine. After dinner some very pretty people came in, who were girls in the earlier days of my citizenship, but are now young wives. We had charades, and played the fool more than I have done for years."

In verbal or written expression, Mr. Godkin's humor had a great range and variety. He was remarkable for unexpected turns of phrase. Thus he wrote: "If I were to come into possession of the estate which the rightful owner has so long withheld from me, I would certainly move to Cambridge." Such ingenious mixing up of the time-honored form of words was highly characteristic. He fell naturally into comic exaggeration, and abounded in original epithet. "Only for the *Nation*," he wrote to Norton about to go abroad, "I should be tempted to pull up my stakes and leave with you, to come back when the principal balderdashes of the present epoch are dead." Similar odd combinations, usually derogatory, slipped from his tongue or pen with genuine Irish ease. Thus he spoke of spending an evening with "the literary riff-raff of the city." It is better not to specify whom he meant. Even

in a despondent mood, the touch of grim humor would seldom fail him. After narrating in one letter a series of mischances and grievances, he exclaimed: "What an infernal old world it is! Nobody has a good time in it but Satan, and the Catholics worry even him with holy water." In such bursts wrath would pass away in laughter. In a vein like the foregoing, he wrote to J. M. McKim of certain opponents of theirs: "For them Satan is waiting — not anxiously, for he knows well he will get them eventually — nor yet eagerly, for he, of course, desires their measure of iniquity to be as full as possible."

As Mr. Wendell P. Garrison acutely pointed out, a marked trait of Mr. Godkin's talent for humorous representation was his visualizing faculty. Lifeless phrases got into motion, under his imaginative eye. A conventional figure of speech, he would clothe with flesh and blood, and make active. The thing behind the word he saw; and many of his flashes of wit and comic ingenuities came from his really seeing an action in all its phases and implications. Thus at a time of great excitement in Wall Street, it was alleged that a prominent money-lender was "laying down on his privileges." To Mr. Godkin, the phrase was instinct with life. He instantly remarked, "Anyhow, if he did not lay down, he was making all the movements of a dog before he does."

The humorous view of life was never long absent from Mr. Godkin. He termed Fate herself "a

renowned humorist." The keen pleasure of what George Eliot called the laughter of the intellect no man more often enjoyed. It was his unfailing resource against stupidity and solemn complacency, as also against the small miseries of life and the petty malice of the narrow-minded. First would come the savage characterization, then the peal of laughter. In the disputes over the early management of the *Nation*, a leading stockholder intimated that Mr. Godkin had been guilty of something like deception in allowing it to be supposed that he was an Englishman, whereas he was Irish. Upon this Mr. Godkin commented: "Perhaps I ought to have submitted a sketch of my genealogy, my baptismal certificate, and proof of my marriage, to the trustees. What a vulgar, incorrigible donkey he is!"

With this fountain of perpetual laughter, there naturally went in Mr. Godkin a marked social attractiveness. Whether as host or guest, his charm was acknowledged. His vivacity, his playful wit, his fund of apposite anecdote, with the stores of experience and knowledge which he could draw upon instructively, made him a delightful and much-sought table companion. In this man of overflowing spirits in private life, this brilliant talker, this *raconteur*, this full mind at ease, many found it difficult to recognize the austere moralist and reformer. One night at the Century Club, Mr. Godkin took a seat at the long dinner table between Mr.

Edward Cary and another gentleman, who without knowing Mr. Godkin had conceived a violent dislike for him from his writings. With the traditional, Century freedom, talk flowed on among the three, Mr. Godkin being in a particularly happy mood, and frequently convulsing his neighbors by droll sallies, amusing characterization, and funny stories. He had to excuse himself, and when he had left the room, the other gentleman leaned over and asked Mr. Cary, "Who on earth is that extraordinary man?" "Why, I thought you knew. That's Mr. Godkin." "Is that Mr. Godkin? Then I'll never say another word against him as long as I live." Such personal conquests, where the pen had given offence, were not uncommon. They pointed what Professor William James called Mr. Godkin's "curious blending of earnestness and humor, pugnacity and affectionateness."

His keen eye for manners, with his cosmopolitan broad-mindedness, is shown in a letter on the comparative social habits of English and Americans. It was written to the *Daily News* in March, 1869, and made a considerable impression on both sides of the water: —

> Mr. Forsyth, the author of the "Life of Cicero," travelled in this country a year or two ago, and has contributed an article to "Good Words" containing his impressions of American Society. He was surprised to find the manners of Americans, on the whole, very agreeable, and the number of well-bred people amongst

them very great; he even admits that American manners have a peculiar charm. Mr. Forsyth has touched here upon one of the tenderest points in English and American intercourse, and one which has more to do than is generally imagined with the present disturbance in the political relations of the two countries. Mr. Lowell's article in a late number of the *Atlantic* on "A Certain Condescension in Foreigners" is but a partial revelation of a soreness of feeling on this subject which pervades the whole of American society. I do not now refer to the caricatures of American society, or descriptions, if you like, which were furnished by English travellers to the English public, and which the English public devoured so eagerly, twenty or thirty years ago. There are few if any Americans now who bear any grudge to Mrs. Trollope, or cannot laugh heartily over "Martin Chuzzlewit" or the "American Notes." "Jefferson Brick" and "Elijah Pogram" are now common terms of reproach in American newspaper controversies. But I do not believe the ridicule now produces any more effect on the American feelings than the denunciations of the post-revolutionary period, in which nearly every English traveller described the Americans as godless barbarians, and when Edward Everett and Paulding won their earliest laurels defending the country against the assaults of "the miscreants" as Everett called one of them in the *North American Review*.

What is causing the trouble now is neither the gross abuse nor the ridicule, for both of these have ceased. What Americans complain of is what Mr. Lowell calls "a certain condescension in foreigners." Most Englishmen come over here in the state of mind in which Mr. Forsyth frankly acknowledges that he came himself — that is, prepared to find a vulgar England; and it is, of course,

not always possible even for the most discreet man to conceal his state of mind. When, too, he begins to discover his mistakes, and to acknowledge to himself that America contains probably as large a proportion of well-bred people as any other country, he is not always successful in disguising the nature of the process through which his mind is passing. Even the most cautious and polite men let it be known, either by word or manner, that they are agreeably disappointed. A great many travellers think it will be pleasant for Americans to hear that they are agreeably disappointed, and make haste to tell of it, and fancy their hosts will feel quite flattered by it. It is not in human nature, or at least in that variety of it which is found in this country, to discover with complacency that your refinements and good breeding are matters of astonishment to your guest.

I do not wish to colour things too highly, but I am sure I am not guilty either of exaggeration or inaccuracy when I say that many of the best-disposed and best-received English travellers irritate people in this way. Take, for instance, a very prevalent English notion as to the way Americans speak. I scarcely ever see an English attempt to reproduce an American dialogue, even when the interlocutors are supposed to be New Englanders of good education, in which they are not made to talk in a kind of slang which I have never heard anywhere except among the deck-hands and the flatboat-men on the southwestern rivers. It is, nevertheless, I believe, not at all incredible to a vast number of educated Englishmen that a young lady in a Boston or New York or Philadelphia drawing-room, should call a gentleman an "old hoss" or tell him she felt "right smart." *Punch* represents the American girl as something of this kind. Now, when an Englishman comes over here, and confesses

that this was the kind of people he expected to see, and that he was prodigiously mistaken, or goes back and confesses it, it does not help to establish a cordial understanding. People say he had no business to be so ignorant. They will not excuse his ignorance and will not be appeased by his apology. Were they pure philosophers they would be appeased; but unhappily they are not, and when he goes home and tells the world that to his great astonishment American ladies were reserved and well bred and spoke good English, and that the men were kind and polite, and that spitting, and the putting of feet on the tables and the mantelpiece was not common in American drawing-rooms, and that "old hoss" was not a frequent form of address to elderly persons from the youth of both sexes, instead of being flattered, and gratified, the perverse and ungrateful creatures are a good deal irritated.

This is not all, however. Not only are Americans not pleased by the current English tributes to the goodness of their manners, but the impression is spreading very widely amongst Americans that their own manners are a good deal better than those of Englishmen, and that, in fact, Englishmen are no judges of manners. This leads me to a very knotty portion of the subject. I think one may fairly say that this American testimony against English manners is supported by that of nearly every continental nation. There are few persons, not Englishmen, who can say they have ever met a Frenchman, German, Italian or Spaniard who admitted that English manners were good, or in fact, anything but awkward, and even brutal — using this last word in its French sense. So that we may fairly conclude that the opinion which, as I say, the Americans are forming about English manners, is not the result of national prejudice

or colonial ignorance. The most polished nations of the world undoubtedly share it, and the Americans know they share it. The American intercourse with continental society increases every year; and they there find their views of Englishmen and their ways confirmed and strengthened by circles which have cultivated the social arts as long as, and much more carefully than, Englishmen.

Now, this, as well as I can express it, is the case put forward by Americans against English manners, and against the claims of Englishmen to be considered judges of manners. They say that, in the first place, Englishmen have no theory or code of manners, and do not regulate their conduct in social intercourse by any principle whatever; that what they fancy to be manners and decry Americans for not possessing, is simply etiquette and an etiquette peculiar to England, and only adapted to English society, and that it is nearly as absurd for them to come over here and exact compliance with it, as it would be for the Turks or Chinese to come over and exact compliance with theirs. Etiquette is, no doubt, a useful thing. In so far as it means uniformity in externals, in social meetings, it unquestionably smooths social intercourse, and by relieving the mind from the contemplation of small differences, keeps down the feeling of antagonism, and leaves the faculties free for the higher sort of enjoyment. It gives to the weak, or timid, or reserved, a sense of security and of certainty as to what they have to encounter in society, which nothing else could; but the rigid observance of etiquette does not indicate good manners, and is constantly met with apart from good manners; and what Americans and other foreigners say of English manners is that they consist simply in the observance of a code of etiquette, devised not for the greatest com-

fort of the greatest number, but for the purpose of maintaining the class distinctions of English society.

Take as an illustration the American practice of introducing people to each other on all possible occasions. It is, no doubt, often carried to excess, and is then unquestionably a great bore; but it is based on the cardinal principle of politeness — the desire to be agreeable to those around one. A number of Anglo-Saxons meet in the same room in America; anybody who knows the race knows perfectly well that they will not talk to each other unless some third person intervenes and sets them going. This an American host does as a matter of course, and even if he does not suppose they want to talk, he feels that as human beings under the same roof, and in the same room, it will make them more comfortable to know each other's names, and thus be put in the way of taking note of each other's existence. An introduction of this kind does not necessarily lead to a subsequent acquaintance — one is not necessarily expected to bow to everybody to whom one has been casually introduced; but the doctrine — and I suppose I might say the Christian doctrine — is firmly held in America, and in all European countries except England, that to know a person of good character, whatever his station in life, to the extent of bowing to him in the street, or returning his bow, can do nobody any harm; and therefore, nobody is afraid of being introduced to anybody else, or takes any pains to avoid it. The practice of "cutting" people, for the mere purpose of wounding them — that is, of pretending not to see them in public places when you do see and know them perfectly well — is unknown in America as it is on the Continent, except in cases of loss of character; and to refuse to return an honest man's salutation is here, as it is in France and Germany, a piece

of incivility which a well-bred man will not permit himself.

Englishmen are doubtless frequently bothered a good deal, as are Americans, by the system of indiscriminate presentation which prevails in society here, but is it on the whole so ill-mannered as the English practice of not introducing strangers to each other at all, even when they meet in a room? The theory of the English practice is that if they belong to the same "set" they will know each other without introduction, and that if they don't, they may not want to know each other; but then fancy the effect on a person to whom the English respect for the susceptibilities of sets is unknown. In any foreign society he would find his comfort the first consideration; he certainly would in American society. In fact, the manners in America, in so far as they are acquired or consciously practised, are based on good nature. A regard for social distinctions absolutely in no way enters into them and they are not supported, or only very slenderly supported, by a well-defined code of etiquette.

It is, for instance, in England a very heinous offence, in some circles an unpardonable one, to go to a dinner party in a frock coat. Now, in America it is well to go to a dinner party in a dress coat. In the eastern States it is a general practice to do so; but then if taste or convenience prevents a man from doing so, people have sufficient respect for the humanity that is in him, and for individual peculiarities, to forgive him; but then this indulgent disposition does not reconcile them by any means to seeing travelling Englishmen come to their houses, as they sometimes do, in old fishing or shooting clothes. In fact, the comparative disregard of etiquette here, and the great freedom in the gratification of individual tastes and inclination, which the absence of class

distinction permits, does not indicate a total disregard of externals, as many foreigners imagine, or the total absence of social usages. There are usages the breach of which is excused in men whose habits and position are known to render the observance of them difficult, but it is not excused in Englishmen, because travellers of all countries have little else to do than conform, and Englishmen are well known, when at home, to attach a sanctity to etiquette which no other nation makes any pretence of feeling. Accordingly, I could fill a volume with stories of the queer things Englishmen have done here, and which Americans feel hurt by their doing.

One thing nearly all Americans with whom I have ever talked on the subject admit freely — and that is that the manners and behavior of a very large proportion of the swarms of Americans who are now found in every corner of the European Continent are well calculated to give foreigners a low idea of the society which produces them. But then it must be taken into account that, as a general rule, quiet, well-bred Americans on the Continent pass for English. There are few Americans of that class who have not amusing stories to tell of confidential communications made to them on the subject of the Yankees, by Englishmen who fancied they were their own countrymen — confidences too, I need hardly say, in which the American citizen was not handled with either tenderness or consideration. The flashy, over-dressed, loud-resounding person, with the stars and stripes wrapped around him, and the blissful unconsciousness that any human being can be so singularly constituted as not to enjoy his conversation, or like his company, takes, of course, no pains to conceal his nationality, and could not if he did. But I am bound to say that I think an impartial observer would admit that he is almost, or in-

variably, an amiable, genial, and agreeable, even polished, gentleman compared to the Englishman of a corresponding class, or, to put it more correctly, of a corresponding degree of culture. Wherever the latter shows himself the voice of the civilized world agrees in pronouncing him the most disagreeable of bipeds. His American confrère makes money easier, and spends it easier. He grows up in a community in which a tour in Europe is looked on as one of the signs of success in life, and as such he makes it, cost what it may. Fortunes, too, are made here every year in great numbers by men of humble origin, and little or no education, either literary or social, and they sooner or later make their appearance on the European Continent in gorgeous apparel. They are not agreeable people, but the reason is not that they are Americans, but that they are *nouveaux riches*, and America just now produces more *nouveaux riches* than all the rest of the world besides. If England turned out as many, and they all made the grand tour, they would produce a much worse impression than the Americans, and the proportion of well-bred English people on the Continent would seem exceedingly small.

I venture to say that the worst specimen of the American shoddy aristocrat is, on the whole, a simpler, less affected and less pretentious animal (to say nothing of his being more intelligent and good-natured) than his English brother. There will for a great many years to come be a continuous stream to Europe of very odd people from the far West and from the Pacific coast — of people whose lives have not only been rough and adventurous, but to whom the social system and ideas of Europe and its standards of propriety are totally unknown. California, Montana, and Colorado are already pouring into New York a gaudy stream of bespangled,

belaced, and beruffled barbarians, whose riches are untold, and whose equipages are the dread and envy of Broadway. They buy the choicest sites in the city, build on them gorgeous palaces vilely decorated and repulsively but expensively furnished. The men devote their leisure hours to stock gambling, and the women to dressing and driving, and giving rude but costly entertainments. Every five or six years they grow tired of their palaces and rush off to Europe, and inflict their finery on you, to the relief of their American brethren. Paris, as being the gayest capital in Europe, and the seat of the principal dressmakers, and the only one which contains a democratic court at which everybody can be presented, naturally attracts most of them. The best kind of Englishmen do not like them when they see them, but neither do the best kind of Americans. But if England had "a back country" or colonies, such as America has, within three or four days of London, the class of English shoddyites would be just as large and as irrepressible and, I think, vastly more vulgar; but no strangers would conclude, from seeing them in such numbers, that there were but few well-bred Englishmen or make their oddities an excuse for cavalier treatment or patronage by the best portion of English society.

The admiring friendship of intellectual women has been accounted, at least since the day of Lady Elizabeth Hastings, a tribute of which any man may be proud. Mr. Godkin was honored by the affectionate intimacy accorded him by many refined and cultured women. They jested with him, while they deeply respected him. His manner with them was perfection. He knew how to be playful, mock

heroic, sympathetic, gallant, paying to a woman the double compliment of being wholly at ease with her and giving her of his best.

In a letter written by Mrs. Norton, she spoke as follows of a visit of Mr. Godkin's to "Shady Hill":

> Mr. Godkin is just as pleasant as he can be, and I wish you and mother were here to talk with him and laugh with him. I never saw a man so successful in keeping up social superficialities in spite of the familiarities of continued intercourse. We are as cordial as possible, but commit ourselves to no responsibilities of friendship, and he is one of the few people whom I find just as pleasant to talk with for the fortieth time as the first. He "suits my complaint" exactly.

One of his most treasured woman friends told him that she valued him, not so much for his knowledge or his courage or his strong sense of duty, as for his "fooling."

A few of the surviving fragments of Mr. Godkin's familiar correspondence with women will illustrate, though but faintly, this side of his character. The following is to an old lady.

To Miss Ashburner:—

My dear Miss Grace:—

The stockings came last evening. They are a perfect fit, and I am going to wear them to a dinner party to-night with *very* low shoes. Even if they were not as rich and handsome as they are, they would be more to me than if they had been woven on one of the looms of

Cashmere. I wish I had some fête in prospect to appear at in them, but I see nothing nearer than L.'s wedding that would be worthy of them and that I don't see at all. This may sound like a bull, but, if you examine it, it will come out all right.

Seriously, they are most valuable to me as a sign of your remembrance and affection, both of which will always be, I need not tell you, very grateful. I owe you a great many pleasant hours, and you are associated with many of the pleasantest years of my life, and I can assure you that one of the greatest drawbacks now is that your house is so far away.

It is hard for Sir Anthony to be so near the pension period, but we are all near it without any pension in prospect, which is harder.

Affectionately yours,

E. L. Godkin.

To the same:—

December 16, '88.

As you may guess the election was a severe blow to me. But nobody should have anything to do with politics who is not prepared to see all improvements postponed till after his death.

To the same:—

November 23, '91.

I was extremely glad to see your handwriting again and to hear that, though shut up in your room, life had not lost its savor for you. My fall, thank you, has left no ill effects, and I have not decided finally to give up riding. My nerves are not what they were, I need hardly say. I got off very well with my fall. I came on my head with a force which, had it been on the high-road,

I am afraid would have ended my career. Luckily, it was on grass, and I was still man enough to mount again and ride home.

We have been, as you have heard, in this house for a year, and I have a room of my own, for my books, etc. This makes me plan various bits of literary work which I used to think I did not do for want of room. Time will tell whether I was not deceiving myself.

Lowell was indeed a dreadful loss to the country as well as for his friends. He has left no one like him, and no one of his kind is coming forward. He belonged to what, I am afraid, is a vanished type; his death brought sadly to mind all the changes that have occurred in Cambridge since first I knew it, now nearly thirty years ago. L—— is well and flourishing, but *will* not marry; but then marriage "bloweth where it listeth."

To Mrs. William Farrar Smith:—

My dear Mrs. Smith:—

When I tell you that I had been trying for weeks to remember to buy myself some such pencil as you sent me, you may guess what a delightful mixture of the *utile* and the *dolce* yours was. It is evidently the invention of a master mind, and has been "consecrated to my use" by your most kindly hand. May the New Year have many choice gifts in store for you and yours is the earnest prayer of a not very prayerful man, but your attached friend,

Edwin L. Godkin.

To the same:—

January 15, 1888.

The rumors of your coming to pay us a visit have again been revived, this time with a certain air of probability.

In deciding how long you will stay, remember the number of years which have elapsed since we have been able to secure even a single night or since we have had you without expecting that an overwhelming combination of circumstances would force you to leave us at three A.M. in a howling storm. The hall bedroom, I admit, is not luxurious, but such as it is do not occupy it, I beg, except as a free woman; to know that you slept there in chains would wring my heart. These, let me add, are the utterances of despair as well as of friendship; but, come what will, *liberavi animam meam*, as the psalmist says.

To the same:—

JANUARY 22, 1888.

I knew it, I knew it! I said all along I will not believe it until I see her in her room. I doubt now whether I will believe it when I do see you — whether I will not be disposed to consider it a phantasm indicating some approaching trouble in my own brain.

I shall say no more on this painful topic now. In all these things my great reliance is Time, the Healer, the Consoler. Perhaps in some remote hereafter the announcement that "Mrs. Smith is coming" will rouse expectation in my aged breast and bring a little fire into my fading eyes; but for the moment I must live in simple darkness, hoping nothing, fearing nothing, and finding peace simply in the daily labors of my head and hands. Katherine, I ought to say, continues to look for you, but she is much younger than I.

To the same:—

May 23, 1889.

I can say now quite positively that there is no good historical compendium which includes the events of the last ten years. Everything good, McCarthy, Molesworth, etc., stops at or about 1874. The best way, I think, for a boy to learn the history of recent times is to read biographies; they give wonderful life and reality to events. I shall be in London all through June, staying most of the time with Harry James. I feel a little sinking of the heart at going back after so many years, for death has been very busy among all whom I knew in my youth.

To the same:—

Your asking me to write you a "friendly note" is really too pathetic, as if I were so capable of harboring malice that you needed to be reassured. We are dreadfully sorry that you cannot see your way to coming to us; it is a great disappointment considering what the world is, how rapidly the years go by, and how rapidly we all drop off after the *mezzo cammin' di nostra vita* is reached. Constantly I consider that after forty every man, and after thirty every woman, is bound to visit his or her friends whenever invited, except in cases of overwhelming necessity. Appearances, as I must frankly say, are against you in this case. I am very glad you enjoyed your trip so much. Your account of Southern California would have made my teeth water if it were possible for anything west of the Alleghenies to make any impression on me, but no scenery or climate I had to share with the Western people would charm me. This is strictly confidential, as I am, in my editorial

character, supposed to feel equally affectionate towards the whole American people; but I long ago decided, like the lazy young man whom his friends urged to go "West," that the "highest civilization was not a bit too good for me." We are settled here comfortably and enjoying the place more than ever, but, alas, I have to go to Richfield Springs in July for my infernal rheumatism. This is a bitter pill. There are so many things that would be pleasanter, and I detest the hotel life so cordially — the number of commonplace people who fill them in summer is something appalling.

To the same: —

MILLBROOK INN,
Christmas Day.

Here we are and have been since Friday, spending Christmas in the fashion that grows more and more grateful, I think, to childless people as they grow older, in the solitude and silence of the country, with no better distraction than reflection and remembrance. It has been very cold and snowy ever since we came, but we have roaring wood fires everywhere, pleasant rooms, only two or three people in the house besides ourselves, — these perfect strangers, — very good table, and, in fact, a very good inn, which lives, in the main, on the weariness of New Yorkers. A long tramp over storm-swept roads is our main daily amusement, followed by books, interspersed with jokes in the evening. As usual, under such conditions, we foot up the people we wish were here, and I think your name, like Abou Ben Adhem's, "leads all the rest."

That is good news about Stuart, I congratulate you and him most heartily. His one danger now is of being

too clever to work hard, for the world reserves nearly all its good things for the stupid drudges; it dearly loves an ass if he only keeps moving.

To the same:—

October 4, 1895.

I received your congratulatory telegram and thank you all for it, but it is not pleasant to be sixty-four, and condolence would be more appropriate than congratulation. I forgot that I had revealed to you the secret of my prison house; I never expected to be sixty-four. I thought I should get round it in some way; do not tell anybody else about it.

Old age is a subtle poison, and it is sad to feel it in one's veins, but this makes it all the more necessary to get all we can out of life before it floors us. This is about what I am doing.

To the same:—

Ewhurst Place, Surrey,
June 18, 1897.

My dear friend Sarah:—

We have just settled here in our hired house, which is delightful, in a lovely region, after six weeks wandering on the Continent. Immediately on our arrival I received news of an event which is not the greatest which has happened since the birth of Christ, but still is very agreeable to us; namely, that Oxford is to give me an honorary D.C.L. at the Commemoration on the 30th of June. I tell you that you may rejoice with us on that day; it is, you know, the "blue ribbon" of the intellectual world, and very gratifying; K. is, I think, even

more gratified than I am. I wish you were over here to be present.

The Jubilee is something awful. Miss de Rothschild has invited us to see it from her windows in Piccadilly, but we could not have gone for want of a place to sleep the night before if Harry James had not lent us his rooms.

To Miss Dawson: —

MONTE GENEROSO,
May 24, 1897.

MY DEAR LOUISE: —

We have been in Italy for the last six weeks and are slowly making our way back to England, where we arrive June 1st, and settle in a house we have taken in Surrey, not far from Bonham-Carter's. In Italy we were so saturated with Virgins and bambinos that we are very glad to have reached this delightful mountain retreat and to hear the cuckoo and the nightingales and have nothing to see but Nature. We made a *giro* along the eastern coast — Ravenna, Rimini, San Marino, Ancona, Perugia, Siena, and for want of time gave up Rome with tears in our voice.

We expect to be in Surrey for three months, barring a visit to Scotland to the MacLeods at Dunvegan in the Isle of Skye. I keep calm about American politics by not reading the papers. The English are gone mad about the "dear Queen."

Salisbury has shown himself what he is in the Turko-Greek affair, and Providence, I am satisfied, is keeping an eye on your friend Chamberlain.

To the same: —

EWHURST PLACE, SURREY,
July 4, 1897.

We have seen and been bored to death by the Jubilee.

I am so sorry you were not at Oxford Commemoration Day "to yell" at my degree. Sallie Norton was there, having come down from London for the purpose. It was a glorious day; I was well plastered in Latin in the crowded theatre, had a delightful lunch at All Souls, and dined in the evening at the "Gaudy" in Christ Church. But remember, I am D.C.L. (Doctor of Civil Law), not LL.D. Why, I would hardly speak to an LL.D. if I met one in the road. I am something far superior. We had two delightful, in fact, three, days at Oxford, all poetry, glorification, and flattery; coming back was returning to prose in real life.

To the same:—

Oct. 10, 1897.

We are having a fierce canvass here, but I am far less excited and interested than I used to be. I am more and more inclined to the opinion of the old Englishman who said to me "he was in favor of letting every nation go to the devil in its own way." The way our leading citizens drop off under a little temptation is almost amusing. Look at Tracy!

K. desires me to say that your letter to her was very "nice." I simply add that you are very nice also, and that I am very sorry for the unknown man whom you ought to have married.

To the same:—

November 6, 1897.

One night, the night of the election, was pretty bad. A small party of very gloomy people came to our house to hear the returns, but did not stay very long. I awoke in the morning in better spirits and on going down town

found that every one was disposed to be pleased with what they had accomplished and "to continue the fight," which I think they will do.

But, for my part, being "nearer to the wayside inn" I am "weary" thinking of their "load." It is this perpetual struggling and fighting for the commonest objects of existence — peace and security — that so often causes democracy to end in a dictatorship. They throw the job of keeping the bad in check to any one who will undertake it. I have seen my last Mayoral election and wish them God-speed. I am tired of having to be continually hopeful; what I long for now is a little comfortable private gloom in despair. It seems in America as if man was made for government, not government for man.

These views are all for your private ear; don't give me away. As an editor I am bound to keep cheerful and expect grand things.

I am glad to hear that "he" is not "impossible." I want all the nice women I know to marry and have large families for the sake of the country, — the trash of the earth, alas, is so prolific! K. joins me in all sorts of sweet things.

I am delighted to hear she has persuaded you to come and see us some time this month. I shall then express to you in purest Tuscan how nice you are and what a pleasure in knowing you is taken by

Yours most faithfully,

E. L. Godkin.

To the same:—

Woodlands, Cobham, Surrey,
May 29, 1898.

You have displayed in our behalf in this transaction the highest qualities of womanhood, patience, persistence,

perspicacity, precision, prudence. We could not have been fonder of you than we were, but we have more reverence for your mind and character. We had a very hearty laugh over the prospect of your borrowing money for us; this would have capped the climax. We are counting, you know, on endless visits hereafter, but just now, seeing you *sur le champs* would be useful.

My portmanteau went overboard at New York, leaving me with one suit. The tailor will, after the bank holiday, begin to clothe me gradually; I am still decent. I wish I had as able a daughter.

To the same:—

WOODLANDS, COBHAM, SURREY,
June 22, 1898.

. . . . Lord Russell has invited me to stay with him at Winchester, and I am going down on Sunday night or Monday morning. I am going to sit with him at the Assizes, and if you are brought up for manslaughter, as you readily may be, I will do what I can for you. You are distinctly a dangerous person.

To the same:—

JULY 25, 1898.

We have just returned from our visit to Mrs. Kaye to lunch. Lord and Lady Hawkesbury, Mr. and Mrs. Pember, Mr. Evelyn of Wooton and Ormerod. A more delightful place I never saw. We took a charming walk by the river with Miss Drummond, and the place was full of your associations.

Here Louise walked, here she sat and read, here she strolled and mused, here she loved and lost, here she prayed and wept, here she saw the dawning of a better

day, and so on. It was all delightful, but it was sad to be reminded of you so much when we compare the present date with June first. Then everything was full of hope and promise, now the melancholy days have come, — "So passes the springtide of joy we have known." The 3d of September is hanging over us like an awful doom. I do so hate to go back and brag and lie and "get nearer to the people."

We went with the Bryces to spend Sunday at Farnham Castle with the Bishop of Winchester, and it is wonderfully grand and romantic. Do you know it? The Bishop is delightful and his wife is a dear: thence we went on the Monday to Fulham, to the Bishop of London's dinner party; Stanleys of Alderly, Major-General Schab and wife, Sidney Colvin. Bishop in purple; house full of portraits of bishops, mostly old rascals, I am sure. Delightful lunch at the Farrers' on Thursday; wheeled across, returned by train.

We got your letter; sorry you had to carry the coffee-pot; a lamp and milk-heater has also gone after you. Be sure to put plenty of coffee in. I think of using coffee-pots as presents for nice girls.

To the same:—

RAVENSTONE, JESWICK,
August 26, 1898.

I have had your letter and the paper recording your golf triumph and was glad to hear that the milk-heater had reached you. I did not know it was still living at Adhurst, rather supposed it was adorning some humble German or Bohemian home. No; we have not given a coffee-pot to Miss Tuckerman, although I feel we ought to have given her something, for she paid us a delightful

fortnight's visit. You, on the contrary, never gave us more than three days at a time, and if you had not been so very agreeable and so kind in finding us a house, we could not have given you a coffee-pot, much less a coffee-pot and milk-heater. Your personal merits had to make up for the shortness of your visits. If girls expect coffee-pots they must stay longer with their friends.

I am glad you have made the acquaintance of the B——'s, but am dreadful sorry to hear about the "evil eye." He, poor fellow, has had trouble already, and I am afraid this will injure him still further. Whenever I hear of such stuff I bless and prize England more than ever. These tomfooleries vanished from her more than a century ago.

To the same: —

VILLARS, SWITZERLAND,
July 24, 1899.

I spent two weeks in London, out of which two Sundays had to be taken for Oxford and the Bryces' country-house, and a Wednesday for my friend Pell in Northampton. I dined at the House of Commons, meeting Balfour, saw the "trooping" of the colors from the treasury windows, but I was miserable with rheumatism and had no enterprise about anything and saw none of the races, matches, or shows. As we are alone this summer I thought it would be a good opportunity for that hated thing I have seen coming for years, taking a "cure" at some waters, so we gave up the Engadine, which we had proposed, consulted a doctor in Paris who sent me to Vichy. After three weeks there in a villa, we have been sent promptly to Switzerland, not so much to get

rid of rheumatic *douleurs* as to get strong. So here we are until the end of August. I am very well, but stiff, and now figure as a "vieux respectable." My youth is utterly gone, and I am about the right age for a "sage," a business I intend to take up when I get home. I have equal vents of smiles and tears over the way you are getting on with your great civilizing and evangelizing war. I was particularly delighted, as comedy, with the proclamation of Platt, certifying to the good conduct of McKinley and Alger. This has been observed to draw laughter from several worn-out cavalry horses.

We are revelling in the mountains, but alas! I find I am not as they are, "the same as ever." I am grateful to the doctor for sending us here, but I know of no place which reminds me as Switzerland does of the flight of time. Every height has a quiet laugh at you.

I did not see your friend Chamberlain except at a distance, but I do assure you that he is not rising in popular estimation, which, of course, is not the same thing as saying that he is not a good man. I had intended going to see Mrs. Kaye, but was too hurried. I crossed over from Southampton to Cherbourg to meet Katherine on one of the American line, and was amused to see how closely they were imitating the Waldorf-Astoria hotel, the whole thing was so "genteel."

When sinking in the fathomless ocean it will comfort you but little to know that the uniforms were gorgeous, that waiters all had patent leather pumps and silver buttons, and every sailor had "seaman" in white letters on his manly chest.

Remember us most kindly to your mother and to the

Fairchilds. "When you are passing our way, step in," as the Westerners say.

To the same:—

Dec. 23, 1899.

I do not like to talk about the Boer war, it is too painful. To think of England, which I love and admire so much, and which is so full of beauty, being filled with mourning at this season! When I do speak of the war my language becomes unfit for publication, and I therefore will not write of it to you. Talking of the Philippine war has the same effect upon me, and I have therefore ceased to write about McKinley. Every one who believes in the divine government of the world must believe that God will eventually take up the case of fellows who set unnecessary wars on foot, and I hope he won't forgive them.

Barring this dreadful news, life goes on as usual with us. I used to think that when I got tired of the war and bragging here I could go over to England and live in peace, but this is no longer possible, and we are making up our minds to stay over here through next summer—Dublin, N.H., or some place of that sort. I fear you with your perversity will seize that occasion to go over. You committed the second greatest mistake of your life last summer; you are now ripe for the third. In the fall we shall go for a year or more, I do not well know where.

Kipling has long been to me a most pernicious, vulgar person. I only admire one thing of his, "The Recessional." He may have written other things as good, but I don't read him. I think most of the current jingoism on both sides of the water is due to him. He is the poet

of the barrack-room cads. Of course I don't venture to set my judgment of him up against many good people.

Thank your mother as the author of such a delightful work as Louise, and say, "Tchok Salaam" to her on our behalf. Dublin will be delightful because you are.

Mr. Godkin was a born reader. Even "in childhood," writes his sister, "my big brother seemed to me a mine of learning." Thus early did his acquisitive power display itself. In a letter to Parkman — he states that from boyhood he was "passionately fond of history." Poetry, too, was a young devotion of his. He was naturally steeped in Moore's Irish melodies, strains of which were on his lips to the last days of his life. In his Crimean diary, under date May 24, 1854, he turned aside to copy down in full Tennyson's "Brook." The orators held him as well, and he used to declaim passages from O'Connell and Curran. The latter's speech on the occasion of his reconciliation with Lord Avonmore was a favorite, —"Yes, my Lord, we can remember those nights with no other regret than that they can return no more, for

> "We spent them not in toys, or lust, or wine,
> But search of deep philosophy,
> Wit, eloquence, and poesy."

Further on in life he was deep in Burke. His estimate of that chief of English political writers

he printed in an introduction to an edition of Burke. De Tocqueville and Taine and Guizot were often in his hand. St. Gregory of Tours was his bedside reading at one time. On the other hand, he read Balzac in the hospital at Eupatoria. Voltaire and St. Simon were favorites. In a letter, he speaks of composing himself by reading Descartes. "One gets into such a serene air with a book like that." Mr. Godkin was steeped in the Bible, and used instinctively its winged words. Newman he read with pleasure, for style, not soundness of reasoning. In the economists he made himself versed, though Mill always retained his chief admiration. Biography was almost as great a passion with Mr. Godkin as history. Scientific development he followed with eagerness. Of novels he was but a *parcus cultor*, reading them for relaxation chiefly, or to improve his French and Italian. The following passages from his letters to Norton belong here:—

New York, Jan. 4, 1864.

The book arrived on Saturday, and gave me great pleasure, all the greater, I need hardly say, for the kind message which I found accompanying it. I shall flatter myself henceforward that your remembrance of my visit to Cambridge is as pleasant as my own, and this is saying a great deal. It was one of the pleasantest episodes of my stay in America, and I have had a great many pleasant ones, so that Clough will always be a very agreeable reminder of some very agreeable hours.

I knew little or nothing of him or his works, and so devoted the greater part of Sunday to him. The *Bothie of Tober na-Vuolich* I knew, and relished already, but some of the shorter pieces have, I think, even greater power and greater depth, except that their charm is somewhat diminished to me, by the sad impression which is always made on me by the protests against social wrongs of Englishmen who feel them as strongly as he seems to have done. Even Mill's "Political Economy," not a sentimental book, leaves this behind it. It looks like such hopeless dreary work to anybody who is familiar with the views of life entertained by the middle and upper classes, and with the tenacity with which they cling to them.

JAN. 18, 1865.

I have begun on "Democratic Errors" as you suggested, and you shall have the article at the time fixed, Feb. 20. The subject has much more attraction for me than Abbott, but I feared that perhaps you or your readers had had enough of my political disquisitions. I single out Abbott for special hostility, not because I think he is himself or his books worth half a page, but because his "histories" are fair specimens of a kind of literature of which there is an immense quantity issued every year, and which the half-educated look on as "solid reading." I suppose neither you nor I have any idea of the enormous number of respectable people who think his history of Napoleon and his history of the rebellion solid works, and it is sickening to see him treated in the newspapers with great deference as "Abbott the historian." You have, I think, fewer of these charlatans in Boston than we have here, and you may be thankful. New York swarms with quack poets, quack novelists, and

quack historians, if I may use the phrase, and they are all doing a roaring trade, and enjoy the greatest consideration. So I shall turn to him at some more convenient season.

Oct. 7, 1866.

A new weekly magazine is about to be started here under the editorship of Mr. Howe and Edmund Kirke. All the New York litterateurs — the funny ones — are to be engaged on it. If the issue of magazines continues much longer at the present rate, I shall want to shake off this mortal coil. They are a fearful phenomenon. I have been thinking seriously for some weeks, now that my existence has become a little more tranquil than it was last year, of bringing out in England next spring, not the edition of my letters to the *Daily News*, which you have so often and so kindly advised, but a sort of "étude" on the struggle from 1860 to March, 1867, when it will probably end; that is, a sort of historical analysis of the political movements which accompanied the war and influenced it, and an examination or rather an account of the ideas which from time to time animated the various parties and sections of parties, and of the character, tone of mind, and so forth, of the leaders. Of course, I could not do this half as accurately or half as well as yourself or hundreds of other Americans, but I think I could do it better for Englishmen than any American has done it, or is likely to do it, because I know the English public better and see things more readily from their point of view. I should be compelled to say many things which would probably expose me to a tempest of abuse here.

Oct. 18, 1891.

I received the Dante some days ago — a very pleasant surprise, because I had not heard of your being engaged

in any such work. As a sign of remembrance of me it is of course most grateful. As I know nothing of the original, I can express no judgment on the merits of the translation, but I can truly say that, to any one like myself who only knows Dante through metrical translations, a prose version which aims at exact rendering, and has had no sacrifices to make to metre or rhyme, is a veritable boon. So I have begun to read it as a fresh treat.

It recalls vividly one of the evenings at Longfellow's, to which you took me twenty-five years ago when he was working on his version. Fields and Lowell were there, and some one else, at the supper. You and I are the sole survivors of the party, I am pretty sure.

Mr. Godkin's was a deeply reverent nature. With formal and organized Christianity, however, his sympathy was not perfect. For the church as a great secular institution, he had a fine historic feeling. The Cathedral of Milan he called the most religious of churches. St. Paul's, standing near mart and bank, always impressed him. He often referred to John Howard's statue there as that of one of the true heroes of humanity; and with high approval would quote the epitaph: "He trod an open and unfrequented path to immortality in the ardent and unremitting exercise of Christian charity." When visiting Rome for the first time in 1892, he stood before St. John Lateran greatly moved. He touched the doors — which had been those of the Roman Senate — with his hands, as if the bare contact made him feel the life that had flowed there. But his

personal religion was mostly of the self-communing kind. He was fond of good preaching, and heard the best of his time, but thought he found less of it as the years passed by. He used to praise a monk whom he heard preach in Milan — but, then, he would add quizzically that he was not certain his main interest was not in cultivating his Italian ear! In a way, he felt that his lack of ecclesiastical connection gave his moral teaching an added weight. Thus he once wrote, speaking of a friend who had fallen into evil ways: "When I see him, I shall tell him my opinion of it all without flinching; and as I am not a parson, but a sinner and a worldling like himself, I think it will have a good effect on him."

Some extracts from his letters to Norton throw light upon his religious views: —

I think the article an admirable statement of your case, and do not think it can do the *Review* any harm even in the eyes of the orthodox; but you ask from the orthodox what you will never get as long as orthodoxy exists. They cannot concede that your rule of life is a religion, without giving up their whole position, for the essence of their system lies in their certainty that they have the truth, and that *their* truth is necessary to salvation. But I do think that if there be anything in the world which needs preaching, and proving, it is the possibility of Christian life outside the church. You are yourself one of the very few men I know who seems or tries to lead it. Most others are pagans to all intents and purposes.

FEB. 6, 1866.

I shall look for Emerson's article with great interest. But I am myself in a state of fog on the subject of religious worship out of which I fear I shall never get. I am giving up Frothingham *in toto* as an utter failure. He has become more and more a snappish dialectician, and bores one just as much in showing what ought not to be believed as the orthodox in showing what ought. I was drawn to his church by my profound weariness of doctrines, but he discusses nothing but opinions, and I have come to the conclusion that the narrowest of all human beings are your "progressive radicals." They "progress" as I have seen many mules progress, by a succession of kicks and squeals which make travelling on the same road with them perilous and disagreeable work. The transition period — supposing Emerson to be right — from Christianity to the next form of belief or non-belief will be very trying and in many ways a disagreeable period. In fact we are in it now.

DEC. 14, 1866.

I was very glad to hear that you have been able to have the baby christened in a way satisfactory to yourself. You know I have not entirely got rid of the mediæval faith in forms, and, although I have never been able to muster courage to get my own children christened, I am glad to find any of my friends able to manage it. I trust Lily may find the ceremony really "the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace," and her father and mother may long retain it as a happy memory. God bless the whole party who were present at it!

Finally, let a letter speak written when Mr. Godkin was in deep waters. It was in reply to Professor

George P. Fisher, who offered condolence on the death of his daughter.

10 West 48th St.,
April 8, 1873.

My dear Mr. Fisher: —

Your kind note came yesterday and was very welcome. We have had a great many expressions of sympathy from friends and especially from those who have had experiences as bitter as our own, and though there may be little to console, they help one to bear better what has to be borne. . . . I cannot give you an idea of the bitterness of the ordeal through which we are passing, because there was much that was peculiar in the relations of our little girl both to me and to her mother. To me in particular she was precious beyond expression, possibly owing to the fact that I have no blood relations on this side of the water, and looked to her for society and support with more than ordinary yearning; and then as she had passed safely through all the ordinary diseases of childhood and was extraordinarily healthy, I looked on her as one of the firm facts of my life. I will say nothing of her beauty and sweetness because this would be the old story of parental fondness.

You know I am not as clear in my mind as it is your happiness to be about the great mystery of the universe, but I know that things happen for the best, and that our lives are ordered by a beneficent hand. When my little darling left her father's house, for the last time on Friday, I felt assured that somewhere a wiser and better father waited for her, and that in his hands she would one day become all, more than all, that I rashly and fondly hoped to see her in mine. But the blow is indescribably heavy, I do not profess to be resigned; I only wait and hope.

I have often thought of your sorrow and bereavement, and now enter more fully than I ever could before into the feelings of those who had been down into the depths, and how many there are!

Nearly every man I meet tells me he knows too well what I am suffering. Mrs. Godkin joins me in kindest remembrances.

Yours very faithfully,

EDWIN L. GODKIN.

CHAPTER X

A LIST of the causes lighted up by Mr. Godkin's public discussion would be too much like an index to the seventy volumes of the *Nation*, under his editorship. How he came to take up one of them, he himself left a brief record:—

The newspapers all began to look about for a cause. The *Nation* was, of course, in as much need of a cause as any of them, and in thinking over what the United States seemed to need most in this new emergency, I bethought myself of a reform of the civil service. For over a year, I think, nobody concurred in this opinion. That civil service reform did not at first attract more attention was not surprising. It was, to most people, a strange European whimsey. I remember being invited to a breakfast in Washington, given by Mr. Henry Adams, who was then one of us, to bring together a few friends of the reform and some Congressmen. To me fell the task of explaining to a United States senator what we aimed at. He knew nothing of civil service reform except the name, and that it was "something Prussian." He listened with politeness to my exposition of its merits, but it was evident to me that he considered me an estimable humbug or visionary.

Soon after this the cause was powerfully aided by Representative Jenckes of Rhode Island, who made

himself its advocate in Congress. I remember that, in order to introduce the subject favorably to the New York public, Mr. Henry Villard, who was then secretary of the Social Science Association, joined me in inviting Mr. Jenckes to lecture on the subject in New York, in the old University Building. By dint of canvassing we secured for him a very respectable audience. I drafted the resolutions which were to be passed at the close of the lecture, but owing to the illegibility of my handwriting (the typewriter had not yet made its appearance), the secretary was unable to read them. I was called upon to take his place *ad hoc*, but hardly with better success. The audience was much amused, and I am afraid, I was not.

This bare reference gives but a faint idea of the inexpugnable enthusiasm with which Mr. Godkin flung himself for years into the work of exposing the spoils system in American politics. With infinite resources of argument and illustration, he preached the great theme without once making it dull. Its opponents, he transfixed with the shafts of his wit. By dint of incessant ridicule, he fairly drove them from the use of certain humbugging phrases which they had been wont to employ in defence of corrupt political methods. The ardor and argumentative power and statesmanlike prescience with which Mr. Godkin pushed this reform year after year in the *Nation*, and labored for it through organization and correspondence and political appeal, can scarcely be given a right estimate by those who have lived

since the battle was won. When the gallant fight began, and during the first years of its waging in the face of apparently hopeless odds, Mr. Godkin's power to awaken admiration and kindle zeal in young men was strikingly displayed. The best of America's college youth flocked after him in those years. In the fresh vigor of his mind they found, as Lord Farrer said that he did, a faculty of lucid explanation and interesting and original debate comparable to that of Walter Bagehot. From the earliest days of the *Nation*, in fact, its editor made himself known as one who had, in Mr. Howells' language, "a most uncommon gift of making serious inquiry attractive."

All the problems of democracy had a fascination for Mr. Godkin's intellect. In especial, did his penetrating eye and reflective mind love to rest upon the peculiar aspects and difficulties of democratic government as it was modified by conditions in America. On this subject he wrote early and often. One of his articles on it brought to him the following letter from John Stuart Mill:—

AVIGNON, May 24, 1865.

DEAR SIR:—

I thank you very sincerely for your article in the *North American Review;* not merely for sending it to me, but for writing it. I consider it a very important contribution to the philosophy of the subject; a correction, from one point of view, of what was excessive in Tocqueville's theory of democracy, as my review of him was from another. You have fully made out that the pecul-

iar character of society in the Western States — the mental type formed by the position and habits of the pioneers — is at least in part accountable for many American phenomena which have been ascribed to democracy. This is a most consoling belief, as it refers the unfavorable side of American social existence (which you set forth with a fulness of candor that ought to shame the detractors of American literature and thought) to causes naturally declining, rather than to one which always tends to increase.

But if any encouragement were required by those who hope the best from American institutions, the New England States, as they now are, would be encouragement enough. If Tocqueville had lived to know what these States have become thirty years after he saw them, he would, I think, have acknowledged that much of the unfavorable part of his anticipation had not been realized. Democracy has been no leveller there, as to intellect and education, or respect for true personal superiority. Nor has it stereotyped a particular cast of thought, as is proved by so many really original writers, yourself being one. Finally, New England has now the immortal glory of having destroyed slavery; to do which has required an amount of high principle, courage, and energy which few other communities, either monarchical or republican, have ever displayed. And the great concussion which has taken place in the American mind must have loosened the foundations of all prejudices, and secured a fair hearing for impartial reason on all subjects, such as it might not otherwise have had for many generations.

It is a happiness to have lived to see such a termination of the greatest and most corrupting of all social iniquities which, more than all other causes together,

lowered the tone of the national and especially the political mind of the United States. It now rests with the intellect and high aspirations of the Eastern States, and the energy and straightforward honesty of the Western, to make the best use of the occasion, and I have no misgiving as to the result.

Do not trouble yourself to send me the *North American Review*, as I already subscribe to it. But I shall always be glad to be informed of any article in it which is of your writing, and to know your opinion on any American question.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours very sincerely,
J. S. Mill.

Edwin L. Godkin, Esq.

Mr. Godkin's private correspondence often shows the first dawnings of ideas which he was afterwards to elaborate and enforce. Thus he wrote to Norton in 1867:—

There is one other subject, which, however, I should like to write about, because I have got my ideas about it ready, and that is the present aspect of the labor question, *apropos* of the strikes, and general disturbance of the relation of employer and employed all over the world. I think I could show that in this matter the law of supply and demand, by which economists dispose of it, does not cover the case; that the workingman's poverty, ignorance, and social position, prevent his being what the economists assume him to be, a free agent contracting with full knowledge, and yet the ordinary condemnation of strikes, which one hears so often, is based on this

assumption. The strike of the English engine-drivers and, in fact, the whole system of combination, I consider a remarkable indication of the general eagerness of men of all classes to get rid of the arbitrary rule of individuals, and get under the government of *law*. A little outline of what I should like to say will appear in the next *Nation*.

At greater length did he early express himself on the subject of the suffrage — especially its extension to the freedmen: —

FEB. 28, 1865.

MY DEAR NORTON: —

If my article conveys the idea that I argue from a denial of the natural-right theory, against the doctrine of universal suffrage, it certainly needs revision, for nothing was further from my thoughts. What I sought to show was: —

(1) That there is no natural right to share in the government, and that the precise form of government in any given country is purely a question of expediency.

(2) That the state has, therefore, a right to say who shall vote and who shall not vote, and has in all ages and countries exercised this right. The possession of it is deducible from the right of self-preservation.

(3) The natural-right theory has, however, been and is preached in this country, and especially by the Democratic party, to such an extent as to lessen or destroy the feeling of responsibility necessary to a proper exercise of the suffrage, especially amongst ignorant voters. The theories of government supported by orators and newspapers are part of the popular education, and are

therefore in democratic countries of the highest importance.

(4) The natural-right theory, therefore, is not "a shadow," as you seem to consider it, but a positive and powerful obstacle to the establishment even of that educational test which you acknowledge to be necessary to the security of a government resting on the intelligence of the people. In how many States does any such test exist? Is it not rendered a farce, in practice, in Connecticut, for instance, where it does exist, by the general indifference? In how many States is any good system of popular education provided?

(5) The dangers arising out of this error or neglect are aggravated by the enormous influx of ignorant foreigners which is now taking place, and by the proposed addition to the constituency of a million of liberated slaves at present in the lowest state of ignorance and degradation. There, therefore, has in my opinion never been a time when it was more necessary to assert boldly the value of education, and the authority of training and culture in matters of government.

I do not oppose the admission of such negroes as shall prove their fitness. On this point we thoroughly agree. What I ask, and meant to ask, was not that the blacks shall be excluded *as blacks*, but that they shall not be admitted to the franchise simply because they are blacks and have been badly treated. I want to have the same rule applied to them that I would, if I could, have applied to white men. But let me say that I think there ought to be in the case of *liberated slaves* a moral as well as an educational test, such, for instance, as proof of disposition to earn a livelihood, or support a family by honest labor.

On the whole I really do not think I differ from you materially on any point except as to the importance (practical) of arguing against the natural-right doctrine. But I think I can make out a good case for this. I am in favor of as broad a basis as possible for the suffrage in this country, and for precisely the same reason as you, — that it is a good thing; in other words, on the ground of expediency. And I am willing to admit all blacks *at once* who comply with the conditions I have mentioned.

It is evident, however, from your objections, that I have not conveyed myself with anything like sufficient clearness. Of this you are, of course, the better judge, and if you will send me the article back, I will re-write the portions you object to. Andrews, Lincoln, and Governor Morton are, I admit, good men. So is Mr. Fenton. But you surely will not maintain that the State legislatures, for instance, are composed of as good men as can be had, and these are very important bodies. The intellect and education of this country have for three generations run into law, divinity, or commerce. Ought we not to try and do something to turn the tide into politics?

April 13, 1865.

I have gone through my article, and shall adopt your suggestion with regard to the discussion of the "natural-right" theory. I agree with you, on reading it over again, in thinking much, if not all, of it unnecessary, as it really does not render much, if any, aid in establishing the positions subsequently taken up, which can be made, and, in fact, are just as strong without it. I shall therefore, either modify it, or leave it out. I have read Mr. Lowell's article attentively.

Read what he says at p. 546, beginning "Wise statesmanship," and ending "yet refusing to go." It seems to me that in advocating negro suffrage *because* this is a democracy and negroes are men, he adopts that very "French method" which he condemns. The Anglo-Saxon method which he commends is not bound by logic, nor does it feel obliged to push any political principle to its extreme consequences. Therefore, for it, it is not enough to prove the negro's age, sex, and humanity, in order to establish his right to the franchise or the expediency of giving it to him. He has to rebuke the presumption of his unfitness for it, raised by his origin — his ancestors having all been either African savages, or as nearly beasts of the field as men can be made; by his extreme ignorance — having been kept in darkness by law; by his defective sense of social obligations — never having enjoyed any rights, not even the commonest. It would, therefore, not confer the franchise on him without being satisfied as to the effect his exercise of it would have on the material and moral condition of the society in which he lives, or, in other words, on his own highest interests.

The mistake which, in my eyes, the radical Democrats make — and I call those who support the bestowal of the franchise on the negro, merely *because* it would be an act of justice or of kindness to *him*, by this name — lies in their denial or forgetfulness of the fact that the highest allegiance of every man is due to liberty and civilization, or rather civilization and liberty. The possession of the suffrage by anybody, black or white, is but a means to these ends. If the majority in the United States were to vote for the establishment of a despotism or a community of goods, I should feel as much bound to resist them sword in hand as I would

a foreign invader. We have put down the Southern insurrection not simply because the insurgents were a minority, but because their aims were dangerous to the very objects for which in our view civil society exists. And for the very same reason that we would resist the decisions of negro voters, if they appeared to threaten our highest interests, we would be justified in withholding the suffrage, until we had satisfactory assurance that they would not abuse it. Slavery surely cannot be a bad school if it fits the negro slave to share immediately in the conduct of a species of government, for which only one of the civilized races has hitherto shown the necessary qualifications.

"The objections to the plan are, of course, the same which lie against any theory of universal suffrage" (p. 555). Surely this is not a correct statement. Do they not differ by the whole interval which separates slavery and free labor, in regard to their respective influence on the character of the laborer?

I entirely agree with you and Mr. Lowell, however, as regards the expediency of giving the blacks the franchise, but I hate logic in politics, and all I ask is that they be subjected to a test, which in their case, ought, I think, to be somewhat different from that imposed on the white man, for I think the latter also should submit to it. All voters ought to know how to read at least — not a bit of the Constitution or the Lord's Prayer — but a piece of the newspaper of the morning of election day, both as an indication, however slight, of intelligence, and because the newspaper in modern democracies has taken the place in the formation of public opinion which was filled in the ancient ones by the habit of assembling in the Agora. In addition to this, the negro voter ought,

for at least, I should say, ten years after emancipation, to prove himself to be earning a livelihood by regular labor, or supporting a family in the same way (of course the last involves the first) as a test of that moral fitness against which his having been bred in slavery raises a presumption. And I think the present affords an excellent opportunity of raising the value and importance of the franchise in the eyes of the whole community and especially in those of foreigners. The display of some care and caution in bestowing it on the blacks could not but impress others with a sense of its importance, and prepare the way for a wide understanding of its fiduciary character.

I shall recast all I have said about the negroes, and put it in a shape which will not clash with your own opinions and those of the *Review*.

I am satisfied that a large number of my positions are too strongly stated, and I will modify extensively. It is one of the bad consequences of sending things to press while still in the heat of composition. You may expect the article by the end of next week. When you write, let me know the names of some of the authors of last number. Who reviews Herbert Spencer, and who wrote "England and America"? This last is, I think, admirable both in temper and statement.

I should like very much to review the "*Vie de César*" for the July number, if you want it done, and have not marked out anybody else for it. It has not, so far as I have seen, been noticed from the democratic point of view, and seen from this, there are several things to be said about it which are, if not new, novel. I merely offer this as a suggestion, however, and it is very possible you may think that by that time the book and the theme will be stale.

As the *Nation* pressed on its path, necessarily dubious for the first few years, it brought Mr. Godkin a mingling of the bitter with the sweet. He was not fully prepared for the personal controversies which his course entailed. "Ten years hence, if things go on as they are now, I shall be," he wrote to Norton, "the most odious man in America. Not that I shall not have plenty of friends, but my enemies will be far more numerous and active." In comic despair, he would allude to the picture of himself as "a designing Irishman, heaping flippant abuse on some of our most trusted and admired leaders," or "plotting in his sanctum with serpent-like malignity." Naturally, he said, he should be "afraid to visit Boston this winter, lest the stockholders of the *Nation* should lynch me." Do you but come and edit it, he wrote to Norton, "and I will occupy myself with lecturing in the rural districts, and Sunday-school teaching." With an exaggeration, half mirthful, half tragic, he spoke of his labors for the *Nation*. "I began it young, handsome, and fascinating, and am now [1871] withered and somewhat broken, rheumatism gaining on me rapidly, my complexion ruined, as also my figure, for I am growing stout." Nor did he forget his colleagues. He wrote of Mr. Garrison "who has really toiled for six years with the fidelity of a Christian martyr and upon the pay of an oysterman." In a later letter to Mr. Garrison direct, he said: "If anything goes wrong with

you I will retire into a monastery. You are the one steady and constant man I have ever had to do with." Yet he felt that he had staked all on the hazard. "If the *Nation* fails, there is no career open to me here. There is no portion of the press in which any good qualities I happen to have could be brought into play. The bar is, of course, closed to me, if by nothing else, by want of nervous strength." But such misgivings were not the dominant note. Mr. Howells, who for several months wrote "in the same room of the *Nation* office" with Mr. Godkin, speaks of the prevailing brightness of the place. "We both loved laughing, and we were never so immersed in our work but we could turn from it for a joyful shout over something in the day's news that amused one or other of us. . . . I felt the warmth, the humane glow of his manly nature, and I need not say that I appreciated the honest greatness of his mind." Even the daily dust of a journalist's work did not clog the fine workings of Mr. Godkin's intellect. He would gird at "the bundle of schoolboy essays" offered him week by week as contributions to the *Nation;* and would tell Norton that "it would do you good to serve as a hack writer for a daily paper for a year, so as to harden you to imperfection"; but he took a high delight in his work and prized the tokens of its success. Words of admiration, however, he always took with abatement of witty deprecation. "When I read the terms in which you

speak of my literary powers, I am really puzzled to know what to conclude. The calm of the rest of the world about me would be astounding, if I did not feel confident that your friendship makes you overrate me."

It has been thought that Mr. Godkin was overpugnacious, and went out of his way to seek a controversy. In reality, he was one who laid to heart Polonius's advice about quarrels. Many that were fairly thrust upon him he avoided; or a private letter would take the place of public excoriation. Here, for example, is a note that he sent to the editor of the *Independent*: —

NEW YORK, Sept. 7, 1868.

DEAR SIR: —

In the interest of good morals as well as good business, I think it well to say in reference to your personal allusion to me in the *Independent* of last week, that it obviously suggests a falsehood. It suggests, what I am sure the writer knew to be untrue, that the circumstance of my having been born in Ireland prevented my taking a rational and just view of the Louisiana school question.

It was, therefore, a suggestion which a religious paper ought not to have made. Moreover, it did *not* represent the *Nation's* position fairly, which aggravated the offence. The folly — to say the least — of ascribing my desire for "separate schools" to the place of my birth — supposing for the sake of argument, I had desired it — is evident, because nearly half the native American population have it.

We have endeavored in the *Nation*, and successfully

endeavored, in the interest of reason as well as of decency, to make discussion *impersonal.* If I were to make your birth or education a means of exciting either a prejudice against you personally, or of weakening the effect of your arguments, I should consider myself a very base and malignant person. We have commented often severely on the course of the *Independent,* but no personal allusion to the writer has, I am glad to say, ever found its way into our columns. It seems to me that you should be amongst the last to encourage a tendency which is the curse of the press of the country, which has made the Pomeroys possible, and which cherishes the coarse and brutalized public opinion to which so many public abuses owe their continuation.

I address you privately, simply because a public controversy over a small "hit" at my person is something in which, please God, I shall never engage, because I am a great deal more anxious to secure your support for the cause of decent journalism, than to enjoy the small triumph of pointing out the pettiness of your mode of assailing me, who have never assailed you.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours truly,

Edwin L. Godkin.

A certain type of heady grumbler, writing to "have my *Nation* stopped," Mr. Godkin would counter upon by explaining that it would be a pleasure to him to send the paper free where it was plain that it was so much needed.

To dwell a moment longer on the reasons why Mr. Godkin's writings in the *Nation* so deeply im-

pressed a whole generation, his peculiar combination of qualities must be borne in mind. He was a deep student, but also a man of the world. He was fond of political speculation, but he never took his eye off the fact. Mr. A. G. Sedgwick, in his article in the *Atlantic* (1897) on Mr. Godkin's political writings, pointed out the difficulty of comparing him with any other speculative writer on government. He was able to correct Tocqueville by a more rigid observation and a more tenacious following of causes to their consequences. Far less comprehensive than Mill, who took all knowledge for his province, Mr. Godkin was more intense than his great teacher, and his method, within his narrower range, more sure. His political philosophy was founded in deep convictions, acquired by wide study and patient reflection, but was a philosophy kept actual and alive by constant application to the daily problems of the journalist, and forever rendered glowing by the heat of his imagination. It has been said that he brought the ripest wisdom of the ages to the discussion of the pettiest question of the moment; but this was really no waste. Virtue went out of him at every pen stroke. It was his habit of bringing the highest principles to bear upon the most customèd event that made his writings a power and his personality an inspiration.

Recognition by the best never failed him. Goldwin Smith wrote:—

Will you allow me to express to you, as I have often done to Norton and others who think and feel with us, the pleasure, and, as I dare say America will practically be almost my country, I may add, the gratitude with which I have read the *Nation?* That you have gone through a good deal in holding the course which you have held, I doubt not, but you have gone through it stainlessly, and I am sure you will not regret it.

President Porter of Yale informed Mr. Godkin of the honor in which he found the *Nation* held in England. From Japan, the editor of the *Kokumin no Tomo* sent word of the "sympathy and admiration" with which he had read "every number of the *Nation*." The Rev. Dr. Joseph P. Thompson expressed indebtedness to the *Nation* for "many stimulating thoughts and noble impulses upon the great question of humanity, society, and government." From Berlin, John Bigelow wrote:—

SEPT. 25, 1870.

MY DEAR GODKIN:—

I was at Wittenberg yesterday to see where Luther and Melanchthon were buried, and where, during their lives, "they did many wonderful works." It may seem to you quite in the natural course of things that in a community under the influence of such hallowed associations the *Nation* should be held in respect. When Byron heard of his poems being read on the banks of the Ohio he called it Fame. When I was a journalist I should have

thought it greater Fame to furnish the staple of a leading article for the *Wittenbergsche Wochenblatt*. You will perceive by the sheet which I send you that such is your distinction. The descendants of those who heard Luther preach are now permitted to read the sermons of Godkin.

CHAPTER XI

Mr. Godkin at one time came near venturing upon what Lowell called a "professor-change." Academic authorities were not slow to perceive his uncommon powers of exposition; and the advantage of having a man of such racy and lucid speech to lecture on government appealed to more than one college president. Noah Porter wrote in the summer of 1872 to advise him that the Corporation of Yale College had voted to invite him to deliver a course of lectures in political economy or social science. With the newly founded Cornell University, there had earlier seemed a strong prospect that Mr. Godkin might be connected. The subjoined letters touch on that matter: —

My dear Norton:

I send you by this mail Andrew White's report on the organization of the Cornell University. It is much better than I looked for, and in places very good. It occurred to me some weeks ago that it might possibly do no harm if I applied for the Chair of Political Economy and Jurisprudence — the two ought to go together. Since this idea came into my head I have received his report, and find, as I hoped, that political economy is to

be a non-resident professorship. I should think six or eight weeks would suffice for the course each winter, and this I could readily give, as by the time the thing is started the *Nation* will be either dead or running with less constant work from me.

The salary would of course be small. As planned in the report they are all ludicrously small. But this is a minor consideration. I should like the place very much for several reasons. It would furnish an aim and object for most of what thinking and reading I do, and it would enable me to influence men whose opinions are yet unformed — who have not begun to read the *Tribune*, and who would take an interest in the subjects which few adults in America do; and the work is a kind of work which I should do *con amore*.

I have spoken of the plan to Olmsted, and he thinks well of it and is sounding White. The obstacles are obvious. I am unknown; a foreigner; Greeley is on the Board of Trustees, but will probably not be on the appointing committee; and I have written no book, and held no chair, and have no experience in teaching. My being a free trader may also count against me, though I believe White is one himself. It will be a wonderful performance, however, if a protectionist is set to teach political economy in the great American university in the nineteenth century.

I should be glad to have your opinion as to my fitness, and as to the propriety of moving in the matter any further. I know you think I *write* well, but there are many other things to be considered, and I shall regard it as a strong mark of friendship if you will advise me *frankly*. If you think well of it, I shall also ask you to give me any assistance you can in getting my claims put before the appointing body, whoever they may be.

Ashfield, July 5, 1867.

My dear Godkin:—

As to your plan of applying for the chair of Pol. Economy, nothing it seems to me could be better. A non-resident professor has no responsibility in regard to the management of the university, and no, or very little, direct intercourse with the students. The doubts one might have as to one's fitness for a resident professorship need not arise in case of what is little more than a lectureship. In this case little more is to be considered than one's mere intellectual fitness — one's ability to think, to write, and to deliver a lecture. I should regard it as an eminent advantage to the new university if it could secure your services in the form which you suggest. It is no delusion of friendship to regard you as the soundest and best-trained writer on social and economical questions — the topics of political economy — that we have. If there be other men who think and write as well on these subjects I do not know them. Perry, Bowen, and our other professors of Political Economy are poor expounders of the science. I should be truly glad for the sake of the students, for the sake of the influence of your teaching on the general tone of thought in the country, if the appointment were given to you. But I am afraid of your undertaking too much; this is the objection to your having the place. If you can take the work without harm, if you would like it, and if Mrs. Godkin gives her consent, I will do everything in my power, with all my heart, to promote your wishes and the good of the university.

Aug. 2, 1867.

My dear Norton:—

I wrote to White about the professorship, and had a very cordial reply. He said "there was no one he would

sooner see in the position," and would give me notice whenever the applications came to be considered; but there was a chance — I presume for pecuniary reasons — that, for the first year, the work would be done by the professor of Intellectual Philosophy.

In 1870, Mr. Godkin was offered the chair of history in Harvard. He wrote at once to Norton, then abroad: —

July 28, 1870.

My dear Norton: —

I am going through mental perplexities, in which I should dearly like to have your advice if it were within reach. Eliot has offered me the professorship of History at Harvard, and I am strongly tempted to accept. I should like the work — it is the optional course of the senior and junior classes; and I want to live at Cambridge, — strange as it may seem to you, who do live there, — partly on Fanny's account and mine, and partly on account of the children, whom I can hardly bear to see growing up in New York. To be near you, and Lowell and Gurney, in the latter end of my life, would be a great pleasure. But then the salary is small to settle down upon — $4000 — and doubtless there is less of a certain kind of influence than in the *Nation*. I would not think of going, however, if I did not think that I might safely leave the *Nation* in the hands of Dennett — who would come back to it — and Garrison, and become myself simply a contributor and general supervisor. At all events my present idea is to try this, though as yet I have decided nothing. The Wards and Olmsted advise me to go, if it can be done without serious detriment to the *Nation*, and treat the offer as a clear "promotion"

for me, which I am not at liberty to reject, and as a valuable recognition of the work the *Nation* has done. The only thing I fear, or rather what I fear most, is that my leaving may produce an unfavorable impression on the public mind as to its condition.

Apart from the social attractions of the thing, I am tempted by the opportunity and inducement it offers to the cultivation of one subject. You can hardly understand how strong this craving is with me, and could not without passing as many years as I have done writing *de omnibus rebus*. I think it would be an important help to my mental growth, to which, "newspaper man" though I am, I am not altogether indifferent. And then I confess I have a burning longing to help to train up a generation of young men to hate Greeley and Tilton and their ways.

I wish I could get your opinion on all this before the die is cast, and am half tempted to ask you to telegraph it, at my expense, but if you write at once, I shall receive it before all is over. But I am deplorably one-sided myself. My judgment is completely warped by the prospect of living near you all. Fanny's mind is not yet made up, but she feels reluctant to abandon New York yet for many reasons, believing apparently that, as long as we are here, there is a chance of discovering somewhere a pot of gold.

Another letter soon followed:—

I am still undecided about the professorship at Harvard, but shall probably this week agree to accept it a year hence, reserving to myself the right to back out in the interval, if I see fit, and in the meantime will try to make some arrangement about the *Nation* that will

keep it going, or else put it on a footing that will make it worth my while to remain with it.

My reasons are: —

1. I cannot go on indefinitely working very — almost dangerously — hard for $2000 a year, in an enterprise in which I get no vacation, and which a long fit of illness on my part would ruin.

2. I do not want to bring my children up in New York, if I can avoid it, and the place has no social attractions for myself.

3. I don't like New Yorkers, and I do like Bostonians.

4. You are at Cambridge, and the work there would give me leisure, and long vacations, and a peaceable and tranquil old age.

Nevertheless, I have the strongest sense that I ought to stand by the *Nation* if I can, and all my friends here strongly urge me to do so. I will do so, if it be possible without completely sacrificing my own future and that of my children. But there are limits I think to the sacrifices a man is to be expected to make to the public. My greatest regret about the whole matter is that I cannot have your opinion, but I trust it will remain in suspense for a year — the matter, not the opinion.

The final decision came sooner than Mr. Godkin thought: —

Sept. 12, 1870.

I write again to say that I have refused the professorship for various reasons, many of which you give in your letter, which I received two or three days after I had decided. Every one I consulted advised me against leaving the *Nation*, on all grounds, personal as well as political. It tempted me strongly, however, for my

personal ease, on account of the children, and for its certainty and greater economy. But then, when I came to consider that the *Nation* would surely die if I went; that its dying, as every one assured me, would be a heavy blow and great discouragement to all the best class of reformers, and would seem like the loss of five years' labor; that I might not get on well as part of a machine, and might feel the comparative seclusion of my life at Cambridge painfully, and might not work readily or comfortably into a small circle, I determined to give it up. So here I am for weal or woe.

Before deciding to decline the Harvard offer, Mr. Godkin took advice of friends. Professor Gurney urged him to accept. "Think what a life of freedom from care for all time you and Mrs. Godkin would lead here!" To Frederick Law Olmsted, Mr. Godkin had written, referring to the incessant labors and anxieties inseparable from the *Nation*, to ask if he thought "any thoroughly good work of this kind could be done for the world except by men whose minds are at ease about their pecuniary future." Olmsted's characteristic reply was: "I should ask, is there any done by any who are at ease? In this country none, I am sure." Nevertheless, he advised Mr. Godkin to go to Cambridge, provided he could still retain direction of the *Nation* and secure competent assistance. But, "if you can't do it — if you can't find the man — if you can't write fully half the week and half the leaders and control the drift and tone of the whole while living at Cambridge,

give up the professorship, for the *Nation* is worth many professorships. It is a question of loyalty over a question of comfort." George P. Marsh wrote from Florence: —

I congratulate you and the university at Cambridge on your election to the professorship of History in that institution. I cannot congratulate the country, because I suppose your acceptance of this honorable post would involve your withdrawal from the editorship of the *Nation* — a position which you have made unique, which I fear there is no other competent to fill. Other candidates may answer for the chair of History at Cambridge, and if none suitable be forthcoming, History can afford to wait, the policy and political morality of our day cannot.

In somewhat similar tone John Bigelow sent his message from Germany: —

I read in the *Post* that you were invited to profess History at the university of Cambridge. Tell them to require each student to take a copy of the *Nation*. Do not profess history for them in any other way. I dare say your lectures would be good, but why limit your pupils to hundreds which are now counted by thousands? Besides, teaching is a *deconsidered* pursuit in America. Ours is the only Christian country, I believe, in which the state reserves no public honors for the instructors of its youth. Stick to the *Nation*. Besides, you could not live six months in Cambridge. The enjoyments of Massachusetts people are all in the future. A Boston man never is, but always to be, blessed. Stick to New York and the *Nation*.

Lowell's adverse opinion was very pronounced, and must have had great weight with Mr. Godkin: —

ELMWOOD, 23d August, 1870.

MY DEAR GODKIN: —

You know how heartily I should rejoice to have you here and how excellent a thing I should think it for the College, and so when I say stay, you may be sure my opinion is disinterested. I mean *stay* if the two things are, as you say, incompatible. We may find another professor by and by, — not one that I shall like so well, but who will serve the purpose, — but we can't find another editor for the *Nation*. Without your steady hand on the helm it would be on the rocks, in my judgment, before six months were out. You know my opinion of its value to the country and I need not repeat it. Your leaving it would be nothing short of a public calamity. Its bound volumes standing on Judge Hoar's library-table, as I saw them the other day, were a sign of the estimation in which it is held by solid people, and it is they who in the long run decide the fortunes of such a journal. One of these days it will bring you a revenue in money as large as it now does in the respect of the thoughtful and the fear of charlatans. You have made it, and you alone can sustain it. I see daily evidence of the good influence you exert, and that influence is growing. Don't so much as *think* of giving it up. No man holds a more enviable position than you. You have made yourself a real power, and a man who can do that and know it without having his head turned and becoming a bully is rarer than Hamlet's honest man.

My private satisfactions would be enlarged by having you here, but the loss in other and more weighty respects

would be simply *irreparable*. There is my sincere judgment. Stay where you are — on condition of coming to see us oftener. When I see, as every one daily sees, the influence of bad or foolish newspapers, I cannot doubt that a good and strong one like the *Nation* is insensibly making public opinion more wholesome with its lesson of sound sense. There is no journal that seems to me on the whole so good as yours — so full of digested knowledge, so little apt to *yaw*, and so impersonal. And yet, take away *your* personality, and it would soon sink to the ordinary level. You can hold American opinions without American prejudices, and I know very few of my countrymen who have a large enough intellectual and moral past behind them to deal with politics in their true sense. Our editors generally are beggars on horseback, and where would you find a successor who would not deal with his topics either in the hand-to-mouth style or the *parvenu*, which is on the whole worse?

No, my dear Godkin, we must give you up, though it go hard, and you must keep on doing good, though against your will — *sillogizzando invidiosi veri*.

Yours always,

J. R. Lowell.

When it finally became known that Mr. Godkin would not abandon the *Nation* for Harvard, expressions of relief and gratitude poured in upon him from *Nation* readers. Professor M. Stuart Phelps wrote from Andover: "You are necessary to your paper, and your paper is a necessity. You are giving weekly lessons in history to hundreds of college graduates, as well as undergraduates, and

we cannot spare you." One letter came which Mr. Godkin peculiarly valued. It revealed the peculiar hold he had won upon thoughtful and aspiring young men: —

CHICAGO, Oct. 2, 1870.

MR. GODKIN — *Respected Sir:* —

I have just finished reading the last number of "your *Nation*," as my wife calls it when "it is always in the way," and feel impelled to drop you a line, conveying my thanks, which are but as the echo from a thousand young men like myself, for your final determination in rejecting that dreaded professorship. During your indecision it seemed to me, and I know to scores of others, as if a dark cloud were gathering in our political horizon, which nothing but the determination of our leader to remain at the head of his charge could dispel. I am a newspaper man myself, — rather young, — a reporter on the *Tribune* of this city, and I know at what value rhapsodical effusions of this character are usually held by prosaic editors. But somehow I have always looked upon the *Nation* as a part, and the better part, of myself, and therefore I have a right, I imagine, to indulge in a little self-congratulation on the occasion of this second birth. The better part of America cannot afford to see the *Nation* die while the Butlers and Logans — by the way I am much afraid our Illinois "war horse" will bray himself into the Senate, in place of sentimental "sober" Dick Yates — live to spite honest and capable men.

I sometimes wonder if you are aware of the extent of the good work you are accomplishing. You cannot be too careful of the manner of it, for you have prepared the ground so well that every seed you sow returns a gener-

ous harvest, and any mistake in the sowing would work incalculable harm.

If Chicago is any criterion, I should say that one half of your readers are young men under or about thirty, and I have sometimes wished you would make a specialty of addressing them — indicate to them what course they should pursue in assisting to bring about a reform in the political situation and status. . . .

Please accept this in the spirit it is written by your well wisher,

FREDERICK F. COOK.

Mr. Godkin's reply has been preserved: —

NATION OFFICE, NEW YORK,
October 6, 1870.

DEAR SIR: —

The *Nation* receives from time to time very warm expressions of sympathy and approval from men of all sorts, but I assure you there is none which has half the value in my eyes of testimony such as yours from young men who have been led by it to believe that there are better things in store for the world than can be reached through "the regular ticket," and that democracy will never have half a fair trial till brains and knowledge and good morals have been enlisted into its service, which they never yet have been.

I think we may fairly look forward to building up on the ruins of the Republican party a better party than we have yet had, and I trust that in a year hence we shall see our way to it more clearly than we do now, having for its object Tariff Reform, Civil Service Reform, and Minority Representation, and basing its action on the facts of human nature and the experience of the human

race. We shall always have plenty of old hacks and windbags to deal with, but the day will come when they will simply amuse us.

Very truly yours,
EDWIN L. GODKIN.

F. F. COOK, Esq.

Though never a Harvard professor, Mr. Godkin's relations to that college were long both intimate and cordial. He was one of the speakers at the Alumni Dinner in 1869. Writing of that occasion to Norton in Europe he said:—

There was a large and very interesting gathering of about seven hundred. I made a few remarks in the nature of a speech, and was received by the audience with extraordinary and unlooked for cordiality. The thing was in some respects not well managed. Lowell, for instance, not having been called on for his verses till the room had begun to thin. He praised Adams in them, a high and well-merited compliment. I stayed at Shady Hill, I believe in your mother's room. I felt at times as if my visits to you there had been a pleasant dream.

Lowell's own account of Mr. Godkin's appearance at this Alumni Dinner was more laudatory, while characteristically vivacious. Writing to Mrs. Godkin at the time he said:—

ELMWOOD, 6th July, 1869.

MY DEAR MRS. GODKIN:—

I promised *him* (you will know whom I mean, for women never recognize more than one He on this planet — at one time) that I would send him a copy of some

extrumpery verses which I declaimed at the Commencement dinner. I need not say they are purely oratorical — *ça va sans dire* — and need I explain why there are so many of' em? "Heavens!" I hear him exclaiming as you toss them upon his desk unread and return to your needle — "does he know that the *News* allows me at most a column and a half?" *Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus*, these verse-makers stuff their pages full as a Broadway omnibus. And they are so ready to pick a quarrel if you don't print the whole of 'em. "The *whole* of 'em to be sure! Why didn't he send me a translation of the Ramayana, or whatever the confounded thing's name is?" Now therefore these presents are to authorize him to take or leave as he pleases. Gurney told me what had got into the papers, and I wanted to give him more as putting him on the foot of the most friendly powers. But let him at all events stick to *my* copy, which is the sole authentic. Let him observe that I call the Adamses *sturdy* and not *stalwart*, with other second thoughts for the better. 'Tis an improvisation at best, and I did not wish a line of it printed — but see these verse-makers! They don't know how to stop in copying any more than in reading their verses. However, he won't offend *me* if he don't use a word of it. So far you may read aloud — the rest to yourself. He is modest, as all manly fellows are, and won't give you any notion how warm his reception was at the dinner. It was warmer than anybody's (yes *any*body's, and that includes, well, a good many respectable persons and one in special, but I forbear). There was a rolling fire of clappings and cheers that died away and began again louder than ever for several minutes. I rapped on the table till my knuckles were sore, and that or something positively made my eyes water. It was *really*

splendid, as Mabel says. It was the first instalment of his good-service pension. "Well, well," you say a little impatiently and tap with your little foot, "but how did he *look?*" Precisely as he used when somebody was Miss Foote. He looked as much like that old-fashioned thing we used to call a Man (you remember 'em, perhaps? No? Well, you *are* hardly old enough) as anybody I ever saw — erect, head well thrown back like a boxer's, and lots of fight in it — and all the while I was envying him that splendid white waistcoat that set off his chest to such advantage. Do you see him? The only fault was that you couldn't be there. You'd have cried, though, I'll lay a five-cent piece, the largest coin we have. Now, if, after reading this you should go and just do something nice to him in a womanly way, it would serve him perfectly right. P.S. He made a very nice speech, too.

He will be puzzled to think how I recollected the number of your P.O. box. I have observed that people are valued nowadays mainly for the variety of their useless historical knowledge, and I know I shall rise in his opinion by telling him that 1548 was the date of the Smalcaldic league or the Confession of Augsburg or the Conquest of Mexico or something of the sort. At any rate, one of Henry VIIIth's wives *must* have been beheaded in that year — a year ever precious to the believers in proper household discipline. *That's* the way I remembered it.

Mr. Godkin's long friendship with Lowell was one of the most valued of his life. He early (1866) wrote of him to Norton, "There is something very charming about Lowell — something of the European

flavor which, you will forgive me for saying, makes an American, when he has it, the best style of man in the world." As editor of the *Nation*, he eagerly sought contributions from Lowell. No other writer, he felt, could lend that distinction to the new periodical which it was his ambition to stamp upon it from the first. He knew the commercial value of Lowell's poetry, as witness the following:—

ELMWOOD, 10th Jany., 1866.

Your check scared me. I shall never be able to write anything worth three hundred dollars. I have put it away in one of my books, but have not dared to draw upon it yet. Meanwhile I have raked out of my desk a little poem which I wrote for an autograph for the St. Louis Fair two years ago. (The muse doesn't come often to professors.) I find excellent matter in the *Nation* and always read it *through*. Pray tell Mr. Howells with how much pleasure I read his German sketch — and not I alone.

On the pecuniary aspects of their relations, Mr. Godkin wrote:

MY DEAR LOWELL:—

Garrison showed me your note about the money this morning, and I want to tell you that the price we put on your articles we felt to be the wildest guesswork, without the slightest basis except what Whittier once asked us for a poem of his. The commercial value of what you write is, of course, what you can get from the highest bidder, and I will not hear of your letting us have anything for less than Fields would pay you. Therefore,

we are now quits. That is, you owe us nothing, and we owe you a great deal.

Some of the best of Lowell's letters to Mr. Godkin have been printed, in whole or in part, by Professor Norton and Mr. Scudder. With others never before published, they show with what a lavish hand Lowell bestowed his treasures upon his intimate friends.

ELMWOOD, 25th Sept., 1866.

MY DEAR GODKIN: —

I have had you on my conscience these six months, but your paper is so good that I am afraid to write for it lest I excite unsavory comparisons to my own detriment. I like it altogether — its good taste, good temper, and good sense, and have fallen into such a stupid habit of always agreeing with it that I was especially pleased with some commendatory remarks on the "Commemoration Ode" of one Lowell a few weeks ago. They were very creditable to the paper in my poor judgment. I was also much taken last week with the article on Seward. It was *very* good and timely. The short paragraphs are also excellently done — with a lightness of touch and a weightiness of good judgment that particularly takes one. Every Friday morning when the *Nation* comes, I fill my pipe and read it from beginning to end. Do you do it all yourself? Or are there really so many clever men in the country?

ELMWOOD, 19th Oct. 1866.

I send you a paragraph which you may insert if you like among your skirmishes. Or make one yourself on the same topic which deserves some sort of notice.

What do you mean by my "fighting for victory"?

I wish I could. Try to know me better. Not that I mean to interfere with your freedom in judging what I do — which I should not rate at all higher than you do — but only with the spirit of it.

I was glad to see some of your correspondents after Mr. Moon. He did well enough for Alford, who knew even less than himself, but after all he was never anything but green cheese, in whom conceit is naturally breeding maggots. Mr. Marsh's articles are admirably solid. His style is his weak point. It is apt to be what I should call "Congressional." But he is much better than usual in the *Nation* thus far. As an editor I should find fault with his articles as being too palpably parts of a book. He does not get under way quite rapidly enough for a newspaper. But all he says is worth reading for its matter.

ELMWOOD, 27th June, 1868.

I would do a great deal for a man who gives me so much pleasure once a week as you do with your rare good sense and good feeling — a combination as scarce as any I know of — but this is purely a question of *tin*. Will you give me a little grace so that I may know where I am coming out? I have to be here at Commencement (the last week in July) and by that time I shall know where I am. I love French Canada — it is a sort of Land of Cokayne to us busy Yankees. I like even their Catholicism, and my dear nephew Willie used to tell me that their French was delicious — "not a word, uncle James, so late as Voltaire!" My mouth waters. Why should not you come on here to our College holiday? You can start from here quite as easily as from New York, and Norton and I have agreed that you and Mrs. Godkin shall come here to rest instead of to Shady Hill, while they

(alas!) are gone. Think of it favorably and come! We are duller, but you shall be as welcome as you can be. Mrs. Lowell and Mabel wish me to go with you.

Give my regards to Mr. Dennett and tell him the next time he notices a poem of mine to let me know what he *doesn't* like. The rest I can take for granted. But if he can stand the metre of "My Berkshire Home" (in last *Putnam*), I have done with him — though his "Knickerbockerism" was as good as could be, and he commonly suits me very well, barring a little scunner against Dr. Holmes, who, after all, is one of the brightest creatures that ever wrote. However, I give him (D.) my blessing. He delivered the best class-poem it was ever my ill-luck to hear and ought to know how hard it is to write well.

Now mind! You are to come on here at our Commencement and make a speech for me at the Phi Beta dinner and then if I have enough *in commenâ* we will go together among the *habitans*, the simplest and most unsophisticated beings left upon this planet. Why, I shouldn't wonder if even *we* could cheat 'em and come back with added self-respect to where we are cheated.

I send back the proof, which seems flat enough now, as they all do, confound 'em! The lively pop of the cork has so much power over the imagination at first! I have not changed it except in striking out some of the weakest verses. The truth is one *can't*. They are like balloons that have snapped the cord. We can gaze wistfully after, but cannot overtake them.

The *Nation* is my weekly refreshment. It is, in my judgment, really *excellent* — so full of good manners, good sense and good writing, and our journals are com-

monly crammed with crudeness, commonplace, and cussedness! τρια καππα κακιστα put on the accents yourself — I throw you in the Greek.

'Tis the curse of an editor that he must always be right. Ah, when I'm once out of the *North American Review* won't I kick up my heels and be as ignorant as I please. But beware of omniscience. There is death in *that* pot, however it be with others. It excites jealousy to begin with. Come on soon again.

What a brute Johnson is — to think of making a *coup d'état* out of a cabbagehead!

Elmwood, 5th Nov., 1868.

I send you a page or two of bewitched prose — *rhythmo quam sermoni propriora*, perhaps, but genuine. They may touch something sympathetic (I *know* they will) in some of your readers. If you want them, set them and send me proofs. I can't tell you what a comfort the *Nation* is to me and all honest folk. I sympathized keenly in the wrathful pride with which you said it was "instinctively dreaded by every charlatan and scoundrel in the country." It is *true*, and you have a right to your honest pride in it. A man can have no truer satisfaction than in knowing he has made himself a power — for this is beyond quackery.

Elmwood, 20th Nov., 1868.

I was just reading your letter to the *Advertiser*, when your letter to me was brought in. It seems to me perfectly conclusive, and, although I remember no particulars, yet the impression left on my mind at the time by conversation with J. G. W. and E. G. N. is a very vivid one that Stearns was not only in the wrong, but unscru-

pulously so. I say "unscrupulously" with design, because experience has taught me that there are men whose brains get so heated as to weld truth and falsehood into such an inextricable mass that they themselves confound the two unconsciously. But I recollect thinking at the time that Stearns was not *honest* in his statement of the affair. I never see the *Commonwealth*, and was therefore surprised at your letter. Of course *I* don't think you need any defence, and have some doubts whether any is effectual against men who instinctively hate a gentleman. You *can't* make 'em understand you. But pray, my dear friend, clear your mind of any trouble on the score of your being a "stranger," as you call it. A man whose wife and children are Americans can't be a stranger. For my own part, when I remember it all, it is only to think of the advantage it gives you in taking an impartial view. The cause you advocate in the *Nation* is not specially American — it is that of honest men everywhere and acknowledges no limits of nationality. And let me say for your comfort, that while I have heard the *criticism* of the *Nation* objected to as ill-natured (though I naturally don't think it so) I have never heard its political writing spoken of but with praise. The other day at a dinner-table, some of its criticisms were assailed, and I said that I might be suspected of partiality if I defended them (though I *think* I am not) but that "I deliberately thought that its discussions of politics had done more good and influenced opinion more than any other agency, or all others combined, in the country." This, so far as I could judge, was unanimously assented to. At any rate, one of my antagonists agreed with me entirely, and no one else disputed. The criticisms in the *Nation* often strike me as admirable. I sometimes

dissent, but I am getting old and good-natured and know, moreover, how hard it is to write well, to come even anywhere near one's own standard of good writing. I was rather amused the other day just as I had finished writing a sentence describing Parton (whom I had just seen) to Jane N., to read in the *Nation* the same opinion of him in almost the same words. When she sees the *Nation*, she will think I either wrote the article or pillaged it.

For my own part I am not only thankful for the *Nation*, but continually wonder how you are able to make so excellent a paper with your material. I have been an editor and know how hard it is.

ELMWOOD, 12th Dec., 1868.

I suppose you have long ago had my book from the publishers, but I wish you to have it from *me*.

I don't know that you care about verses, and I should have pleased myself by begging Mrs. Godkin to accept my book, but that I wished to record in it an acknowledgment of my indebtedness to you.[1]

Don't be provoked into any more defences of yourself. Your paper is your best defence and it is ample. Remember that those who have thick heads have skins to match, and that they have the advantage of you. Forgive it to my friendship, but I think I have noticed that your tone had lost a little of its perfect equanimity of late. Be sure that you have the hearty sympathy and approval of all whose opinions you would care about, and that the *Nation* is read and respected — a solitary case, I suspect, among our journals.

[1] "To E. L. Godkin, with the author's cordial recognition of his great services to political morality and sound public policy." Inscribed in a copy of "Under the Willows."

ELMWOOD, NEW YEAR'S, 1869.

The *Nation* continues to be a great comfort to me. I agree so entirely with most of its opinions that I begin to have no small conceit of my own wisdom. You have made yourself a Power (with a big *p*), my dear fellow, and have done it honestly by honest work, courage, and impartiality. I won't tell *you*, but I should like to tell Mrs. Godkin, what a high respect I have for your brains.

ELMWOOD, 8th Jany., 1869.

Don't think I have gone mad that I so pepper you with letters. I have a reason, as you will see presently. But in the first place let me thank you for the article on Miss Dickinson, which was just what I wanted and expected, for (excuse me) you preach the best lay sermons I know of. I know it is a weakness and all that, but I was born with an impulse to tell people when I like them and what they do, and I look upon you as a great public benefactor. I sit under your preaching every week with indescribable satisfaction, and know just how young women feel toward their parson, but, let Mrs. Godkin take courage, I can't marry you!

My interest in the *Nation* is one of gratitude, and has nothing to do with my friendship for you. I am sure from what I hear said against you that you are doing great good and that you are respected. I may be wrong, but I sincerely believe you have raised the tone of the American press.

I don't want to pay for the *Nation* myself. I take a certain satisfaction in the large *F.* on the address of my copy. It is the only thing for which I was ever dead-headed. But I wish to do something in return. So I enclose my check for $25 and wish you to send the paper

to five places where it will do most good to others and to itself. Find out five college reading-rooms and send it to them for a year. Those who read it will want to keep on reading it. I can think of no wiser plan. Send one to the University of Virginia and one to the College in South Carolina. One perhaps would do good if sent to Paul H. Hayne, Augusta, Georgia. He was a rebel colonel, I believe, but is in a good frame of mind, if I may judge from what he has written to me.

ELMWOOD, 2nd May, 1869.

I read your article and found it excellent, and resting on that bottom of immovable good sense which is so reassuring to me in all you write after the *Kittly-benders* of most other folks. I don't very well see how any one is to pick a quarrel with you over it on *this* side, however it may be on the other. I note particularly (as merchants say) your remarks on British manners and our opinion of them. I would have said it myself — if only I had thought of it! A frequent cause of misapprehension is their not being able to understand that while there is no *caste* here, there is the widest distinction of classes. O, my dear Godkin, they say we don't speak English, and I wish from the bottom of my heart we didn't — that we might comprehend one another! Impertinence and ill will are latent in French — the Gaul can poison his discourse so as to give it a more agreeable flavor; but we clumsy Anglo-Saxons stir in our arsenic so stupidly it grits between the teeth. Sumner's speech expressed the *feeling* of the country very truly, but I fear it was not a wise speech. Was he not trying rather to chime in with that feeling than to give it a juster and manlier direction? After all, it is not the *Alabama* that is at

the bottom of our grudge. It is the *Trent* that we quarrel about, like Percy and Glendower. That was like an East wind to our old wound and set it atwinge once more. Old wrongs are as sure to come back on our hands as cats. England had five thousand Americans (she herself admitted that she had half that number) serving enforcedly aboard her fleets. Remember what American seamen then were (sons often of the best families) and conceive the traditions of injustice they left behind them with an *exoriare aliquis!* That imperious dispatch of Lord John's made all those inherited drops of ill blood as hot as present wrongs. It is a frightful tangle, but let us hope for the best. I have no patience with people who discuss the chances of such a war as if it were between France and Prussia. It is as if two fellows half way down the Niagara rapids should stop rowing to debate how far they were from the fall. As for Butler's "wait till I catch you in a dark lane!" I have no words for it.

It troubles me to hear that you of all men should be in low spirits, who ought to have store of good spirits in the consciousness that you are really doing good. The *Nation* is always cheering to me — let its success be a medicine to you. You work too hard. I was glad to see you kept the Sabbath by teaching the poor boys — but you must remember that you are a poor boy yourself and have the best right to what little leisure you can steal. Don't mind what the Springfield *Republican* or anybody else says of you. Nobody'll know of it unless you tell 'em, and won't care a farthing at any rate. There is more sound sense in the *Nation* than in any paper *I* see, and I have been reading some of the English weeklies lately. You seem to me fairer-minded than any of 'em — a quality I value at almost the highest rate. It is

like Prudence with the virtues — it gives a proper perspective to the other qualities of their mind.

Elmwood, 16th July, 1869.
Thermometer 90°.

I have long been of that philosopher's opinion who declared that "nothing was of much consequence" — at least when it concerned only ourselves, and certainly my verses were of none at all. I copied them for *you*, not for myself.

But the *Nation* is of consequence and that's the reason I am writing now instead of merely melting, to which the weather so feelingly persuades. You have never done better than in the last six months. Indeed I think that you have improved with your growing conviction of your own power — a fact which has if possible increased my respect for you. At any rate, it proves that you are to be counted among the strong and not the merely energetic. Most editors when they feel their power are like beggars on horseback. *I* don't see why everybody doesn't take the *Nation*. I always read it *through*, and I never read the editorials in any other paper. My opinion is worth as much as the next man's, at least, and I see no paper that is so uniformly good. I was looking over some numbers of the *Pall Mall* yesterday, and didn't think it at all up to your (I mean E. L. G.'s) standard. This is not loyalty, but my deliberate opinion. Your reception the other day should show you (and that is all I value it for) that your services to the cause of good sense, good morals, and good letters are recognized. You have *hit*, which is all a man can ask. Most of us blaze away into the void and are as likely to bring down a cherubim as anything else. Pat your gun and say,

"Well done, Brown Bess!" For 'tis an honest old-fashioned piece, of straight-forward, short-range notions and carries an ounce ball.

And in other respects the *Nation* has been excellent lately. I haven't seen a better piece of writing than that French *atelier*. It is the very best of its kind. Cherish that man, whoever he is. Whatever he has seen he can write well about, for he really *sees*. Why, he made me see as I read. The fellow is a poet, and all the better for not knowing it.

It is the unsettled state of affairs that is hurting you if anything, though your advertising pages look prosperous. Wells, I am told, prophesies a crash for 1870, and fears that Congress will be weak enough to water the currency again — in other words, the national stock. I am not yet cured of my fear of repudiation, I confess. Democracies are kittle cattle to shoe behind. It takes men of a higher sense of honor than our voters mostly are to look at national bankruptcy in any other than a business light — and whitewash of all kinds is *so* cheap nowadays. Still, in spite of my fears, I think we shall come out right, for a country where everybody does something has a good many arrows in its quiver. And though I believe that property is the base of civilization, yet when I look at France, I am rather reconciled to the contempt with which we treat its claims. There are, after all, better things in the world than what we call civilization even.

Depend upon it the *Nation* will come out all right, and you will yet ride with Mrs. Godkin in a chariot along the *sacra via* of Fifth Avenue.

Elmwood, 24th Jany., 1870.

I am very glad you found anything to like in my poem, though I am apt to be lenient with my friends in those

matters, content if they tolerate *me*, and leaving what I write to that perfectly just fate which in the long run awaits all literature. The article of Renan I had not then read, but have read it since with a great deal of interest. I think I see what you mean.

You cannot choose a subject into which you will not infuse interest by thought and knowledge. The one you mention seems to me a remarkably good one, and I hope I shall be here to see and hear you. A Boston audience is like every other in this — that they like a serious discussion of any topic, and have an instinct whether it be well handled or no. We have had a course of mountebanks this winter, and people will be all the more hungry for something serious and instructive. That I am sure you will give them, whatever you talk about.

Many thanks for the cutting from the *Daily News*. It was just what I wanted. Every one of Kemble's pronunciations is a Yankeeism, confirming me in my belief that these are mostly archaisms and not barbarisms.

ELMWOOD, 9th May, 1870.

I came across something lately which will make a scrap for the *Nation*, if I can write it with this infernal pen — some burglars having stolen one that I had just got limbered so that I could manage it. You will find it on the next leaf.

I read your lecture in the *N. A. R.* with great pleasure and profit. It was excellent and timely. I see by the papers that you are engaged in a Catilinarian conspiracy (by Jove, I am grown so fat-witted with reading newspapers that I began to spell it Catalanarian) against our beautiful system of taxation. Doesn't the British gold begin to heat in your pocket? Will you not have Banks

and Butler on your side (think of *that!*) in six months, claiming to have been original free-traders? Well, I shall still be fond of you, though I shall be ashamed of the company you are in.

ELMWOOD, 18th Oct., 1870.

I wish very much that you and Hughes should see each other while he is in New York. He likes the *Nation* as well as I do, and is the most natural and loveable of men. Call on him at No. 9 Lexington Avenue, and in five minutes you will feel as if you had known him all your life. I told him you could give him a juster notion of our politics than anybody else. He wishes greatly to know you.

My continued blessings on you for the *Nation*. Every number gives me something that *sticks*. In the last I was especially grateful for the people "who couldn't bear the confinement of their own skins." Why didn't Hosea Bigelow hit upon that? It is excellent — one of the compactest statements of a truth I ever saw.

ELMWOOD, 20th Dec., 1871.

I haven't looked into Taine's book since it first appeared seven years ago, and as I had no thought of reviewing it, I find that I did not mark it as I read. To write a competent review, I should have to read it all through again, for which I have neither the time nor the head just now. I have just been writing about Masson's "Life of Milton" for the *N. A.* and the result has convinced me that my brain is softening. You are the only man I know who carries his head perfectly steady, and I find myself so thoroughly agreeing with the *Nation* always that I am half persuaded I edit it myself! Or rather you always say what I would have said — if I had only thought of it.

I am thinking of coming on to New York for a day or two next week to see you and a few other friends. Somehow my youth is revived in me, and I have a great longing for an hour or two in Page's studio to convince me that I am really only twenty-four as I seem to myself. So get ready to be jolly, for I mean to bring a spare trunk full of good spirits with me and to forget that I have ever been professor or author or any other kind of nuisance. Just as I was in fancy kicking off my ball and chain, a glance at the clock tells me I must run down to college! But when I come to N.Y. (since I can't get rid of them) I shall wear 'em as a breastpin. I have seen some nearly as large. Dickens had one when I first saw him in '42.

Give Schenck another shot. Also say something on the queer notion of the Republican party that they can get along without their brains. "Time was that when the brains were out the man would *die*," but *nous avons changé tout cela.*

ELMWOOD, 29th Dec., 1871.

I was to have started last Monday, but there is a furious Frank here who has opened a school for his detestable lingo in which Mesdames Lowell and Gurney are pupils. He dines with us on alternate Wednesdays and compels us to talk French till we are black in the face. Last Wednesday week was our day and then came a fortnight of *vacances*. As I pressed his hand at parting, of course I told him that we should be glad to see him during that halcyon period, and murmured *à bientôt* like an ass as I was. That he should not have perceived that I was talking French was perhaps excusable enough, but that he should take what I said in a brutal Anglo-Saxon way as if I meant it — that I cannot so easily forgive. Anyhow, he told Fanny next day that he should have the

happiness of accepting my ravishing invitation for the next Wednesday, as if I had not left the matter as much in the air (to use their own phrase) as a balloon that may come down weeks away from where it started. So there I was planted for this week. If you will let me perch with you, I shall come next Monday. Company — except yours and that of two or three more — I do not want except on the most unwhitechokery terms, and I come on the express understanding that you are to return my visit in the course of the winter.

Elmwood, 16th July, 1874.

Thanks for your greeting. Give my love to Mrs. Godkin and tell her I don't change my opinion of people so lightly. I made up my mind about the *Nation* and its editor (and his wife) a good while ago and am not very likely to shift while I keep my wits. As to what the *Nation* may have said of me, that is *its* affair and not mine. When I have done my best, I am so made that I do not bother myself about what other people think. If one have done a good thing, no conspiracy can keep it secret long, and if one have trusted himself to a balloon with a leak in it, no puffing of the aeronaut, still less of his friends below, will save it from coming back to earth again with a bump. So far as I know, the *Nation* has always treated me quite as well as I deserve, and if not, why, God be praised, I do not base my judgment of men on their opinions of me. I stayed at Geneva several weeks longer than I intended, mainly because it was the only town on the Continent where I could buy the *Nation* — more shame to you! You might at least have an agency in Paris. All the time I was without it, my mind was chaos, and I didn't feel that I had a safe

opinion to swear by. If this do not set Mrs. Godkin's heart at ease (for I am sure her wits had nothing to do with her solicitude), I shall have to invent some graceful lie as I learned to do in Gaul.

Thus far I have nothing to complain of at home but the heat, which takes hold like a bull dog after that toothless summer of England, where they have on the whole the best climate this side of Dante's terrestrial paradise. The air there always seems native to my lungs. As for my grandson, he is a noble fellow and does me great credit. Such is human nature that I find myself skipping the intermediate generation (which certainly in some obscure way contributed to his begetting, as I am ready to admit when modestly argued) and looking upon him as the authentic result of my own loins. I am going to Southborough to-day on a visit to him, for I miss him woundily. If you wish to taste the real *bouquet* of life, I advise you to procure yourself a grandson, whether by adoption or theft. The cases of child-stealing one reads of in the newspapers now and then may all, I am satisfied, be traced to this natural and healthy instinct. A grandson is one of the necessities of middle life and may be innocently purloined (or taken by right of eminent domain) on the *tabula in naufragio* principle. Get one, and the *Nation* will no longer offend anybody.

I rejoice to hear of the *Nation's* prosperity as a piece of general good fortune. May your pen be as sharp as ever — except in the case of elderly poets, if such are possible.

Elmwood, 10th Oct., 1874.

I have never answered your last letter in which you asked me to contribute to the *Nation*, for two reasons. One was that I had not enough power of imagination to

naturalize you in New Hampshire and had a kind of feeling that if I wrote, my letter would never reach you, and the other that your own articles say just what I think better than I could say it myself. I cannot say too strongly how excellent I think them, and I always look forward to Friday with assurance that I shall have some good reading and my pipe a special relish. I was especially pleased with what you wrote about the last gush of the Beecher and Tilton sewer, and with all that you have said about affairs in the Southern States. I see they are driven at Washington to a reform of the office-holders at the South. It has always been my belief that if tenure of office had been permanent, secession would have been (if not impossible) vastly more difficult and reconstruction more easy and simple. As it was, a large body of the most influential men in the discontented States knew that the election of Lincoln would be fatal to their bread and butter, and after all it is to this that the mass of men are loyal. It is well that they should be so, for habitual comfort is the main fortress of conservatism and respectability, two old-fashioned qualities for which all the finest sentiments in the world are but a windy substitute.

Elmwood, 17th Oct., 1874.

Pray give one of your spanking paragraphs to our representation from Massachusetts. We are so conceited still as to think ourselves a leading State. In the Senate we have Boutwell, shelved for incapacity, and Dawes is to be sent thither for a coat of whitewash. Of our representatives, George Hoar is an able and respectable man, but of the others nobody ever heard, or, if he did, it was to their disadvantage. The two best known are Butler and a vendor of patent medicines. *Non tali auxilio!*

Did I ever tell you that the *Nation* cannot be bought in Paris? There should be an agency there, for there would be a sale and the paper would do good. In Geneva I got it regularly for ten cents.

ELMWOOD, 25th April, 1877.

Thank you for your note. It is worth a quarter's salary to know that the *Nation* is in the confidence of the Government, after what we used to hear of the villainy of its Editor last summer.

If I were spoiling for an Embassy, I am not sure that any would seem to me "nearly as attractive" as the English, where I think I could be of some use. However, I will wait till I am asked.

120 EAST 30TH STREET,
19th March, 1889.

DEAR MRS. GODKIN:—

I am thus far on my way to your hospitable board when it suddenly occurs to me that I don't know the hour. Now I can't think of interrupting, I was going to say, when I myself was interrupted by something so amusing that I must tell it. The card of a certain Mr. X. was brought to me whom I remember twenty years ago giving a course of lectures (by subscription) on how to overtake The Beautiful. He got us about as near it as another enthusiast did to the rainbow. But it was cheering to find that he had been living on this visionary pilgrimage ever since, with this difference, that now he is "endeavoring to arrive at the Kosmos by way of The Beautiful," though even this seems to imply that you must first catch your Beautiful. He added that he had been printing some of his footsteps in sonnet-form. The case was now clear, and perhaps my face showed that I

thought so, for without more ado he said tentatively, "Shall — I — at — once?" and his hand wandered toward his overcoat pocket as if for the surgical instrument with which he was to ease me of a member. "How much?" asked I resolutely. "As much as you please out of a dollar." I understood, and gave him a dollar, with which he departed beaming. But that "Shall — I — at — once?" struck me as novel, and so I pass it on to you as an encouragement. There was a certain pathos in it as of a decayed gentleman (for he is of gentle blood) who had encountered many impatient clients. As for me, I should have been weak enough to hear his poor story through — though I don't know how it would have been had he begun on the sonnets. On reflection I find the whole performance (on his part) delicate and touching. I feel myself softening as I write, and blush for my dollar as coarse in its evasive haste. I ought to have said, "Pray, read me one or two of your sonnets." This would have made my contribution a debt instead of an alms.

I look back and find that I was going to say I wouldn't interrupt a man who is engaged in editing the universe every morning, by so trivial a question, so I appeal to you and ask what is the hour for Wednesday?

21st April, 1890.

Dear Godkin:—

I fancy you looking through a grating in Ludlow Street Gaol (is it there that the maligners of our best citizens are confined?) and so far luckier than the Saint your namesake that the bars are cold. Of course Mrs. Godkin cannot spend *all* her time in the corridor distilling consolation through that iron colander, even if your

justly incensed victims would consent to such mitigations, so you must find it rather dull now and again. Do they let you smoke? Is there light enough to play *solitaire* by? Can Mrs. Mucklebuckit's anodyne be smuggled in to you? I suppose such mercies are confined to murderers and other more venial offenders. Will the prison rules allow even this to reach you? At any rate I will try. Women are unscrupulous (at least all the nicest ones), and I will trust Mrs. Godkin's cleverness for some device by which it shall reach you.

8th Dec., 1890.

I enclose a paragraph which may be of interest to the readers of the *Nation*.

I have just got back from the framer's Kruell's head of you, which I think admirably good. It will be a comfort to me in my old age. You have done as much good work and with as unflinching courage as anybody I know.

CHAPTER XII

SIXTEEN years of unremitting labor on the *Nation* brought Mr. Godkin, with many anxieties, many rewards. Evidence of the hold he was all the while acquiring upon thoughtful and rising young men gave him especial pleasure. That kind of appreciation made up for toil — maintained year in and year out, almost without respite, and often in uncertain health. Humorous commendation pleased him. Thus he preserved a note from a Maryland lawyer reporting: "A law student has just remarked in my presence, 'If I am ever as much attached to any girl as I am to the *Nation*, I hope she will have pity upon me, and if she don't I hope the Lord will.' "

Alongside Mr. Godkin's public work and interests ran a full stream of private life. In his family he found and gave deep happiness. As has been noted, his first child was born in 1860 (May 31). A daughter was born in 1865. In 1868 another son was born, but lived only a few weeks. Mr. Godkin's city home was long at 10 West 48th Street. There the social graces of his wife rivalled his own charm as host, and endeared the house to many friends. One

of them, Susan Coolidge, dating from the early days at New Haven, wrote in her poem "Embalmed" of "the grace and its meaning which was hers by some right divine," and spoke of "the smile, like a benediction, of that beautiful vanished face."

Illness of a brother, Harry Foote, caused Mrs. Godkin much anxiety. In 1870 she went with him to the West Indies in search of health. A journal letter to her from her husband survives: —

New York, 10 W. 48th St.,
Dec. 1, 1870.

My dear Fanny: —

The evening you left I dined at J. P. Thompson's. Dr. Buddington of Brooklyn there. Company — Bryant, Dr. Thompson, and Dr. Allen, editor of *British Quarterly Review*, Congregational minister from London, whose head is turned by the attentions he is receiving in America. To me who know what an Islington congregation is, it was amusing to hear his talk about them.

Nov. 4. Went to New Haven to attend civil service meeting in the college. Stayed at Gilman's; tea-party in my honor. Fisher, Brush, and Porter. Gorgeous — oysters, partridges, and peaches. Meeting in college, Woolsey presiding — all the big bugs there. I was called on to open proceedings with a speech, and made some remarks. A very warm letter to Cox was drawn up and signed. It will do good.

Nov. 5. I left by early morning train; found all well at home. Went to Century in the evening, and had a nice time as usual. Mundella was there. We elected Sturgis and also Lord Walter Campbell, with whom I

had some talk and who is really a good fellow. Got home late.

6th. Quick morning. Work steady. —— tries to talk up to me, and does it by asking me incessantly silly questions, such as, Do you like Dickens? or, Will the Prussians take Paris? a great bore. Lost my evening with them, and was awfully glad when they went.

7th. Breakfast at Bolton's — Mundella, Ripley, S. D. Ruggles, Brace, H. M. Field, Julius Bing (!), and one or two others. Mundella and Ripley talked well; the others said little. Left early. Sumner to dinner in the evening.

10th. Worked in the morning. Arthur Sedgwick arrived by the early train on his way from the West. Mrs. Foote came back at five. I went to the annual dinner of the Mercantile Library Association at Delmonico's. Large company, 200 guests. A. T. Stewart, Peter Cooper, Hewitt, Generals MacDowell and Webb, Dr. Adams, Potter and Tiffany (Rockwells), S. L. Woodford (defeated candidate for Governor), who sat near me, and was very attentive, and flattering; two Dodges, etc., etc. I responded for the press, and made the best speech of my ignoble oratorical career. I said some very plain things about the absurdity of abusing the press, while reading and supporting the blackguard papers. Dr. Adams, Mundella, and several others came up and thanked me, when I sat down, for saying what I did. Adams says he reads the *Nation* through every week, and so do his daughters, and he hears of it every day from all parts of the country. I sat next Tiffany and found him a very pleasant Episcopal fellow — with that moderate religion of his church. It was curious to see the flattery and attention Stewart received; was even taken into dinner before old Peter Cooper, who

with all his faults is worth ten of him. On returning home found a box from Grace and Jane Norton, containing two little Venetian vases for me, and two photographs for you, accompanied by charming notes. They are the dearest people in the world. A letter came for you yesterday, from Jane, telling of Grace's illness. I hope you have written to them. They are among the salt of the earth. I would give a piece off the end of my life cheerfully to have Norton a strong man, and these two women — God bless them — ten years younger.

11th. Cold, clear weather, but not yet down to freezing. Am watching your mother anxiously, fearing the furnace every day, and am trying to ward it off by large fires. The children are uncommonly well. Looking into Lawrence's room this morning, saw him washing his hands in his nightgown, Lizzy standing by his side, and holding up his sleeves, and waiting anxiously for the order, "Let 'em fly," which she was told was to be the signal for letting go. A very funny picture. Went down town in the P.M., and saw Manion, — you remember him in Paris, — the mellifluous Irishman. He is now the agent of the Rothschilds in New Orleans, and came to see me with an article from a distressed Southern woman. A pitiful story; she wants to write, and doesn't know enough, and is wretchedly poor. Dined in the evening at the Schuylers — Miss Georgie, Professor and Mrs. H. B. Smith. Pleasant enough. H. B. is quite entertaining. No purchaser yet for house, nor sign of one. The agent reports complete flatness in real estate; everybody is waiting for gold to go to par. I am looking about for a house; if I see anything tempting I will buy. But the elections have had and will have a very depressing effect on city property. The Ring are again victorious.

12th. At work all the morning. Lawrence playing furiously — very fine weather. Went to the office in the P.M., and while there received a visit from Carl Schurz, the German senator from Missouri, a tall gaunt man, but very pleasant. Like so many others, profuse in his compliments about the *Nation*. Called on my way up at the agency to enquire about sending letters by sailing vessel, and came to the conclusion it was a good deal of an illusion. Went to the Century in the evening, leaving your mother fast asleep. Saw Judge Daly, Mundella, Fred Kingsbury, and Curtis, and Robinson. Long talk with Daly, and found to my surprise he was a Prussian sympathizer. Mundella is fairly used up; two dinners a day and never in bed before one A.M.

13th, Sunday. Saw Dr. Warner in the street; he spoke in the highest terms of Nassau. Knows no climate like it for chest diseases. Went to Brevoort House by appointment to see Mundella, and sat nearly two hours with him, talking of things here, and listening to a piece of a lecture he is going to deliver to-morrow evening. He is a very nice fellow, and it is curious to see how his Italian blood makes him effervesce. Saw the Barlows also in the street; they called here the Sunday after you went. In the afternoon, I took Lizzy in her new plaid dress, and in high glee, for a walk, and called on the Barlows, and sat a while. Mrs. B. is looking very well, and says they think of buying a small summer house at Lenox.

14th. Went in evening to hear Mundella's lecture. Saw and talked with Curtis (G. W.). The Schuylers, Dodge, General Howard, Potter, etc. Lecture very good, an account of courts of arbitration in Nottingham very interesting. Went to Century afterwards, and met the whole party. Saw Whittredge who talked of Cin-

cinnati in the older time. Had some beer and came home. Brace there. Mrs. F. got cold on Sunday by going to hear Osgood in St. Thomas's.

What with the Cox business, and the fight among the Massachusetts radicals, these are great times for the *Nation*. Miss Cushman is dining at the Schuylers to-day and Mrs. S. asked me to come in, in the evening, but I am too tired. Read alone all the evening about the German pietists of the 17th century; very like the Puritans. These journals read just like Jonathan Edwards's.

15th. Went down to Staten Island to-day with the California Ashburner to see a house the Olmsteds had discovered. Saw a charming large old house in perfect repair — on a hill top between New Brighton and Clifton; 15 minutes from boat; $25,000 for house and four acres. A perfectly enchanting place. The Olmsteds think so, too, and would like to take half the house, and are very eager to go there with us. It is very cheap as an investment; but I don't want to be burdened with another big house. If you were here we might consider it. Dined in the evening at the Free Trade Club — Sands, Marshall, Robinson, Pell, Minturn, Blake, and two others; very pleasant indeed. Robinson told me that the *Nation* had been ordered for the reading room of the Bar Association, although they only take legal periodicals, on the ground that it "discusses legal questions with much acuteness."

16th. Went to the dentist, and had teeth overhauled. Advancing years telling on them. Wheat says that the nerve "is the most wonderful of all the things created by the Creator of the Universe." Went to see Sarah Woolsey, who is in town for a day or two, after dinner. She is looking very well and hearty. Was greatly shocked

at hearing you were gone. Kittens dined at the Gilmans, and went to the Park. She is very well. Will Woolsey talks of going to Nassau; his wife is very anxious about him. Charley Marshall's sister, Mrs. Appleton, is going out Dec. 1. He wants you to make her acquaintance. Gurney also writes that a charming friend of theirs is going — Miss Eleanor Shattuck, whom you will be glad to know, even for a week, and whom Harry will like. I am going on to the Gurneys the first week in December.

19th. Your letter arrived this morning. It was a masterpiece — a positive "effort," and I read it with pride. You have never come anywhere near it before, and I shall keep it to hand down to the children unless you hereafter outstrip it, which I have no doubt you will do.

21st. Hard at work; little or nothing from Dennett, who is one of the most unreliable men it has pleased God to create. The conference of "Revenue Reformers" comes off here to-morrow, and is to wind up with a public dinner next week. There is an awful row going on about Cox in the papers. Scurrility fills the air.

22d. Was as usual busy all day. Went in the evening in torrents of rain to the meeting of revenue reformers. There were about forty present. It was very successful, and I was amused by the growing deference with which my opinions are treated. The two Adamses were there. All our people are in high spirits. The Lord is delivering the politicians into our hands. Hawley of Hartford takes the President's side against Cox. Isn't that characteristic? We broke up late, and Sands slept here. An invitation from Mrs. Barlow to dine there on Friday and meet Mrs. Lowell (sister). Furious storm.

23rd. Had to get up very early; went down town

and did chores till half past 12. Then had lunch with the Adamses, and went about with Henry arranging with the booksellers to push the *N. A. Review*. Came home very sleepy and tired to dinner. Street-paving going on vigorously, but not in time for Jewish wedding. The Adamses say the hold the *Nation* is taking of people in Boston is something unparalleled. Our circulation is increasing *really* very rapidly. Mrs. Sands thinks of going down with her younger son, who has come down from the North River broken down with ague. Enquired at the office of steamer to-day, but found I could not secure a stateroom for you here. They have to write to agent in Havana, which they will do and get you "the best not taken"; but I hope Arthur has arranged it all. Everything goes on smoothly in the household. No news about the sale of the house.

24th. Thanksgiving. Beautiful day. 10 lb. turkey, and dinner ordered at two o'clock at Lawrence's earnest request. But about twelve o'clock arrived an invitation for Kittens to dine at the Gilmans, but having received it before we heard of it she had her heart set on going and we had to let her go, though I was very much disappointed at not having her here. She upset herself backward in her chair this morning at breakfast, and escaped the back of her head on the grate very narrowly. She was greatly frightened, but not hurt. She has grown so big that she is top heavy in that little chair. After dinner I took Lawrence down to see the newsboys take theirs in Eighteenth St. It was a fearful scene of stuffing and I called his attention to how "piggy" they ate. By the way, I have been reading your letter again this evening more carefully than I did the first time, and my admiration of it increases. I am going to send it to

the Nortons. Invitation to-day to the great Free Trade dinner on Monday. I am having so much dining out this winter that I am forced to put myself on strict *regimen*. I have stopped smoking and coffee; I suppose I shall always have to be patching myself up in order to be equal to the ordinary duties of life, till the day comes when I shall be pronounced not worth further repairs.

25th. Worked all morning. Went in the afternoon with Lawrence to Macy's to buy Christmas presents; got a thimble for Catharine and a box of perfumes for Sue Scott. He is going to spend $4.80 in presents, and is considerably excited. Dined at the Barlows; nobody but Mrs. Lowell. She is a very interesting person; rather sad, but evidently full of feeling and enthusiasm, and talks very well. Barlow had to go out after dinner, and I spent a couple of hours very pleasantly with the ladies.

26th. Worked all the morning. Found on going down to the office, that Schuyler Colfax had called to pay his respects to me! Never was more amused in my life. We have bombarded this man and all his breed, seed, and generation for five years, and now he finds that it would be well to be on good terms, so in he walks. Went to Century in the evening with Sands, who called here after dinner. Curtis (W. E.), Blodgett, Robbins, Robinson, Cyrus Field. Field called me aside and enquired, after much humming and hawing, whether a half of the *Nation* could be purchased. I told him I thought not. It is not for this that I have lived laborious days.

27th. Sunday. Threatened with headache; morning devoted to soda, gymnastics, and walking. Mrs. F. and

Lawrence went to Dr. Bellows's. Went in the carriage with Sands after dinner to call on Horace White of Chicago at the Albemarle, taking his little girl with us. On way back, I got Lizzy and took her with us to the park. The two little girls sat on our knees looking out of the windows of the coupé, and very picturesque. After going round, we got out at the Mall and walked home, the girls chasing each other. One of the most *paternal* trips I ever took. Fred called at tea time, I declining an invitation to meet the Ripleys at tea at the Fields. Went over there at nine o'clock, and found several queer, and a few nice people.

28th. Nothing particular during the day. Went to the Free Trade dinner at Delmonico's in the evening. Large company. Wells made a capital speech, but Minturn presided and was terribly embarrassed, this being his first appearance in public. Sands made a speech, too, and broke down in the middle, but not badly. Marshall seeing the fate that had overtaken his two companions, looked very nervous. I having nothing of this kind impending over me, ate a quiet and comfortable dinner, and enjoyed the troubles of the Young Apostles. Walked home with Schlesinger, who used to live next us in Nineteenth St. He has been subscribing to the *Nation* for some time, without knowing that I edited it. Lovely weather. Lawrence "lapsadaisical."

29th. Tuesday. Lawrence woke up, not with an "awful sore throat," but a "middling one." He stayed in bed all day and is doing well. Lizzy continues as well as a fish, and is constantly funny and bright. She never seemed better. On coming down from my gymnastics, I was charmed to find your letter via Key West on the

table. It was a great surprise and made your mother give a little scream. I was to have gone to Boston to-morrow, but have put it off for a week, as I could not get away. In any event I should hardly have liked to go away while Lawrence is ailing. Mr. and Mrs. Stetson have just been in and sat for a good while.

I am afraid you will have heard nothing from us till you get this, but my packet is large enough to compensate you I think in some degree. We are all waiting the days now till you come, and the only damper on our rejoicing will be the consideration that our gain will be Harry's loss. But I really think he will now do well, if he has patience.

We hear nothing from the Woolseys about the house; several other people have been to see it. I don't like to be here when they come; it always irritates me to have them poking about and making remarks. One fellow asked me, if it was not built for a clergyman; the architecture was, he said, "kind o' ecclesiastical," and he said it would make a capital parsonage for the church over the way.

Dennett came on to-day, looking fat and well. If the wretch had any conscience how delightful it would be.

Nov. 30. I have paid your passage, and enclose receipt, which you must not give up except in return for a ticket, which they will give you at the office in Nassau or on board. You can arrange it with the purser. They will write out from here, and have written to Havana to secure you a stateroom. Lawrence is all right again to-day, and we are all well. And now good-bye, my

dear love, till I see you on the wharf. I trust you will have smooth weather.

Your affectionate husband,

E. L. Godkin.

A cruel stroke of sorrow fell upon Mr. Godkin in 1873. His daughter Lizzy died. Two letters of his own will best tell what the blow meant to him: —

April 1, 1873.

Dear Mr. Garrison: —

My darling little girl is dying, and will probably not survive till night. I am so unstrung that I do not believe I shall be able to do any work for a couple of weeks.

Yours ever,

E. L. Godkin.

April 3, 1873.

My dear Norton: —

When I received a letter from Jane a fortnight ago, I was one of the happiest of men; at this moment I am so broken in nerves and spirits that I can hardly speak to a human being. My little girl, Lizzy, the very apple of my eye, lies dead in the house and is to be buried tomorrow. She died yesterday, after an illness of three weeks. She was just taken with a severe feverish catarrh, as we thought, but last Tuesday week seemed entirely convalescent, and I went down town peaceful and cheerful, after sitting by her little bed, chatting with her. When I came back she was unconscious and never awoke, congestion of the kidneys having come on and affected her brain.

She had, one may say, grown up since you went abroad

— from a baby into a sweet "little maid," pretty as she could be, and sweet in character and ways beyond all description. She was the joy and occupation of her mother's life, and her relations with me were infinitely tender. Moreover, she was so strong and healthy, that, once she passed scarlet fever, as she did a year ago, I supposed her safe, and set her down as one of the established facts of my life. For eight years, in short, she was associated closely with all that was happy and prosperous in my career, and was every day that I was at home a never-ending delight. It is now all over, and we both feel undone. If I only *knew* that she had passed into the hands of a better and wiser and stronger father than I am, under whose eye she would become what I fondly but rashly hoped to see her grow into, under mine!

We have only one child left out of three, in spite of all the care and conscience we could put into their bringing up. The whole thing is an awful mystery.

My poor wife is half broken-hearted. I know the blow which has overtaken us is not equal to that which has befallen you, but it is equally irreparable, and admits of just as little alleviation. My love to your sister, in which Fanny joins most heartily. We hoped to see you this summer with happy hearts, but it was not to be.

Your affectionate friend,
Edwin L. Godkin.

The near future had even worse in store for Mr. Godkin. His wife seemed to have been mortally stricken in her daughter's death. After it, she never fully recovered her spirits or health; went

into a decline; and on April 11, 1875, passed away. Of this terrible grief, one is permitted to trace only the subsiding waves. It was years afterwards that he referred even to the "three great remedies" of the Roman — *Necessitas ipsa, dies longa, et satietas doloris*. To Mr. Garrison, Mr. Godkin wrote on May 5, from Cambridge: —

My responsibilities to other people are all that keep me in motion. You may guess I am not in very hearty condition when I say that the one pleasant thought that has come to me in the last three weeks is that of a speedy end to all my troubles.

Yours ever,

E. L. Godkin.

P.S. I am going to make my will, and would like to know your plans about the disposition of my interests, supposing the paper to go on after my death.

May 8, 1875.

Dear Mr. Garrison: —

I am going to leave my interest in the paper in trust to Charles Norton. He will have both its interest and mine equally at heart, and will, I think, try to make them harmonize, if the occasion should arise. I do not anticipate that it will, but I now feel very uncertain about everything in the future. I dare say I shall before long be in better working order than I am now. I have pretty well decided to stay here now, with frequent visits to New York until Lawrence has graduated — say seven years. But I shall then be over fifty, and have had twenty years of uninterrupted labor behind me, and I think all concerned, without saying anything about

it to outsiders, had better make up their minds that I shall then retire. Circumstances may alter my determination, and I shall endeavor to sacrifice the interest of nobody who has in any way depended on me, but life has taken a very different aspect in my eyes from what it had a year ago.

I shall now say nothing in reply to the more purely personal part of your letter. There is so much in my heart about everybody who has shared with me in any close way the labors and trials of the last ten years, that the less I say, the better, and the easier. Nobody has shared them more closely than you, and saved me so much anxiety. You will have your reward somewhere and somehow, I am sure.

His intention of living in Cambridge, Mr. Godkin carried out. From the earliest days of his American citizenship, it had been a spot to which he gladly turned his footsteps. As he wrote to Norton in 1866, "my visits to Cambridge are the most delightful episodes of my year." The friends he found and kept there, the social intercourse which never failed him, and the intellectual stimulus by which he set great store, made it a place towards which he naturally felt like taking his loneliness and deep mourning. Cambridge was his home for more than two years. This involved frequent, often weekly, trips to New York; and such long-range editing of the *Nation* was exposed to mischance of the mails and other obvious drawbacks. One of the flings of the ungodly, at the time, was that "the *Nation* is the best

New York paper edited in Cambridge." But Mr. Godkin long felt an aversion to the old scenes of New York, too poignant for him in sorrowful memories. He clung to his Cambridge friends. To Norton, in particular, he was bound by an intimacy of equal loss. When Mrs. Norton died abroad, Mr. Godkin wrote:—

March 6, 1872.

My dear Friend:—

We were shocked and grieved beyond measure this morning by the receipt of your terrible news. I held your letter and Jane's in my hand unopened, while Fanny read aloud a line from Cambridge announcing "the good news," from Dresden; one second more, and the dreadful issue burst upon us. This will reach you, my dear fellow, a month after the blow has fallen, and I don't like to say one word that will bring it up again freshly before you; but if I wrote all day I should not have expressed half the sympathy I feel, or half what I know Fanny feels. I cannot, too, I know, say one word by way of alleviation. The calamity which has befallen you is one which I have over and over again contemplated as possible in my own case and asked myself how I should bear it. I do not know; no man who loves his wife can ever tell beforehand. I know you will bear it as bravely as man can. God bless and comfort you all. I cannot yet realize that we shall never see poor dear Susan any more, and I think sadly of the merry day ten years ago when I first saw her on the steps at Shady Hill, and began the friendship and intercourse which has ever since been one of the delights of our life, and perhaps the greatest of them all.

I shall write again in a day or two. To-day I am tied to the van.

Your devoted friend,
EDWIN L. GODKIN.

A letter to the same friend two years later may fitly be added here:—

OCT. 5, 1874.

MY DEAR NORTON:—

I hope you know without my telling you, that as long as I live, there will never be anything that will give me more satisfaction than to be of service to you and your children. My earnest desire is that I may quit the scene myself before some half-dozen persons of whom you are one, but if I should survive you, nothing would be more grateful to me than to be the instrument of carrying out your wishes with regard to your property or anything else. I must tell you frankly, however, I think I have even less reason to anticipate a long life than you. The nervous weakness from which I have now suffered for fourteen years makes me fear an early collapse, once I get on the shady side of the hill, and I am entering on it now.

Many thanks for Lowell's sonnet. We shall be very glad to pay him for it. Let me add that it would be of very great service to us if he could be induced to make the *Nation* his organ during the next year, and we should be very glad to pay him *whatever the Atlantic pays him.* You would have to find out from him for me what this is, and try and make the arrangement with him. He is so skittish and shy about money matters that it is difficult to negotiate with him by letter. But it would be a real gain to us to have him overflow now into our col-

umns, and we could well afford to pay him what would satisfy him. As soon as I heard more from you I would write to him.

Mr. Godkin's Cambridge residence was the occasion of one compliment, not exactly academic, which is worth recording. Norton wrote to him in 1883: —

My dear Godkin: —

You remember Cole, the one-glass-eyed letter carrier who used to serve you here? I met him the other day as conductor on a horse-car. According to his wont he immediately entered into friendly conversation with me, and began by enquiring after you. He did not know that he had ever known a gentleman whom he thought better of than he did of you. "Why, sir, Mr. Godkin was jes' so every time. You see when I was a boy there was an old gentleman who lived near Charles Sumner. He was white-haired. He used to take me with him in his gig some times to hold his horse, and he told me, says he, you can *always* tell a *real* gentleman by his bein' jes' so every time. And I've found he was about right, and I don't think I ever met a man who was more jes' so every time than Mr. Godkin." [1]

A letter chiefly of political interest should be inserted here: —

[1] Mr. Godkin instantly capped this Yankeeism with a quotation from Froissart. "Un gentilhomme est toujours gentilhomme, et se montre toujours tel, dans besoin et dans le danger."

U.S. Hotel, Saratoga, N.Y.,
July 14, 1876.

My dear Norton: —

Tilden and Hendricks are both here, and I have had a good deal of talk with both of them, and also with various other shrewd and intelligent men from various parts of the country — you know what a rendezvous this is for people of a political turn. Hendricks makes a very unpleasant impression on me, though this may be in large part because I do not like the Western type of man. He has a good head, and well-cut features, but has a loose, shifty expression of face, and one which gives you the impression of a thorough politician in the bad sense of the word. In talking to him you feel you are getting only very little idea of what he is thinking, though what he is after is very plain. Tilden told me he had been laboring with him all day yesterday about finance, and had, he thought, satisfied him that he must "scramble up on the platform." One of the arguments he used was a caricature in *Harper's*, I think, representing them both pulling different ways.

Tilden, I find, is absolutely confident of his election, and it was curious as well as interesting to hear him last night on the piazza giving Evarts, W. A. Butler, and myself an explanation of the data on which he bases his judgments and predictions about elections. He is exceedingly shrewd. He acknowledged to me that the insertion of the denunciation of the Resumption Act in the platform was a mistake.

I find it to be a widespread and growing opinion that the Republican party cannot stand the present performances of the chiefs, to say nothing of the President's. Just think of a Civil Service reform party making Zack Chandler chairman of the National Committee, and

A. B. Cornell of New York chairman of the Executive Committee. It is impossible for the public to avoid the conclusion that these fellows regard the Civil Service part of the Hayes letter as mere bunkum, and intend, after it has produced its proper effect in the popular mind, to play the game over again in the old way, as they did with Grant.

I have had a very warm letter about Hayes from Schurz, who is fully satisfied with him after several prolonged interviews, and I suppose we must support him in the *Nation*, but I confess I do it with great misgivings. Moreover, I am doing, in it, something which runs against all my convictions and traditions as regards party government — that is, acceding to the doctrine that a party is not to be held responsible for its chiefs, and that after they have all been found out in theft and jobbery and been cashiered, it is allowable for the party to turn around and say — "Don't put us out of office. True, Tom, Dick, and Harry, our best men have been found out, but here is Bill, who is an honest fellow, and has stolen nothing; try us under him." Isn't there a savor of the nursery about this?

Evarts is very cranky and skittish. I should not be greatly surprised to see him go for Tilden before the canvass is over. Think of Stoughton in the forefront of the Republican ratification meeting in New York! He, too, is here. He is said to have refused the English mission, fearing exposure.

The reasons which led Mr. Godkin to abandon Cambridge for New York are set forth in the following: —

Sweet Springs, West Va.,
Sept. 3, 1877.

My dear Norton: —

I am starting for home to-day, though going to spend a day or two at a plantation on the Rapidan on my way. I do not know yet what the result of the baths on my ailment will be, but am somewhat hopeful. The scenery and climate are wonderfully attractive, and ought to be better known at the North, and I cannot help thinking will be. I have seen a great many Southerners, some well-known ones such as Wade Hampton and Bradley Johnson, and have talked much with men of various classes and conditions, but my notes are too bulky to be put in a letter, and I shall reserve them for talk. My general conclusion is that the condition of the South is all that a Northern *politician* could desire or hope for, though I do not think it by any means satisfactory to a pessimist. I do not see, in short, how the negro is ever to be worked into a system of government for which you and I would have much respect.

I told you last spring, I think, that I had it somewhat in mind to leave Cambridge for New York again. I have not yet absolutely decided to do so, but it is probable I will when I return. If I could rent my house I should decide at once. Inability to do so may make me hang on a little longer from motives of economy. If you know of a tenant with a small family I would let him have it (furnished) very low.

I may add to you, as an old friend, that although nothing can well be more trying to me than beginning life again in New York, at my age, in a city in which I really never took root, without a home or family ties of any kind, yet Cambridge promises more solitude and sadness than I can well bear. I do not expect hereafter

to see much of Lawrence; Jane's death broke one of the few remaining ties that connected me with my old life. Both she and Grace, as you know, were very close and dear to Fanny and me, and became more so than ever in the last winter of Fanny's life, when we were both oppressed already with the shadow of the tremendous misfortune that was in store for me.

I wish it were possible to tell you how much all this that I am saying means to me, and above all how little trust and hope I have with regard to the future, and how sincerely and gratefully, come what may, I shall remain to the end,

Your affectionate friend,
EDWIN L. GODKIN.

I shall be in Cambridge by Sunday the 9th.

CAMBRIDGE, Sept. 12, 1877.

MY DEAR NORTON: —

I got your letter the day I got home, but have been so busy for the *Nation* that I have delayed thanking you for it, and saying how much it gratified me. But even as matters stand I think your suggestion that I should pass the winter in New York a sound one, and had intended to do so, and I am accordingly trying to let my house until May, if not for a year. Lawrence would like to have me remain, and as far as physical comfort goes the arguments are weightiest on that side. But I foresee a winter of considerable solitude with surroundings which would be more or less sad and depressing, and I am inclined to think that my sciatica, which is not gone, has more or less connection with the mental conditions of the last two years, and that I had better seek distraction and escape from the inevitable brooding over my

situation which comes with a solitary life. I shall, as you suggest, treat my departure as only temporary, as it may prove so, but at present I look forward to nothing even faintly pleasant in the way of change, and shall not look forward to coming back. To have at forty-five, in a country which in many essentials things, in spite of all the happiness I have had in it, is a foreign one, neither home nor family after twenty years' residence, I feel as an almost fatal blow. All the circumstances of my life in the past help to make it so, and no outward success to one of my temperament does much to mitigate it.

I shall not attempt to tell you how much you and your sisters have been to me. I fancy you know it.

I am here alone at present. Lawrence has gone up to spend a week with his aunt in the White Mountains, but as I am pretty busy and have my horse, I get along tolerably well. I see a good deal of Miss Grace. I expect to be here when you come back, unless some unexpected tenant turns up for the house. I am at present in pursuit of Professor Bradley. You may hear of some one. I would rent it really low to any one who would take good care of it.

The weather here is warm and pleasant, the country looking delightful, but I am always struck now more or less by the remorselessness and indifference of nature.

It was in this year, 1877, that Mr. Godkin's name was signed to a Report laid before the New York Legislature. It was that of a Commission, appointed in 1875, to devise a "Plan for the Government of Cities in the State of New York." Mr.

Godkin was a member of it, named by Governor Tilden.

Cambridge always remained to Mr. Godkin a charmed recollection. Towards the end of his life he wrote for the *Evening Post* an article on "Old Cambridge," which, however, he finally decided not to print. In it, he paid as fine a tribute as Clough's to the intellectual distinction of the place — its "combination of social charms of a rare order with absolute simplicity of life and manners." Vivid memories of Cambridge notables abode with him through life. His rapid characterization of the James family, as he first knew it, may be cited: —

Henry James, the elder, was a person of delightful eccentricity, and a humorist of the first water. When in his grotesque moods, he maintained that, to a right-minded man, a crowded Cambridge horse-car "was the nearest approach to heaven upon earth!" What was the precise nature of his philosophy, I never fully understood, but he professed to be a Swedenborgian, and carried on a correspondence full of droll incidents with anxious inquirers, in various parts of the country. Asking him one day about one of these, he replied instantly, "Oh, a devil of a woman!" to my great astonishment, as I was not then thoroughly familiar with his ways. One of his most amusing experiences was that the other Swedenborgians repudiated all religious connection with him, so that the sect to which he belonged, and of which he was the head, may be said to have consisted of himself

alone. He was a writer of extraordinary vigor and picturesqueness, and I suppose there was not in his day a more formidable master of English style.

His son, the author, then a youth of nineteen or twenty, was just beginning to try his literary wings. There could not be a more entertaining treat than a dinner at the James house, when all the young people were at home. They were full of stories of the oddest kind, and discussed questions of morals or taste or literature with a vociferous vigor so great as sometimes to lead the young men to leave their seats and gesticulate on the floor. I remember, in some of these heated discussions, it was not unusual for the sons to invoke humorous curses on their parent, one of which was, that "his mashed potatoes might always have lumps in them!"

CHAPTER XIII

In 1881 Mr. Godkin went to the *Evening Post*, carrying the *Nation* with him. The combination of the two properties and the two editorships was brought about by Mr. Henry Villard's buying control of the *Evening Post*. With an ideal of journalism as large as it was disinterested, that gentleman sought the best editors obtainable, and turned over to them the direction of the *Evening Post*. Mr. Godkin more than once said that he had never known another newspaper proprietor capable of such a course. He wrote at once to Norton of the project:—

April 23, 1881.

My dear Norton:—

I shall not speak of the matter to any one. I must now add that I think the conversation with me was suggested to Robinson by my consulting him on one or two legal points on my own account. They arose in a matter of which I did not intend to tell you until it reached, if it ever reached, a more advanced stage. But I may as well let you know of it now. Villard, Garrison's brother-in-law, and Horace White have bought a controlling interest in the *Evening Post*, and have offered the editorship to Schurz, and he has accepted it. They

then came to me and asked me to go into it with Schurz on the same terms pecuniarily, *i.e.* a salary and an interest in the stock, he being, however, editor-in-chief, and with the chance of purchasing more of the stock at the rate at which they have bought.

I said I would not consider it at all unless they obtained complete possession of the *Post*, by ousting Henderson; that as soon as they had done so, I would consider it. They are now negotiating for that purpose. I do not know as yet with what result. They offered as an additional inducement to buy out the *Nation*, and to run it as a weekly edition of the *Post*, in the relation somewhat of the *Pall Mall Budget* to the *Gazette*. The alternative would be to sell it to some one else. I could not carry on the *Nation* as it now is, if I accepted their offer.

You had so much to do with starting the *Nation*, and indeed, I may say, its existence is so largely due to the support and encouragement which you gave me in its early days, that I shall be exceedingly sorry if its latter end should in any way be disappointing to you; and I feel that I owe you some explanation of my willingness to entertain the *Post* proposal at all. I can only indicate very briefly the considerations which influence me in doing so.

1. Weariness after sixteen years of close unintermitted work, and a desire for a less confining and less responsible position in which I can take long vacations.

2. Consciousness that at my age — I shall be fifty in October — my vivacity of mind and readiness for work must decline, and that property which owes so much of its value to me personally as the *Nation* does must suffer correspondingly, and perhaps become worthless as I get older.

3. Desire to make more money during the few working years that are left to me, which I think may be satisfied in the *Post*.

I have no intention, even if I live so long and retain my health, of staying in the *Post* for longer than ten years. I shall be glad to hear what you think of all this. Remember, it may, as far as I am concerned, come to nothing, as they may not get Henderson out, and all that I say is confidential.

JUNE 9, 1881.

MY DEAR NORTON: —

I sold the *Nation* yesterday, after much deliberation and perplexity, to the *Evening Post*, as the weekly edition of which it will appear after July 1st. It will not be changed in appearance, and I hope not in quality, but most of the articles will have previously appeared in the *Post*. Garrison goes over with me, and will continue in special charge of the *Nation*, and our publisher becomes publisher of the *Post*.

The whole affair has given me a good deal of anxiety during the past fortnight, and I have not the resort of "prayer for guidance," which so many people have; but now that it is decided I am satisfied, and I hope it will seem a wise conclusion to you. I had other offers for the *Nation*, but felt sure in every case that the paper would, if transferred, die in a couple of years.

We propose to reduce the price to $3 a year. The *Post* will be somewhat harder work for me in some ways, but I shall have the great relief of being able to leave it, without anxiety, for vacations, and of knowing that I can withdraw from it altogether without loss whenever I feel any signs that the night is coming.

Please treat this as confidential till announced.

Opinions differ concerning the effect on Mr. Godkin's political writing of this transfer from a weekly to a daily. His long-time colleague, Mr. Garrison, always felt that the inevitable loss of deliberateness and mature weight was serious. The inexorable hour of going to press doubtless compels the writer for a daily newspaper to sacrifice much; but there is small question that, if Mr. Godkin's influence through the *Evening Post* was less intense than through the first decade of the *Nation*, it was more widespread and conspicuous. It was something to have him in the fray constantly; to see him recur to the attack every afternoon. The power of iteration — which is perhaps three-fourths of the power of a newspaper — was readier to his hand in the *Evening Post*; and the daily echo of his words carried far. If his work lost something of poise and of the air of a studied verdict, it doubtless gained in alertness, in dash, in *verve*.

In 1883, Mr. Schurz retired from the *Evening Post*, and Mr. Godkin was made editor-in-chief, retaining the invaluable coöperation of Mr. White. His first great fight came almost immediately in the Blaine campaign of 1884. It is needless to rake over its ashes. For Mr. Godkin, it was enough that he saw a great and clear moral issue in the contest, transcending all questions of party or policy. For that reason he threw himself into the struggle with all the fervor of his being. It was a trying time.

Old friendships were broken, deep enmities aroused; the name of the *Evening Post* became a symbol of hatred to many. But Mr. Godkin felt that he was battling for public morality, and never flinched till the end and victory came. With the abuse that beat upon him like a storm came also grateful and significant recognition. From among the letters conveying it, a scanty selection may be made.

Nov. 6, 1884.

My dear Godkin:—

Now that the struggle is over I cannot help saying to you how much I have been impressed during the whole of it with the varied power and the uniform elevation of tone exhibited by the *Evening Post.*

In the field of reason no adversary has been able to stand up against it; and it has accomplished the more difficult task of finding, without any sacrifice of truth, decency, or honor, weapons and methods with which to baffle and defeat the most unscrupulous and despicable gang of editorial malefactors that I have ever known in journalism.

You must all know this yourself; but it may not be unacceptable to hear it from others.

Ever yours truly,

James C. Carter.

My dear Godkin:—

I dare say you may have seen in the papers a paragraph attributing the defeat of Blaine to *three* men it named. When I read it I said to myself, "All right, but I know there is one man to whom in my private opinion more is owing than to anybody else, though the newspapers

very likely will never find it out!" Now, you not only snuffed the danger ahead long before anybody else, and gave the alarm, you not only gave without reserve or hesitation all the weight and authority and argument that could be given, but for twenty years you have been educating up to that point the people that did the deed. The feeling I have about the victory all the time is, as you said the day after the election, it seems "too good to be true."

I am glad to see you take the ground that the Independents that have won the victory should make no claim or even accept office. I go even further — perhaps I may be wrong — but it seems to me the Independents would make a great mistake to "keep up their organization" as is proposed. If they now disappear as Independents, they will always remain a reserve force ready to come to the front on any great question or occasion, but if they organize they will get into the hands of leaders and workers, and try to make a new party for which there is no present call, and go upon a general moral ground and get pretentious and make mistakes, and be nowhere when any *tug* comes. The impersonality of the Independents, their spontaneousness, and absence of leaders have been their force.

If you differ from me I know you will have very good reasons for it.

Believe me,

Always truly yours,

Sam'l G. Ward.

Newport, Nov. 15, 1884.

My dear Edwin:—

Now that the smoke of battle is clearing away and we are able to get an idea of the extent of the fight and of

the victory, I feel as if I should like to say a word of congratulation to you and the *Evening Post* for the manful work you have done this summer. We have been seeing the paper all along, and I have rejoiced in its tone, as forcible as it has been well-bred — a great contrast to all the other papers — greatest of all to the *Tribune*. You must feel that you have helped materially in the result, and have a right to be glad and satisfied with your work. And what a result — what an escape it is! Nothing shows more plainly its extent and value than the strange obfuscation of principle exhibited through the whole progress of the affair by people whom we have been accustomed to respect and trust. It makes me feel as if Blaineism, and the thing it stands for, had crept like dry-rot in timber to the farthest part of our poor old party and left most of the fibres unsound.

Faithfully yours,
SARAH C. WOOLSEY.

The drudgery of an editor's work was always distasteful to Mr. Godkin. He more and more threw it off in the office of the *Evening Post*. Speaking once of those devastators of the day who are apt so freely to invade the editorial room, he said, laughingly, "You ought to have my rule. I see no one before one, and at one I go home." A master of method within the office, a great organizer, Mr. Godkin never was. His forte was writing, and personal inspiration from the top downwards. Not a man who suffered fools gladly, he sometimes seemed hard upon subordinates who blundered or came short; but to his immediate associates on the staff he was

genial in appreciation and a quickening spur. Such brusqueness as he occasionally appeared chargeable with in dealing with inferiors in the office, was really a part of that absorption in his work and purposes which made him move on as an unconscious force, brooking no opposition, and not too nicely stopping to consider the obstacles he pushed out of his way.

Yet even into the disagreeable duties of official relationship, Mr. Godkin put more feeling than some thought. Thus he once wrote:—

> I am going about with the sensation which makes me miserable of having wounded and alarmed an excellent man, for whom I have the utmost esteem. Worse than all, I have before me the duty of telling a worthy middle-aged man, hard-working, faithful, with a wife and family, that we do not need him. Everything put together makes me feel to-day as wretched and nervous as I can be.

Editorially, he was the absolute moulder of the entire policy of the *Evening Post*, financial as well as political. His contract with the proprietors, in this respect rarely magnanimous, left him an absolutely free hand. Thus it might be said of him, as he had himself written in his youth of the offer of the editorship of the *Pesthi Hirlap* to Kossuth, "he accepted it, but only on condition that he should be perfectly untrammelled in the expression of his opinions." His journalistic ideals were high. What it was his ambition to make of the *Evening Post*, he inciden-

tally expressed in a letter to Mr. Garrison of 1883: "My notion is, you know, that the *Evening Post* ought to make a specialty of being the paper to which sober-minded people would look at crises of this kind, instead of hollering and bellering and shouting platitudes like the *Herald* and *Times*." Indirect recognition of this passion of Mr. Godkin for steadiness, was made by one of his stockholders, Mr. Henry Adams, in the following witty fashion:—

You relieve me greatly by telling me that Schurz is sentimental. If you dry one of his tears, I will denounce you at a stock-holders' meeting. Every tear he sheds is worth at least an extra dollar on the dividends. Cultivate them! collect them! point to them! You are no good yourself in the sobbing business, but you can affect a decent respect for real sympathy. I have always told you that your fatal defect was the incapacity to make a *popular* blunder. Not that you can't blunder just as much as others; we are all quick enough at that; but all your blunders are on the wrong side; they don't even make friends. What I want to see is some good, idiotic, gushing, *popular* blundering. We shall thrive on that.

A more explicit tribute follows:—

PEEKSKILL, Sept. 21, 1885.

MR. E. L. GODKIN:—

DEAR SIR: Upon the death of Grant I saw in the *Evening Post* one or two editorials upon his character and career, which I wish to procure again. I had not

then any idea that I should have to pronounce a eulogy upon him. Can I obtain them, excerpts, by copying them?

I desire exceedingly to get *your* view of Grant's political course, somewhat in detail, or can you refer to any analysis of it, and judgment upon it elsewhere? He has been over praised and indiscriminately praised, by which his real excellence and service is rendered liable by and by to be obscured.

The *Evening Post* is the one paper in New York that I rely upon. Its news is as thorough and as well sifted as any other, its literary department is the best of all the dailies, and its editorial page is, — well, the only one in New York that is worth reading every day. It would raise a hornet's nest about my ears to say all this out loud, but to you I say it with confidence.

Yours cordially,

Henry Ward Beecher.

On June 14, 1884, Mr. Godkin married Katherine Sands. His city home at that time was at 115 East 25th St. where he lived till 1890. The summers of several years he passed at Premium Point, New Rochelle. The house fronted immediately on the Sound — he could take his plunge direct from the piazza — and suited him exactly. His landlord there was Mr. Henry Holt, and some of the letters which he wrote him in the guise of tenant may be copied: —

May 7, 1887.

Dear Holt:

The "charge" I proposed to take of that piece of

ground was simply to keep it mown and free from dirt and débris, — that is, to keep it up as a lawn, which was what I supposed it was going to be, unless built on, when I took the house.

It is very difficult to discuss these things or argue about them, they are so much matters of taste. If you see them, you see them; if you don't, you don't, and there's an end to it.

But I have never had any doubt that we could agree about them whenever we understood each other, and we have clearly not done so in this case as appears from your speaking of "resuming possession." I do not propose to take "possession" of anything. Bacon said to a lady in answer to an inquiry about the ownership of the Temple Gardens, "They are ours, madame, as you are ours, to look upon, but nothing more."

I enclose a check which was due some weeks ago, but I would have been ashamed to offer money to a man in your situation.

Yours ever,
E. L. Godkin.

April 28, 1889.

Dear Holt:

The only "business purpose" for which I can conceive of the house being used is a boarding house or a lager beer saloon, and if you foresee the possibility of my letting anybody turn it into either, you must be a more nervous and more imaginative man than I supposed you. You may depend upon it that any offer coming from anybody who is likely under any stress of circumstances to start any commercial undertaking with my furniture between June and October, will be peremptorily rejected.

More than this, I will bind myself, if I hear of my tenant starting any business of any description, to have him expelled *vi et armis* with the utmost violence and even cruelty. I try to make a specialty of not being in any way disagreeable to my neighbors, and trust I have succeeded thus far. I cannot give you the name of my tenant because he has not shown himself. I have ordered Brown to go to work to dig for the meter and make the connection on my own responsibility. I leave the ultimate responsibility for the cash to be settled by negotiation or arbitration on those great principles of equity by which men as well as nations ought to be governed.

Yours sincerely,

E. L. Godkin.

Jan. 21, 1890.

I understand, of course, that you are free to sell between now and March 2, but if anybody bought, I should go after him with a shotgun. Please make this known. I am not as law-abiding as I seem.

Dec. 2, 1890.

We have decided very reluctantly to give up the house even if you are willing to renew the lease. We like the place so much, but for the roads. We are a driving and riding and not a boating family, and riding or driving for pleasure around Premium Point has become practically impossible. Roads in the back country over which in the early years I used to drive our friends have become mere beds of a torrent.

I sorrowfully enclose you my last rent. It was altogether a delightful episode, for which we thank you cordially.

A letter to the same friend hints at Mr. Godkin's affection for the Century Club, and his tenacity in upholding its traditions: —

My dear Holt: —

I could not say to you last night that if you have not told —— you would ask me to put him up at the Century, I should rather not do so. The reason is simply that I have for twenty years been making a stand against the loss of its distinctive character by the club, owing to the large introduction of men having no connection of any sort with art, literature or science. I made a stand against it on the Committee on Admissions in the case of —— about 1870. Since then every objection of the kind has been swept away. There are, I think, more brokers and bankers and merchants in it who rarely open a book than any other class — excellent and agreeable men, whom I am glad enough to meet, but not properly Centurions, and I have never had anything to do with the admission of one of them, and much as I like —— I would rather not break my record for him unless you have told him you were going to ask me, in which case I would not think of hurting his feelings by refusing.

Yours sincerely,
E. L. Godkin.

Other letters belong to these years: —

Dec. 14, 1885.

My dear Parkman: —

I have just finished your "Wolfe and Montcalm," and I cannot help doing what I have never done before, — write to tell the author with what delight I read it. I do not think I have ever been so much enchained by a

historical book, although I was passionately fond of history in my boyhood. Wolfe, too, was one of my earliest heroes, and although I have been familiar for over forty years with his story, I became almost tremulous with anxiety about the result of the night attack when reading your account of the final preparations, a few evenings ago.

What became of Montcalm's family? Has he any descendants now? What a pathetic tale his is!

Also, considering the fearful memories that war must have left in the colonies, and the horror of the French it must have inspired, was not the alliance with and liking of them twenty years — only twenty — later most extraordinary?

Thank you most sincerely for a great pleasure.

Yours very sincerely,

E. L. Godkin.

Nov. 27, 1887.

My dear Parkman:

Thank you very much for the engraving of Wolfe! It is very interesting and I am very glad to have it. Thanks to photography no man as famous as he will in our day be as little known in the flesh to his admirers as Wolfe was. I, too, am sorry enough not to get to Boston oftener than I do, but since getting into the editorial harness of a daily paper, escape even for a day is very difficult.

I got a little glimpse of your sister at Cambridge on Tuesday. She said a few kindly words which were very grateful at a very sad moment, for I have had few more dismal experiences in my life than witnessing the extinction of the Gurney household in which for so many years I was so welcome and enjoyed myself so much. They were both, husband and wife, very dear friends whose

places could not be filled even if I were younger than I am. I hope you are well and busy. No one else does nearly as much for American literature. This is "gospel truth."

Remember me most kindly to Miss Parkman, and believe me,

Ever faithfully yours,
E. L. Godkin.

New York, Jan. 14, 1889.

My dear Mr. Lanciani:—

I have just finished reading your volume, and it has so completely renewed the pleasure I had in listening to the lectures, that I cannot help sitting down to thank you most warmly. Your lectures here were, I think I can say, the greatest treat of the kind I have ever had, and I have closed the book with a sigh of regret that there is not another volume of it. It would be hard, I think, to conceive of pleasanter work for a man of your tastes than that you are engaged in, and it must surely heighten the joy of it to be able to tell the rest of the world so much about it in such graceful English.

That you may live long to dig and delve, that your "finds" may be numerous, and your pen ready, is my earnest wish, and that of a large number of admirers here.

I am glad to know that your health is again restored. My wife joins me in kindest remembrances to you and Madame Lanciani, and I remain, with sincere gratitude,

Yours very truly,
E. L. Godkin.

New York, Oct. 17, 1884.

My dear Bryce:—

I have never heard the usefulness of a second Chamber even discussed here by any one. There seems to be no

difference of opinion on the subject. As a matter of fact, every State in the Union, the new ones as well as the old thirteen, divides its legislature into two branches. The Senator generally represents a wider area than the Representative. As a rule he has to be over twenty-five years of age; in some cases over thirty. The Senator's term is almost always double that of the Representative. If the Representative is chosen for one year, the Senator is chosen for two, and so on. These are the only legal differences in the constitution of the two houses.

Political usage, however, generally gives the Senate to men of maturer age and more experience than the Representatives. A young man beginning a political career takes a seat in the lower house almost as a matter of course, and looks to entering the Senate later. The exception to this would be a man of some kind of prominence outside, who was induced for some special reason to go to the State legislature. He would, under the circumstances, probably take or be offered a senatorship. But in practice there is no marked difference between Senator or Representative, either as regards wealth or social position or public services. The Senator is generally an older and better known man who has been longer in politics; that is all. Service in the State legislatures in either branch is looked on as a stepping stone to Congress.

The value of the second Chamber in practice, which I think every one recognizes, lies mainly in the chance it gives for reconsideration, and for bringing public opinion to bear on any particular measure. To appreciate this you must remember that in American legislatures there is very little debating. Most of the work is done in committee, and excites but little public attention at first. It is consequently comparatively easy to "rush

a bill through" the lower and larger house, without attracting observation. By the time it gets to the Senate, however, it is pretty sure to have come to the notice of people interested in it. They go or send up deputations who get a hearing before the Committee. They are heard by older men, and often by lawyers in good standing. It is debated in a smaller body which has no "previous question" for cutting off discussion, and gets thoroughly ventilated. In fact there is so much, not exactly secrecy, but privacy about American legislatures, that all delay is considered useful, particularly when it comes in the form of submission to a new body — even if that body be composed of no better material than the other. As I have said before, I have never heard the matter discussed, but I am satisfied, from the kind of criticism one hears on legislatures in general, that property holders would regard a proposal to legislate by one Chamber with genuine alarm, which would only be allayed by a great increase in the veto power of the governor.

I write this in great haste to catch the mail. I am afraid, as it is, it will hardly reach you in time to be of any use, even if it have any value for your purpose. I have no objection whatever to having my name attached to these opinions. I will write soon about other matters. We are in the midst of a bitter and dirty canvass, but I think we shall beat the rascals. The Blaine movement is really a conspiracy of jobbers to seize on the Treasury under the lead of a most unprincipled adventurer. The majority in Ohio — only ten thousand about, means, I think, his defeat in New York and Indiana, and this will be fatal.

Yours ever,

E. L. Godkin.

What I say about the similarity in quality of the members of the two houses, does not apply to the U. S. Senate. There the members are generally men of mature age and of marked distinction, of *some kind* in their States.

New York, March 31, 1887.

My dear Bryce:—

The Coercion Bill, as reported, is, I am afraid, going to let loose the devil here. Whatever lavish supplies of money can do to foster and promote resistance will certainly be done, and thousands who have held aloof from the agitation will go into it. The bill seems to be framed so as to be as insulting and exasperating as possible to everybody with Irish blood in his veins. And then it carries me back so far! The transportation of people to be tried in England, was, you remember, one of the devices for "enforcing the law" here before the Revolution. And then its production while acknowledging that a scheme of remedy and conciliation was in preparation, brings out the worst and most unbearable side of the English character — the brutal arrogance and contempt for physical weakness, the unwillingness to please anybody who cannot lick you.

I have only time for a few words. I shall write more at length in a day or two. The bill seems to promise so much mischief, however, that I cannot help saying so to you "right off."

Yours ever,
E. L. Godkin.

Florence, May 21, '97.

My dear Bryce:—

I am delighted to see the old Turk bothering the "Powers." How Ireland sits heavy on your souls!

Salisbury was an utterly discredited Foreign Secretary when you brought up Home Rule. Now he is one of the wisest of men. Balfour and Chamberlain have all been lifted into eminence by opposition to Home Rule simply. One is more and more convinced that every country — almost all except the very small and weak — deserves its government.

Yours ever,
E. L. Godkin.

CHAPTER XIV

Mr. Godkin was a keen traveller. Mere "change of air" he used to make light of; he would say that where a man's work was he would find the air that was best for him. All he wanted was "all the air there is." But the opportunity to observe men, manners, and morals always tempted him. For scenery he had a fine feeling, and great monuments and historic spots moved him; but it was human intercourse that he most valued. A reason for his not seeing Germany till late in life was that he could not speak German; finally, he had a teacher and mastered at least certain phrases. A part of the charm of France and Italy to him was that in those countries he could speak to the natives in their own language.

Of the United States he saw a good part. In addition to his Southern trip before the war, we find him in Virginia, Illinois, and South Carolina; New England he knew intimately, coast and inland; he had felt the spell of the North Woods. In 1883 be was of Mr. Villard's party — including Sir Charles Russell, Lord Bowen, Albert Pell, and Captain MacLeod, all warm friends of Mr. Godkin —

which went out to celebrate the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad. While on that tour, he wrote to the lady who became his wife the next year: —

Yes, I climbed a ten thousand feet mountain, Mt. McDonald, and laughed in going up it over the remembrance of your challenge to me, and wondered what men you had climbed with to get your idea of men's climbing powers. We started in, a party of fifty of various nations, and only eleven, of whom nine, including myself under that term, were English, and two Germans reached the top. Three thousand feet were the hardest kind of work ever seen, except on ice, hands and knees over sloping rocks and up couloirs, or chimneys, with incessant exposure to falling stones. No food or drink from six A.M. to nine P.M.; awful thirst. My glory in the matter, alas, came from my age. I was the oldest man of those who crowned the crest, and for this reason was received with cheers, having left a good many youths behind. I started on the trip with some hesitation, as I had no idea what condition I was in, not having walked much for years, or climbed anything serious since 1862, and having been shut up in the train for nearly three weeks. The Yellowstone valley on the way home was real hardship, intense cold at night, fiery heat in the day, great fatigue and beds on the ground in open tents for four nights. But it was altogether a delightful experience full of wonders and pleasures, not the least of the latter being the company of delightful Englishmen.

In the early years of the *Nation*, when there was a possibility of the enterprise failing and Mr. Godkin's

returning to England, he wrote to Norton that he would do nothing of the kind except as a "last extremity." "It would be," he added, "going back into an atmosphere that I detest and a social system that I have hated since I was fourteen years old." In 1889, however, he saw England again, after an interval of twenty-seven years. The following letters to Mrs. Godkin tell their own story:—

MAY 30, 1889.

On board *Augusta Victoria*.

. . . . I wrote a few lines by the pilot, which I hope you got; things have gone well thus far, only one day of bad weather; the steadiest ship ever built. Every one on board says this. At times as we sit in the saloon at table we ask ourselves, is she going or not? when she is doing twenty miles an hour. No rolling, little or no vibration, and hardly any noise of the screw. Tell this to Edith and other sea-sick girls. The passengers, except our own table, are a sorry lot. Daisy Miller from Milwaukee with her sister and mother are at the next table. ——'s friend is a nice fellow, with the *fade*, pointless air, which comes of living many years abroad as a "rich American." —— has turned out very well, but when you think of him as a minister to a foreign court, you hold your sides.

My indigestion vanished completely on Friday. I rise early, get a slightly-warmed salt water bath, breakfast at eight, walk the deck, take a nap in a chair, read, lunch, dine, nap in a chair, walk the deck, and *da capo*. Our dinners are always lively and pleasant. Not much society at other times. I sleep well but wake early as

usual, but not so early as at home. I finished "Risler Ainé" to-day. It is a wonderfully powerful book. Why have I not read it before? Poor little Desirée's fate brought tears to my eyes. What a wonderful genius Daudet is! I am now working away at James' book. "London Life," as far as I have got, is very good, but very Jamesy. He ought to write something without an American in it. The ship is performing well. We have just seen the English lights and it did my heart good. We shall get ashore at Southampton at 8 A.M. to-morrow, later than we expected. I have wished you were with me until Tuesday, believing you could have stood it all. But on Tuesday it blew and at sunset had risen to a gale, with a heavy sea. The scene as the sun went down was splendid — a flood of light from under a black cloud, across stormy water, and the great ship rolling through it like a huge porpoise, sending up white foam in great clouds as she sank into the hollows.

RIDGEMOUNT, BASSET, SOUTHAMPTON,
May 31, 1889.

. . . William Darwin met me on the wharf, hurried me through the Custom House and brought me out at once to this delightful house, with the warmest of welcomes. After lunch, we drove over to Winchester, and spent the afternoon wandering through the Cathedral and College and the streets of the old city, took tea in the "George Inn," a most attractive old place, and came home in the cool of the evening. Of my enjoyment of the English scenery along the road, and of the whole excursion, I cannot give you an idea. It must wait until I see you. After twenty-seven years, it had all the charm of a first visit to a foreign land, combined with that of

youthful reminiscence. The order, the neatness, the quaintness, the greenness, the historical association, fresh as I was from the noisy gang on the steamer, fairly intoxicated me. I was afraid Darwin would think me childish if I told him all my pleasure. After a late dinner I turned in very, very tired, and, my dear, when I woke at half past four what should I hear for a good half hour but the cuckoo! The cuckoo of my boyhood, not a note of which I had heard for forty years! My bedroom window looks into one of the loveliest English landscapes you can imagine. This morning we took a long walk in the park of the adjacent Fleming family, visited the old fourteenth-century parish church, and how I wished for you in the walk. You would have enjoyed it so much!

To-night we dine with neighbors of Darwin's, the Craig-Sellars; to-morrow we go to Salisbury to visit the Cathedral there, which I have never seen, and on Monday morning I go up to London to H. James. I had intended going to-day, but I could not resist Darwin's urgency and this delicious country. I will add to this record there.

On Sunday we went to Salisbury by train, took a trap over Salisbury plain to Stonehenge, lunched among the great stones, listening to the larks which filled the air with their old familiar song above these wonderful downs; drove back to the city and spent an hour in the Cathedral which I had never seen, and got home to a late dinner after a most delightful day. These English sights and sounds, Home-Ruler though I be, make me drunk with pleasure. I forgot that we spent another hour in the wonderful ruins of "Old Sarum," to me full of historical interest. This morning I came up to London. James met me at the station full of cordial welcome, and we

drove home to his apartment through streets roaring with the crowd of the season. A nicer apartment you never saw, full of pretty things, well lighted, handsomely furnished, a good cook and man-servant. I have a charming bedroom and a little library to myself. I found Russell and Bryce and Dicey and Bonham-Carter had already called. Russell came back later and took me for a drive to the Park and tried to get me to go to Oxford for Sunday, but I have engaged to go for Saturday and Sunday, with James, to the Charles Roundells near Crewe. On Thursday I go for the day and night with Russell to the Epsom races. Bryce was here when I came in, but leaves to-morrow for a few days in Switzerland. He is to be married at the end of the month. His fiancée lives here and I am going to see her to-morrow.

I found a nice note from Minnie giving me an extract from a letter of Gladstone's, expressing his joy at the prospect of seeing me. To-morrow I am sallying out to make some calls. Russell was most cordial. The Salisbury day was full of heartache at thinking how you would have enjoyed it. Some day we must attempt it together, before I am too old. When we sat at lunch among the great stones on that beautiful sod, I was constantly wailing to myself over your absence. I am getting various smaller pleasures in England, about which I fear I must muzzle myself, if I am to maintain my standing as a "good American."

Athenæum Club, June 4, 1889.

The people here are so polite, and there are so many well dressed, educated men, and life is so well ordered, I am thinking I am not worth a cent as a "good American." *This is confidential.*

June 6, 1889.

James and I lunched at the Athenæum Club and dined at the Reform Club in the evening, with our old friend Robartes. In the afternoon I called on Miss de Rothschild and found there Mrs. Morton.

The Bonham-Carters have asked me to dinner, but I could not go. So have the Yates-Thompsons, but I could not go. The reason is that to-day I drive down to Epsom to spend the night with Russell and see the races, and to-morrow James and I go from Friday to Monday to the Roundells, at a country place, a remarkable old house James says, near Crewe in Cheshire. Coming back on Monday, I stop in Oxford for the night, to dine with the Fellows of Balliol. On Wednesday I go down to Devonshire to stay till Saturday with Lord Coleridge, from whom I have had a very cordial invitation. On the following Sunday I go to the Farrers, also in the country, to meet John Morley. Bryce dines us on the 21st, Macmillan, the publisher, on the 20th. I came to London at rather an unfortunate moment — the beginning of the Whitsuntide holidays, when Parliament adjourns for ten days and the political men all go out of town. This has taken Gladstone away, as well as Bryce and others. So that it is fortunate I am able to fill up the interval with these country invitations.

I have heard from Georgina saying that they are rather afraid of Venice in summer, and proposing to meet me in Switzerland, but I still urge the other side of the mountains in order that I may see something of Italy.

James and I called yesterday on my old friend Mrs. —— but this business of meeting women after thirty years, whom you have known young, is a dreadful one. She is still very bright, but old, wrinkled and has a wig.

. . . I met Lowell in the street yesterday. He is full of the delight of London, and I don't blame him. It is a most seductive place. The streets now in this fine weather and in the height of the season, are the wonder of the world. The cleanliness and order and general commodity of life are to me most delightful, and so is the appearance of the men. You have no idea how pleasant James' apartment is, and he is a delightful host. I could not possibly be more comfortable in London, as I have perfect freedom and a bedroom and a sitting room to myself.

I went to the Epsom races with Russell on Thursday. He drove me down twenty miles, to a charming old Queen Anne house he has, two miles from the course, and after lunch drove over to the course in an Irish jaunting-car. There he had got me into the jockey-club enclosure and we had a long hot day of racing. I saw and had a long, pleasant talk with Lord Spencer, and short one with Lord Rosebery, and the famous "Jimmie" Lowther. The Prince of Wales was there with his son. In the evening we had Lord Durham, an attractive man, to dinner and stay all night. He is given up to sporting, but I wish Lawrence could hear his English and see his clothes.

DORFOLD HALL.

I came back to town early and after some hurried "errands," during which I met Alfred Pell for a moment in the street, started with Henry James for this place, three hours from London in Cheshire. It is an old house built in 1611, and if you were here and saw it, I think I should tremble for your reason. It would be far worse than the Adirondack maps. It is vast, rambling and queer. The drawing-room is, I think, except for the

ceiling, finer than ours at the Point! At all events, it is the only one that I have seen that surpasses ours! There is a party here, among them Rhoda Broughton, the novelist, a connection of theirs, who lives at Oxford. She is very lively and amusing. The host is good as gold, and the hostess is of "ancient lineage." The house comes down on her side. We dine in what was King James' bedroom, on a famous visit he made here.

Another man, Sir Charles Dalrymple, arrived last night, next whom I sat at dinnner, but he is a non-humorous Scotchman. The country is flat and tame, but the town of Nantwich is full of interest, very old houses, and a charming old church. We have also other Broughtons, the wife of one of whom hates the country in which they have to live all the year round from diminished means, and who dresses tremendously, and a Mr. Fortescue, who lives in Ireland, and hates Home Rule, and Lady Cammilla Fortescue his wife, who is sweet and gentle. James and I occasionally meet in our rooms and have an old-fashioned American roar. To-morrow morning I go to Oxford to stay at All Souls and dine with the Fellows in the evening. I have received other invitations there to stay over Wednesday, but must go back to town on Tuesday in order to start for Devonshire on Wednesday. I shall mourn all my days that you have not seen this house; it is a model seventeenth century manor-house. It is only now that I am able to find my way to my room without advice.

All Souls' College, Oxford,
June 11, 1889.

I came on here yesterday and found a room and, what is very important in this weather, a fire awaiting me.

I went as soon as possible to see Dicey who lives in the suburbs, and after a long visit we started out together and walked and talked for two mortal hours, partly in the cloisters and partly in the Magdalen Meadows. You doubtless know their beauty, even in a cold drizzle. I got back here just in time to dress for dinner in the Hall, a beautiful old room, where I sat next and much enjoyed meeting Lord Acton, a Catholic of very old family and one of the most learned men in England. After dessert off old mahogany, in another room, and coffee in still another, and cigarettes and gin and soda in still another, I got to bed very tired. This morning I have spent for the most part alone, in the Bodleian Library among the old portraits, which are extremely interesting, particularly three of Mary Queen of Scots. We are to lunch in the College "Buttery," the queerest old place you ever saw, at one (it is now twelve) and then go to a reception at Miss Shaw Lefevre's, the head of Somerville Hall, one of the Women's Colleges, then by the 5:40 train to London, where I dine with James at the Reform Club, and go to a music hall afterwards. To-morrow morning I go to Lord Coleridge's, in Devonshire, whence I will write for Saturday's steamer.

Heath's Court,
Ottery St. Mary, Devon,
June 12, 1889.

Yesterday at Oxford I wandered about the colleges until it was time to go to Miss Shaw Lefevre's garden party, at the Somerville Lady's College, the Oxford equivalent of the Cambridge Girton and Newnham. It was a damp drizzly day, but the way the English cling to the idea that the weather is always fine is really pa-

thetic. The company was mostly collegiate and looked it, but I saw my old acquaintances, Brodrick, now warden of Merton, Thorold Rogers, the political economist, Freeman the old ruffian, who was very crusty, and Max Müller, whom I had never met, and was glad to see. I went from the party to the train, and found James waiting for me at the Reform Club, where we dined together, but were both tired, so instead of going to a music hall we went home, and I read Russell's speech, a copy of which he has sent me, till it was time to go to bed.

This afternoon I arrived here at Lord Coleridge's in the heart of Devonshire, a lovely spot. A large house, part new, part four hundred years old, with an ancient church behind, and a delicious English landscape in front. Lady C. is pretty and charming and so is her sister. The house is full of company, but I have seen no one but Otto Goldschmidt, Jenny Lind's widower; the others with Lord Coleridge are out driving.

Lord Coleridge has just come in to say "how do you do," and he talks of so much to do to-morrow, in the way of excursions and so forth that I think I will close this letter now and leave the rest of the story of my visit till I get back to town on Saturday. Ferdinand de Rothschild has asked me for several days to Waddesden, but I have not been able to accept.

June 13th.

I have not closed the letter. We have had a delightful morning at Exeter, twenty miles from here, visiting the Cathedral under Lord Coleridge's guidance, and, as he is both a great churchman and an antiquarian, it was very interesting to hear him. We had a large dinner

last night without special interest, and in the evening in the library — a glorious room — lots of reminiscences of Newman, whom Coleridge knew well. He showed me some familiar letters from him that were very interesting. He is ninety years old now, and so weak that he cannot leave his bed, or hardly leave it. Lady Coleridge is really a beautiful woman and dresses *selon moi*, very well, but I do so miss the chance of talking things over with you at the close of the day, to hear what you think of the women and their clothes. I specially miss your botanical help to prevent my being brought to grief, as I constantly am, about trees and flowers.

Next week in London I expect will be very interesting, as Parliament will be sitting, and the politicians all back. But the glimpses I have had during the past ten days of English country life, have been most delightful. Coleridge is about sixty-six and looks seventy, while his wife seems under thirty! She calls him "the chief." I think some of his children are older than she.

London, June 7th.

I closed my last letter at Lord Coleridge's in Devonshire. I had a charming visit there. Anything lovelier than Devonshire at this season you cannot imagine. The most attractive visitor there with me was Sir Alfred Lyall, a retired Indian Governor. We came back in the train together and had some terrible laughs, although he is ordinarily a silent, grave man. I got a cordial welcome home from James, and after a quiet dinner we went out in the rain to one of the "music halls," which are now a feature of London life, and which I had a curiosity to see. But except as a social phenomenon, they do not amount to much.

Yesterday, Sunday, I went to see Kate at St. John's Wood. I have also heard from Georgina. They fall in with the Venice plan with pleasure. Kate says Venice works very well in summer for most people. After leaving her, James and I met at the Athenæum Club, dined there late, and walked home in a beautiful night. To-day I lunch with Ferdinand Rothschild, the only thing he has been able to get me for after several invitations to Waddesden, and I am going afterwards to call on the G. O. M., who is expecting me, and on Rosebery. Gladstone has been in the country for the last ten days. To-night we are going to the theatre and to-morrow breakfast with the Bonham-Carters, and we then go to Ascot to the races. We are going on our own hook, as neither of us has ever seen it, and the weather is fine. As far as seeing people goes, the Whitsuntide holiday — a most silly feast — has worked badly for me, but I have been fully compensated by my country visits. For this reason I have not yet seen Bryce's fiancée, but shall probably meet her at a dinner Bryce is to give me on the 21st. Many political swells are to be there. James is delightful in every way.

JUNE 19.

I forget where I left off in my last letter, but on Monday I lunched with Rothschild and he urged me to try to arrange with Farrer to leave me free to go to Waddesden on Saturday next, and to Farrer some other Saturday. I have accordingly done so, and am going down to Waddesden on Saturday for Sunday, with a large party, including Mrs. Humphry Ward. Afterwards I left my letters on Rosebery and Gladstone, both of whom have been away. In fact, I have been very unlucky in my time of coming here. Whitsuntide has been followed by the

Ascot week. On Tuesday I went to see Miss Ashton, as per the enclosed note. I was charmed with her. A very attractive face, fine eyes, a vivacious but sweet manner, a delightful voice, and a good talker, very cultivated and refined — in fact, Bryce is a lucky man. In the evening James and I went to Alma Tadema's wonderful new house. I can give you no idea of it on paper. It is a marvel of art and money, but must be the devil to live in and has cost enormously, and must be unsalable at his death. We had music — piano by Sir Charles Halley and violin by Lady Halley and monologues — the old New York ones — by Coquelin, *père et fils*. It was an enjoyable evening, but I was dead beat when I got home at one A.M. In the course of the morning I had a long séance with Robinson of the *Daily News*. Macmillan, the publisher, took me for a ramble through the New Law Courts (since my day) and I went down to the Temple in search of my old rooms in Garden Court, to which I came in 1851, a sanguine eager lad of twenty. The building was gone, and a new and pretentious one erected in its place, but the fountain was still playing and the grass very green, as of old. I also took a walk along the wonderful Thames Embankment, a splendid work, and I sighed to think how impossible it would be to get such a thing done in New York where there is fifty times as much need for it. The differences in government and political manners are in fact awful and for me very depressing. James and I talk over them sometimes, "des larmes dans la voix." We have to console ourselves by remembering all the good Americans we know and love. From the Embankment I went on to the city and saw Howard Potter, had a little chat and promised to visit him in his country house at Windsor. At Alma Tadema's I had a long talk with George Lewis, the famous

attorney, who is managing the Parnell case, and with his wife, who wanted me for a night at their country house on the Thames. He has been present at some fifty sittings of the Parnell commission.

To-day (Wednesday) I went to the Commission, but nothing worth while was going on, and so I came away and visited the Grosvenor Gallery, where the annual exhibit is going on and spent an hour with Turner in the National Gallery. Nothing will ever persuade me that Turner's *later* works are not arrant humbug. I was interested in seeing the originals of my three drawings; the date of the portrait is 1803. Later in the P.M. I called on Mrs. Yates-Thompson, who has made several unsuccessful attempts to get me to dinner; found her alone and sat an hour nearly. She is pretty and they have a pretty house. I forgot to say that last night I dined *en famille* with ——'s old lover, or "alleged lover," who has since married a rich girl. He has improved under marriage, and though more instructive, is not so amusing as he used to be. He lives in Eaton Square in a great house, while poor —— lives in a farmhouse — such is life!

JUNE 20.

To-day James and I went down to Ascot and saw the Cup race — the principal one — driving through Windsor Park in lovely weather. We got back in the evening in time for a dinner at Macmillan's, the publisher, who has a pretty little American wife. The person of most interest present was Mrs. Green, the widow of the historian. To-night I dine with Bryce and expect to meet the G. O. M.

Your two letters of the 10th and the 11th came together yesterday. I have moments of homesickness when it is

a great comfort to see your handwriting, and know you are waiting for me beyond the sea.

JUNE 22.

Yesterday I spent a couple of hours at the Parnell Commission, but it was interesting mainly for the Council and Judges, and so forth. The proceedings have ceased to be interesting in themselves. In the afternoon I strolled about enjoying the endless variety of the London streets and shops, which are to me most entertaining. In the evening I went to Bryce's to dinner. I expected to see the G. O. M., but I had not seen Bryce for a fortnight and did not know whether he had succeeded in getting him. I found, on going in, Sir Alfred Lyall, whom I knew, Sir George Trevelyan, whom I did not know, but was glad to meet, Wemyss Reid, the biographer of Foster, whom I had been trying to meet ever since I came, and Lord Aberdeen, Mahlon's friend. But the G. O. M. was not there and I was afraid to ask whether he was coming. Suddenly "Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone" were announced, and there sure enough he was, and my eyes fastened on him as they have never fastened on any man since I was twenty. The first words he said to Bryce on shaking hands were, "Is Mr. Godkin here?" and then he began apologizing to me for not having sooner taken any notice of my card, pleading pressure and loss of voice since he came back from his stumping tour in the West. I sat by him at dinner and had a most delightful talk with him. He is younger in appearance than I expected, as young as I am in play of mind, with a charming little vein of humor and endless interest in all sorts of things. He left immediately after dinner to go to the House, and I talked with Lord Aberdeen, who spoke very affectionately of Mahlon; with Miss Bryce who is very nice and

clever, and the others, among whom was Dr. Brydges, the well-known Positivist. They nearly all asked me into the country from Saturday until Monday, but, alas, I have only one more Sunday left. I sat up with Bryce for a couple of hours and got to bed late. I have an appointment with Gladstone for Monday forenoon, and go to Waddesden in about an hour; there is to be a very large party, thirty or forty, I hear.

JUNE 24, MONDAY P.M.

I came back from Waddesden this morning. There was a large party of whom the principals were Mr. and Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mrs. Green, widow of the historian, Lord and Lady Pembroke, Sir Philip Currie, under secretary of foreign affairs — very pleasant — Lord and Lady Burton — he the great brewer, and the Harcourts. The place is splendid but bare and new looking. I was glad to see it.

To-night I dine with the Leslie Stephens. I begin to long for home unspeakably.

JUNE 27.

When I got back from Waddesden on Monday, I drove straight to Gladstone's by appointment and had nearly two hours very interesting talk with him. He is much less old than I expected, and the flexibility and vivacity of his mind are something astonishing, to say nothing of his fluency. He talked of the Episcopal Church in America, recalling with curious fidelity things I had said about it at dinner on the previous Friday; talked of our and the English schools, education in general; Newman's views of the conscience, which he demolished; the effect of scepticism on morals, which he said was in England very bad, particularly as regarded

the conjugal tie; about the Liberal Unionists, whom he denounced with curious fire, his eye glowing, his hand uplifted, and his face close to mine; talked of Ireland and the Irish members, whose conduct considering everything he thought very good; of Alan Rice, of whose humbug he gave me a fresh illustration; of the *North American Review*, and of Reviews in general; of Ingersoll; finally of Minnie of whom he spoke with great friendliness. We had two interruptions from Mrs. Gladstone during the interview. It was most interesting and I think would alone have repaid me for coming to England. That is, I should not have died happy if I had not had it.

In the evening I dined with Leslie Stephen, meeting Admiral Maxse and Mr. and Mrs. Holman Hunt, the painter. Poor Stephen is in wretched health through over work. On Tuesday I received a telegram from Sir Charles Russell asking me to go to court to hear the great Durham-Chetwynd betting case, in which he is counsel, and I had hardly got there when in walked Robinson, full of eagerness about English fashionable life. At two P.M. I lunched with Harry. In the afternoon I went up to Oxford with Dicey, dined in the Common Room of All Souls, with two prigs, and slept at Dicey's; went to Commemoration in the Sheldonian Theatre and saw several men get the D. C. L., Bryce presenting them in Latin speeches, one of them my attractive friend, Sir Alfred Lyall. Then came a most delightful lunch in the Library of All Souls, the band playing on the lawn outside, in the brightest sunshine ever seen in England. The company assembled in the quadrangle, and included many celebrities. I was introduced and had a long but *not* interesting talk with Jowett of Balliol, a chubby-faced man with a small

mouth, very disappointing in appearance. Also with Max Müller, and with many others, and took into lunch a Mrs. Willett, a connection of the Darwins. About three hundred sat down in the glorious hall, where we were beautifully served — such a terrible contrast to the Harvard and Yale Commencement dinners — flowers, old silver, hock and claret cup, and all the rest of it. The scarlet robes of the numerous doctors, one of whom was Browning, lighted up the scene. I had to miss a very attractive garden party in Worcester College, in order to catch the train for town. I came down with Bryce and Dicey and had just time to dress for dinner at Admiral Maxse's, where I met Stead, the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Maxse has a charming daughter and niece. James called for me at eleven and we went to the annual reception of the Royal Academy, an immense crowd of all the swells in the place. From there we went to a party at Lord Hartington's in Devonshire House, where the crowd was still greater, but the rooms splendid, and where I saw a great many old acquaintances — Francis Buxton, Leonard Courtney, the deputy Speaker of the House, who visited us in New York twenty-three years ago, and others. They all showered invitations upon me which, alas! I cannot accept.

This morning I lunched at the Harcourts, meeting at last after several disappointments, John Morley, the good, delightful, wholly-satisfactory John Morley. The rest of the company — Lady Frederic Cavendish, Hartington's sister-in-law, and our hostess of last night, and a son of Chamberlain's. Morley tried to get me to dinner, but I am engaged ten days ahead, so I am going to lunch with him next week. After lunch I spent an hour at the Royal Academy Exhibition, among the pictures. The collection is chiefly remarkable for Herkomer's and

Shannon's portraits, some of which are very fine. In fact the British are shining in portraits just now. After this I came home rather tired, as the weather is very warm, and found an invitation from Lord Pembroke to go to Wilton, their place in Dorsetshire, for Sunday the 7th, which I am very sorry to miss, as it is one of the most beautiful places in England, I am told, but I am engaged to Sir Thomas Farrer on that day. Also one from Lady Hobhouse to dinner on the 12th July, but I shall be gone at that date. I fell in with Lord Hobhouse at the Royal Academy and as I had been civil to him in New York, he expressed proper joy at seeing me. To-night I dine at the Neills, Brace's brother-in-law, and to-morrow with Robinson of the *Daily News*. On Saturday I go for Sunday at the Bensons, at a lovely place, James says, near Richmond. On Friday, Robinson of the *Daily News* gave a very good dinner in my honor at the Reform Club, about twelve men, among whom were Andrew Lang, the well-known critic and so forth, whom I was very glad to meet; Black the novelist, and Wemyss Reid and some others of less note. Very pleasant. Afterwards I called for James at another dinner and we went together to a party at Lady Russell's, but only to show ourselves as it was a dance. There I had some talk, however, with Sir Charles, and arranged to go hear him examine Davitt at the Parnell trial on Tuesday. Yesterday I came down here to this lovely spot near Richmond park to spend Saturday till Monday with the Bensons, whom you remember. A family party, walked in the woods and drove to Hampton Court with Benson.

Last night, after writing to you, I dined with Lord Coleridge at the "Literary Society," a club which comes down from and is the successor of that which Johnson and Burke and Goldsmith formed at the Coffee House.

The company was Lord Justice Bowen, a charming man, Sir Grant Duff, a well-known politician and late governor of Madras, Theodore Martin, the silly biographer of the Prince Consort, the Dean of Westminster, Sidney Colvin, the curator of the British Museum, Spencer Walpole, the oldest man who has sat in the House of Commons, Harry James and others. They never sit at the table more than two hours, and after drinking my health in a solemn old-fashioned way, we broke up and I went down to the House of Commons for a couple of hours, where I saw Bryce and Shaw-Lefevre. On coming home about one A.M. I found G. K.'s note, announcing her arrival, and as I am engaged this morning to hear Russell examine Davitt before the Commission, I am going to take her on my way, if she wants to go. This afternoon I am going to the country to pass the night at George Lewis's. I shall write an account of that and of a dinner at Russell's on Wednesday and at Miss Lefevre's on Thursday, by Saturday's steamer. I shall be back here from Italy about the 22d or 23d. On my way to Liverpool I want to spend a day or two with my delightful friend Albert Pell, as per the enclosed note. To go over the field of Naseby where Cromwell won his greatest battle, has been one of the dreams of years.

July 4th.

On Monday I had a note from G. telling of her arrival, and I went to her rooms the next morning early, and carried her off to Russell's chambers in Lincoln's Inn, and he took her over to the gallery in the Court room of the Parnell Commission, while Hamilton and I sat with him in the bar below, hearing him examine Davitt — one of the field-day occasions. We went and lunched afterwards, G., H. and I at the Criterion, and when I found I

had missed my train for George Lewis's, I came back and dined with them. She is very attractive, animated, interested and seems very well. She gave good accounts of you. The next day I took G. and H. to the Parnell Commission, but left early myself to lunch with John Morley, but found a note putting me off, so I went and called on Lord and Lady Hobhouse — old acquaintances — and sat half an hour with both; they had vainly asked me to dinner last week; and also on Macmillan, the publisher, with whom I had dined the week I arrived.

Last night we dined at Sir Charles Russell's, the principal company being Lord Spencer, Lord and Lady Coleridge, the Lord Mayor, Lewis the solicitor and his wife, Miss Trevelyan, etc. I took in Miss Drummond. I had a charming Mrs. Lucy on the other side, and Lord Spencer at the corner of the table, with whom I had much good talk. He had already vainly asked me to dinner, and now engaged me to lunch to-morrow (Friday, 5th July), and invites me to visit them at Althorp, their famous country seat, on my way to Liverpool, but there is danger they may not be there before the 26th, and I sail the 27th. My constitution is almost wrecked by the attractive things I am missing through other engagements and want of time. The library and picture gallery at Althorp, I am told, are one of the glories of England. But to my delightful old friend, Pell, who lives near by, on a smaller scale, I am going to give at least a night.

To-day we lunch with Harry and I am going to try in the P.M. either to go to the House of Commons or to call on Mrs. Humphry Ward, whom I met again last night at a little party at Mrs. Smith's, mother of Mrs. Yates-Thompson. To-night I dine with the Miss Trevelyans.

July 5th.

I had a pleasant visit at Mrs. Humphry Ward's yesterday afternoon in a large pleasant house in Russell Square. If we could only have such houses in New York! I don't think the rent is over $700 or $1,000! She has a very attractive face, sweet, gentle, serious and sensitive, with such nice manners. Everybody says she has no humor, but I did not detect the want of it.

In the morning I spent an hour with the Darwins in the Grosvenor Gallery, and then went to lunch at H.'s with James. There was Hamilton Aidé — the *pièce de résistance* — Lord and Lady G. and young Herbert.

I dined in the evening at the Miss Lefevres, where I met a party of Home Rulers. Mrs. Kay — *née* Drummond — the daughter of the famous Irish secretary of former days, Barry O'Brien his biographer, whom I was glad to meet, Osborne Morgan, a member of Parliament, who asked me whether I had heard of a book called the "American Commonwealth," written by a friend of his, Mr. Bryce. "You bet," was my prompt answer.

I came home early and James and I sat up late talking, with many "bouffées de rire."

To-day I lunch at Lord Spencer's, take tea with the Holfords, in the famous Dorchester House (Mrs. Benson's father) and dine at the Oxford and Cambridge Club with Robartes.

July 6th.

I think I brought you up in my last to my going to lunch at Lord Spencer's. It was very pleasant. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Lord Granville, the Marchioness of Aylesbury, a wonderful old relic, Mr. Leveson-Gower, and a very bright Miss Margo Tennant, and one or two

others. I sat at one side of Lady Spencer, who is very pleasant, but distinctly *grande dame*, and Mr. Gladstone on the other, and he talked incessantly, but he is distinctly deaf. After the lunch, which lasted long, I went to G. K.'s and we went to the National Gallery and some print shops, and then James and I visited the Darwins, dined in the evening at the Oxford and Cambridge Club, with Robartes, who had Channing, one of the Boston Channings, who is now a member of Parliament and a naturalized Englishman, and a very amusing Dr. Yeo and a man named Praed, the husband of the novelist, who has just recovered $2,500 damages against a man for libel, for saying he had asked a young lady to dine alone with him at a restaurant. We had a very amusing evening, and then James and I walked home, through streets crowded with people, waiting to see the Shah, about whom London is going wild in a silly manner. The way well-dressed women will stand for hours in the hot sun, on the sidewalk, to see him pass is beyond belief.

This morning I breakfasted with Shaw Lefevre, a very pleasant party. Wallace, the author of the famous book on Russia, Edward Dicey, Reddington, an Irish landlord, and a nice fellow, Ilbert, a prominent member of the Indian Council. All were Home Rulers but Dicey, and Lefevre talked the pure milk of the word, with full knowledge. I walked with Reddington — who is a charming Irishman, and *you* know what that is — across the Park in pleasant talk to this club (Athenæum). I now have to make my preparations for Sir Thomas Farrer, this P.M., to spend Sunday. I will resume there, having more time.

I forgot to say that before going to the Spencers, I spent a pleasant hour in the British Museum, going over

the library and print collections with the Director, Sidney Colvin. The historical arrangement of the engravings, etchings and mezzotints is such that one could get instructed in the most wonderful manner by a few days study of them, with a handbook they furnish. There is nothing like it, he tells me, in the world. The Japanese department is especially remarkable. After he left me, I spent an hour or two on my own account among the statuary, Greek and Roman.

July 7th.

I came down here to Sir Thomas Farrer's — a delightful house in the most charming part of Surrey — yesterday. The party is Mrs. Green, the historian's widow, Mr. and Mrs. Paul, she is a sister of the Ritchie who has married Miss Thackeray, and a very charming woman, he a literary man, a very good fellow, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Buxton, she very sweet and humorous, he a member of Parliament and good Home Ruler, and Mr. and Mrs. Yates-Thompson whom you know. But the gem of the occasion is Lady Farrer, who is a granddaughter of Sir James Mackintosh and a delightful woman, bright as a button, a charming talker with delightful manners. She is a credit to her grandfather. The house is large and handsome, full of that wonderful English completeness. But the scenery is what is best. You can imagine no more delightful picture of English rural peace than I have from my windows, and I cannot look on it without prickings of the conscience for enjoying it without you, because you would get so much more out of it even than I do — the flowers, the hedges, the trees, the ferns, the heath, the lanes, the rolling hills, the old farmhouses, would set you nearly crazy. I enclose a bit of heath which covers, in flower, a hillside near us, from

June to September. I can't give you an idea of the beauty of the effect. We have sat all the morning on the lawn, discussing politics mainly — the talk very entertaining. I am just starting now on a six mile walk.

Later. I have just come back from the walk, which was mainly with Mrs. Green and was mostly through woods and over heath and furze-covered hills, and past *old, old* farmhouses, all of which you would have enjoyed so much that it gives me a heartache to think it was not with you. My talk with Mrs. Green was mostly of Ireland — she is Irish — and was rather hopeless. I am getting rather tired, and shall be glad when I get into the train for Italy, on Wednesday.

To-morrow (July 8th) I lunch with John Morley, go to the House of Commons in the P.M., and dine with the Roseberys. On Tuesday I lunch with the Whites, tea with Mrs. Green, dine with the Buxtons, which closes the campaign. All efforts to get hold of Parnell, to meet me, have been vain. He is undergoing one of his periodical eclipses, when no letters reach him and nothing is heard from him. Every one says he is an extraordinary man, but very queer.

JULY 8th.

I came up from Abinger Hall this morning with Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Buxton, very nice people, she exceedingly bright, but rather shy. On getting here I found an invitation from Lady Russell to call on her at Richmond, which I cannot accept; one from Bryce to breakfast to-morrow, to which I go, and one from Leonard Courtney, the chairman of Committees of the H. of C., for the 24th, which it gives me neuralgia to have to refuse.

Also a letter from Georgina saying that they have arrived at Venice and are waiting for me in an apart-

ment on the third floor of the Palazzo Gritti on the Grand Canal, looking towards the Lagoon, large and airy rooms, quaint furniture, etc. This is all right, is it not?

July 10th.

I am leaving for Italy in an hour. I breakfasted with Bryce yesterday, after a dull aristocratic dinner at Rosebery's, where I took in Miss Ferguson, whom you remember in New York, a very pleasant girl. I lunched with the Whites to meet Lincoln, the new minister, Lord and Lady Ribblesdale and others; took tea with Mrs. Green; called on Lowell and dined with the Buxtons. So I had a pretty busy day. My visit to London has been crowded with impressions, and of Harry James's kindness and *niceness* in all ways, I cannot speak adequately. He is a delightful creature, too good for either England or America.

I spent an hour yesterday with G. K. at the miniature exhibition, with the Yates-Thompsons. She had just been to a sympathetic doctor with Mrs. X. who said the whole trouble is neither husband nor children, but liver!

Milan, July 12, 1889.
6:30 A.M.

Here I am since last evening at five o'clock. I have now got the better of you and Mary as an Italian traveller, for I have seen Italy in summer. But I could not get you out of my thoughts for five minutes as I came down the St. Gothard yesterday, past Lugano and Como into the wonderful Lombard plain, teeming with crops such as I never saw. The descent was glorious and it seemed base to be enjoying it without you. James came with me to the station and said the thought of what I was

going to see made it very difficult not to come with me. The climb of the train up from Lucerne is a wonderful piece of engineering, as it does not enter the tunnel till very near the top, and there all along was the delightful old carriage road that I had walked up as far as the Hospice in 1862, Fanny riding most of the way; now I fear greatly spoiled by the railroad.

As soon as I could change my clothes I hurried out to the Cathedral. It made my poor English cathedrals seem small affairs. It is a marvellous building and I spent an hour walking about or sitting, lost in admiration and in sorrow, too, I must say, that there is not something real behind such a splendid expression of faith, something that all men, perforce, acknowledge, and that it is not in more fitting hands than these wretched priests.

After dinner I went back to the great square, which was flooded, cathedral and all, with full moonlight. Think of that! Got a little table in front of a café and drank my limonade like the rest and enjoyed the wonderful spectacle. There were crowds of people promenading and listening to the band, and among the officers I saw the uniform of my dear old friend Crespi's regiment, the "Cavalerie Legere d'Aosta," which is quartered here and was in the Crimea.

I went to bed punctually at eleven and had a good night. The heat is great, but nothing dreadful, and one is well repaid by seeing Italy under this summer sun. I am going to spend an hour or two more in the cathedral, drive about the city, and leave for Venice at one P.M. I arrive at seven, and there is to be bright moonlight this evening. It is too bad that you are not with me; shall we ever travel together before I am too old for enjoyment? . . .

PALAZZO GRITTI, VENICE,
July 14, 1889.

. . . I spent the morning of Friday wandering about Milan although it was very warm, but gave my last hour to the cathedral, from which I tore myself away with difficulty to go to the train at one P.M. The journey across Lombardy was most interesting to me and I devoured the country with my eyes, the mountains in the background the whole way and the Largo di Garda coming on me with a sudden burst. At Peschiera we came on familiar historic ground to me. It was of the rising of the people against the Austrians in 1849 that Clough wrote that fine piece, "'Tis better to have fought and lost than never to have fought at all." A bit of philosophy the unsuccessful find it hard to swallow. An Italian captain of Artillery got into the carriage with me here, with whom I had a great deal of interesting talk as far as Verona. The day was hot, the train slow. You may guess with what joy toward sunset I saw the land dwindling and the sea growing, and looking out of the window saw Venice rising from the water in the distance, and the desire of forty years gratified.

In a few minutes we ran into the station. I found Georgina waiting for me with a gondola and we came home through the smaller canals in the twilight to save time, and finally issued on the Grand Canal and this house, which is just opposite the Salute Church. I cannot give you an idea of the impression of that first sail. To crown all, the moon, very full, was just rising and the water, after a hot day, was alive with gondolas and bathers. As soon as we had dined, G. and I sallied out and spent two hours on the Grand Canal in the bright moonlight, just think of that! We did the same last

night. They are comfortably lodged in the third floor of this Palazzo and have their meals sent in from a restaurant. After the first night the landlady gave me a bedroom and sitting room on the corner on the same floor at five francs a day; nothing could be more comfortable; the rooms are large and I have a glorious view from my balcony on the canal.

On Saturday morning we went to St. Mark's and the palace which you know all about. I was taken aback by St. Mark's, much as I was prepared for it. It is a wonderful artistic display, such as a wealthy aristocracy might like their church to be, but not in my eyes a good place of worship — in which I see I differ from Howells as well as from greater men. I went again in the P.M. and again this morning, but the first impression remains unchanged. For solemnity and religious suggestion it can't be compared to Milan, which almost persuades one to be a Christian. St. Mark's excites my curiosity and æsthetic admiration, but the gods and saints to which it turns my thoughts are Ruskin and Charles Norton. The Doge's Palace, as you may guess, made the deepest impression on my young mind.

In the afternoon yesterday I roamed about exploring. In the evening G. and I had two hours of moonlight on the canal. This morning I went to the church and palazzo again; visited one or two other churches, which looked tawdry, and then threw myself at haphazard into the "Calles" and "Ramos" and wandered for nearly two hours I knew not where, but determined not to inquire, and came out finally on the canal near the Rialto and gondoliered home.

I am very well and bearing the heat beautifully. You need not be in the least troubled about the healthfulness of Venice; it is growing every year as a summer resort.

There is nothing in the world like it, and it deepens my admiration of the wonderful Italian race. Think of having built Rome and Venice and Florence, and founded the Roman Empire and the Catholic Church!

My present plan is to get to Verona on Saturday night, so as to get a few hours there on Sunday before my train for Basle comes along as I much want to see the Roman ampitheatre there and may never be so near it again.

CHAPTER XV

Mr. Godkin's fight with the wild beasts of Tammany made a great echo in its day. He had early insisted that Tammany was not, strictly speaking, a political party at all, but an association for plunder. To drive home this doctrine, he caused to be prepared, in 1890, a series of biographical sketches of the leading lights in Tammany Hall, showing the criminal or semi-criminal record of many of them. Published in the *Evening Post* with appropriate comment and enforcement, these studies from Tammany life cut their subjects to the quick. They confessed their mortification and fury by having Mr. Godkin arrested for criminal libel. Summons after summons was served upon him in successive suits, pains being taken to make the call of the officers as inconvenient and vexing as possible. One incident of these Tammany arrests furnished a nine hours' wonder. To a policeman who came with a summons to his house at an early hour Sunday morning, when private affairs and visitors were pressing upon Mr. Godkin, he impulsively offered $5 to go away and return later; the sum-

mons having been served and the officer's duty ended. The offer was refused, but highly colored versions of this "bribery" were naturally put about. It was a rather staggering report for his friends to read; but Mr. Godkin met it with the utmost directness and with his own good humor, and the flings speedily ceased. In no instance did the grand jury find cause for action. All of the cases were dismissed, thus completing the humiliation of the ruffling Tammany men, and emphasizing Mr. Godkin's triumph. But the attempt to frighten or silence him aroused widespread and deep indignation. Eminent citizens pressed forward to go upon his bail-bond, and expressions of sympathy mixed with anger poured in upon him from all over the country. The merest samples can be given here: —

April 21, 1890.

My dear Mr. Godkin: —

I don't know how much trouble and annoyance these arrests and all this fracas cause you, but I do know that it would be a burning and an everlasting disgrace to the decent people of this town if they did not see you sound and whole through it all to the bitter end, and I will not believe that they will not do so. There are no signs, thank God, of any weakening. You are our bulwark and our strength. Don't let up a hair, and amongst the army that I know are at your back, count for all he is worth

Yours truly,

Eastman Johnson.

PHILADELPHIA, 29 April, 1890.

MY DEAR GODKIN: —

I have been looking all winter for a good tonic and find nothing equal to the *Evening Post* when it is on the war path after the rascals as at present. It is doing no end of good. Don't trouble yourself to answer this, but only "keep right on," like a "plain, blunt man" as you are. The *Evening Post* improves with age, and always "grows some better" as the German said. It does its best work when the fighting is hardest.

Always yours truly,
S. G. WARD.

DOBBS FERRY, May 4th, 1890.

MY DEAR GODKIN: —

I don't know whether it is much of a consolation, but you have gained more by your annoyances, in friends and support of your cause in the last four weeks, than you did for years before. You are a martyr to the struggle with these rascals.

How much reason you have to look back with satisfaction on your course here. I don't know any one who has steered his craft more honestly, and your influence over young men has been very great.

The only unpleasant thing is the general character of the profession, which seems to grow worse. Think of Pulitzer with $1000 per diem! I hope to get time, as you kindly suggest, to lunch with you yet, but things are crowding.

Ever faithfully yours,
C. L. BRACE.

MAY 22, 1890.

MY DEAR MR. GODKIN: —

I want to send you my thanks for the very brave and splendid course in the matter of fighting the corruptions

of this city, that you are taking. I am sure that the citizens of New York owe you a great debt of gratitude, and I *for one want to acknowledge my share of it.* If only we had more papers like yours that had the courage of their opinions, we should soon be rid of the whole nest of vileness that we are pleased to call our "City Government."

In this connection, let me also say that the *Evening Post* is the only paper in this city whose editorials I like to read, for though I differ from them at times, they are always strong and clean.

Yours indebtedly,
A. F. Schauffler.

April 15, 1890.

My dear Godkin: —

I see by the *Evening Post* that you have been arrested. This is very sad, and I am wondering what Mrs. Godkin wants your friends to do about it! I am willing, tell her, to put up a quarter's salary on the bail-bond, and take it out, if necessary, in advertising — marriage notices and the like. Meantime, if you are "haled" to the Tombs, I hope somebody else will keep up the fire in the columns of the *Evening Post* and make it hot for Mr. Peter Mitchell's "pals."

I am a little surprised that "Public Service" did not suggest that it was an advertising dodge, and that Mitchell was acting in collusion with you!

Ever yours, faithfully,
H. C. Potter.

772 Madison Avenue.
April 21, 1890.

Dear Mr. Godkin: —

I, as one among thousands, wish to thank you with all my heart for your plucky and noble fight against all the

base elements in our city and national life. You have everything that is vile and reptilian against you, and it is a disgrace to our civilization that you are not more heartily supported by the rest of the New York press. But then the whole scene is like one in "Alice through the looking-glass"—the gutter governing the sidewalk, the slums pouring out their vice and ignorance to masquerade in seats of honor, guilt taking refuge in "dignified silence," the saloons posing as the temples of liberty, foreign adventurers pouring in to control us with more than autocratic insolence, everything just the opposite of what it ought to be, and, worst of all, hardly a voice but yours raised in protest. Yet there are scores of influential citizens who hold high positions in both political parties, who have every virtue but that of courage, but who are afraid to rise against our masters. I don't know which is the more pitiful sight, an ignorant and vicious man in high office, or an intelligent one gagged and bound by his ambition. Meanwhile between the two we stand bankrupt of honor and decency. I look on your arrests as so many tributes paid by darkness to light. And so does every educated man with whom I have conversed.

Sincerely yours.

Alexander Mackay-Smith.

Philadelphia, April 28, 1890.

My dear Mr. Godkin: —

I saw that you had been arrested three times in one day but considered it only as an embarrassment of half an hour each time, and wished at the time that I had been the one who had written something that had stung those rascals through the pachyderm they all wear. That alone was worth the full price of admission even for one

night to a cell. You cannot be a crusader or even a missionary without some discomforts, but I think in either character you have overthrown many Saracens or converted many heathen, so take your choice and keep on with your good work. "Have at them all say I." K. sung out a blast this morning which was "Boots and Saddles" for us here who did not know of the annoyance you had met with. All power to mace and rapier, for you will use them both.

[Gen.] Wm. F. Smith.

In 1890, as again in 1892, Tammany was successful in the New York city election. Mr. Godkin kept up his truceless warfare, however, and in 1894 Tammany was smitten hip and thigh. In the general rejoicing that followed, recognition of Mr. Godkin's public service was large and hearty. A few of many letters may be reprinted: —

Nov. 25, 1894.

My dear Godkin: —

The curse of Adam reached me — partly — in the form of a spirit of procrastination. I have had it at the tip of my pen, many a time since the election, to tell you, what you do not need to be told, of the delight which I share, I am sure, with all your friends, that this great reward has come to you after all your hard fight, and while you are still here — in the good, vigorous flesh — to enjoy it.

I am glad to see that Parkhurst gives you such cordial recognition; but Parkhurst don't know, as do those who have watched your course during all the years of your work here, to what an extent you alone are to be credited with the maintaining, among the leaders of the com-

munity, of the spirit which at last made Parkhurst and his work possible.

I have known in my short life no equal example of persistent, vigorous, aggressive virtue receiving the reward of such crowning success. It makes me more than ever proud to know myself,

Your very sincere friend,
GEO. E. WARING, JR.

DEAR SIR: — NEW YORK, Nov. 29, 1894.

This letter, personal to yourself, is from a citizen who has not — and never shall have — any favor to ask of you.

It is simply to thank you, and to tell you how highly I value the work you have done for the purification of the politics of our city.

Both Dr. Parkhurst and Mr. Goff deserve the public honors that have been heaped upon them; but long before these gentlemen were ever publicly heard of (and unfalteringly ever since) your journal has fought against corruption and wrong with a power and vigor which certainly has done more than any other single influence to bring about the magnificent result of last Election Day.

I know, through your newspaper, that you are quite devoid of personal vanity, and this being so I allow myself to say to you plainly (what I have often declared to my friends) — that I believe you to be the most useful citizen of our community.

Very respectfully yours,
FREDERICK KEPPEL.

E. L. GODKIN, Esq.

MY DEAR GODKIN: — BALTIMORE, Nov. 7, 1894.

You — next perhaps to Dr. Parkhurst — seem to me deserving the personal and unqualified thanks of

all who are fighting for good government in cities. The moral effect of this victory in strengthening the independent voters and in showing how reforms can be accomplished will be felt throughout the land for decades to come. I feel deeply grateful, and I have no doubt that hundreds and thousands who will never say it, feel grateful also to you and your co-workers.

Yours sincerely,
D. C. Gilman.

Nov. 7, 1894.

My dear Mr. Godkin: —

This is a proud day for the *Evening Post*, and I should like to add my personal congratulations to those that must be pouring in on you from many quarters.

The credit that was given to the *Times* at the time of the Tweed overthrow should now be given, and I trust will be given, to the *Evening Post*. If any one will start a subscription for a brace of statues, one for you and one for Parkhurst, I shall be glad to subscribe, and if they could be set up on a vacant lot on the north side of 14th St., just east of the Academy of Music, the symbolism would be complete. Sincerely, I do not see how we can be too thankful for the outcome of yesterday. It was another battle of Tours, saving both Christendom and civilization at a stroke.

Faithfully yours,
W. R. Huntington.

From a letter of Wayne MacVeagh to E. R. Robinson.

Rome, Feb. 5, 1895.

You have had a wonderful victory in New York. I hope Godkin appreciates the greatness of the share of

honor due him. He has been beyond all question the best force by far in American politics for the last thirty years, and Christian civilization in America owes more to him than to any dozen of men I have known. Give him my love when you see him and my thanks. What a change from the days when Tammany hoped to get him in jail to these days when everybody hopes to get Tammany there!

Mr. Godkin served for a time as Civil Service Commissioner under Mayor Strong. It was an unpaid office; he always maintained that an editor would impair his influence if it was known that he aspired to a salaried position in the public service.

Dr. Huntington's humorous suggestion of a statue on the site of Tammany Hall was not carried out, but Mr. Godkin was not left without visible token of admiration and regard, on account of his valiant service of the city. A number of friends presented him with a loving cup, at the house of Gustave E. Kissel, Esq., on the evening of December 31, 1894. The following letters relate to that occasion:—

DEC. 4, 1894.

MY DEAR MRS. GODKIN:—

Will you and Mr. Godkin reserve the evening of Monday, Dec. 31, and come to our house between nine and eleven o'clock? We, and a few of Mr. Godkin's other friends, wish to meet you, to celebrate the outgoing of the Lords of Misrule. Some of those who feel how clear and true a light Mr. Godkin has always held during so

many dark years, wish to congratulate him upon the final triumph.

Very sincerely yours,
CAROLINE T. KISSEL.

MY DEAR MR. GODKIN: —

The names that follow are those of the friends who have united in the gift which I have the great pleasure and privilege of handing to you this evening. They stand not only for a large constituency of their own sex, but for a great host of men in this community, who are your constant debtors for an inspiring example of courage and steadfastness in the high interest of civic and national truth and righteousness.

Believe me, dear Mr. Godkin, always your attached and grateful friend,

HENRY C. POTTER.

JAN. 7, 1895.

MY DEAR GODKIN: —

I was greatly pleased to hear from Arthur Sedgwick of the expression which you received the other day of the regard and respect in which you are held by the best citizens in that wretched (I was about to write "community" but "disunity" would be better), in that city for which you have labored so long and so well. Such an expression is pleasant and helpful. But the Devil does not seem to me to lose any of his power, and the bigger the country grows, the stronger he gets. We have a fairly good outwork against him here, but he keeps us pretty busy, and he makes his way in disguise within our lines.

C. E. NORTON.

FEB. 17, 1895.

MY DEAR GODKIN: —

Thank you for your very interesting letter. Shortly before it came, we had heard from Randolph Robinson of the gift of the loving cup, and were rejoiced that some appreciation had been shown of your inestimable services to good government not only in New York but in the U. S. generally. I am sure it is not friendship, but such little knowledge as I have gained, that makes me feel that no person in this generation has done as much to stem the current of evil and preach a high ideal of public duty and of political honesty as you have. Nor has any one had more annoyances and even dangers confronting him, though your very courage has abashed your enemies. So it was a sincere pleasure that this tribute should have been paid to you.

J. BRYCE.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY,
BALTIMORE, April 1, 1895.

MY DEAR GODKIN: —

I am one of "*your boys*," and of course the recognition of the Master is most grateful. I well remember your words, just twenty years ago, when I passed through New York, after my first visit to Baltimore, and I go farther back and remember your *project* for the *Nation*, — way back in New Haven days. Few numbers of the *Nation* have appeared in all that time which I have not read, and if I have kept a steady head during this long period it is due in no small degree to the intellectual and political inspiration that I have received from its pages.

It would have been a pleasure to see you last Friday,

and I meant to call upon Mrs. Godkin and you, but time is short and New York is very, very *long*.

Sincerely yours,
D. C. Gilman.

Orange, Jan. 1, 1895.

Dear Mrs. Godkin: —

In that wonderful gathering last evening to which my Katherine and I were admitted by your kindness, I do not think I was as "remote" as Mr. Choate, and perhaps I had a valid title to be present. Of one thing I am certain, however, that nothing was further from my expectation than to be mentioned in any way in the remarks appropriate to the occasion. In an anniversary celebration of the *Nation*, I might as junior partner have looked for recognition of my share in the common enterprise; but at this civic festival I had no standing whatever, and your husband's honorable tribute to me came like lightning out of a clear sky.

This very circumstance made it doubly precious to me, and to have heard it with her own ears was deeply gratifying to my daughter. Indeed, I can truly say that the most elaborate *written* praise from the same source could not excite the pleasure or be cherished with the profound feeling which the spoken words — at that time, at that place — evoked.

Still, on cool reflection, I am conscious how slight Mr. Godkin's debt to me is in comparison with mine to him. He owes nothing to me for initiative in the field in which he has just won the laurels of his admiring fellow-citizens; and very little for criticism. Oftener than not, in doubtful cases when appeal has been made to my judgment, I have simply confirmed his first impulse or his phraseology. Perhaps my sympathy and

support, understood rather than expressed, have been more to him than I have suspected. But this did not call for public acknowledgment.

Nothing that was said last night by others could have made the impression, by way of justifying the testimonials, of the simple and truthful statement by the object of it. It was perfect in conception, modest in expression and in delivery, and was the flower of the evening's discourse. No spectator, no contributor to the loving-cup, could have felt disappointed, or could have failed to see the springs of that power which paved the way for the measure of reform — municipal and national — achieved to-day. For those who had eyes, too, there were gleams of that humor which went unrecognized by any speaker, as the especial temper of Mr. Godkin's blade. The scene, the event, was never to be forgotten.

I was sorry that I had to leave abruptly without speaking to you again, but you must have been overwhelmed with congratulations. Let me thank you here for the privilege of sharing in the ovation, so tardy and so merited.

Very cordially and gratefully yours,

WENDELL P. GARRISON.

The loving cup was inscribed: —

FROM FRIENDS
IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION OF
FEARLESS AND UNFALTERING
SERVICES TO THE
CITY OF NEW YORK

EDWIN LAWRENCE GODKIN

DECIMUS XXXI

MDCCCXCIV

Mr. Godkin's remarks at the presentation were not reported, but a portion of a letter which he wrote to Bishop Potter is pertinent:—

JAN. 2, 1895.

MY DEAR BISHOP POTTER:—

I received yesterday morning your most kind note, and the list of women who have subscribed to the cup which you presented to me on New Year's Eve.

I feel much more deeply than I can express, the great honor which these ladies have done me. I value it mainly because it indicates strong interest in the causes I have had at heart for so many years, no less than approval of my manner of supporting them. It makes me feel, too, that we shall in this city have less battling to do hereafter, of which I am all the more glad because I have reached the time of life at which, Matthew Arnold somewhere says, we begin to care less about regulating other people's lives, and more for the infusion of grace and peace into our own.

CHAPTER XVI

From early manhood to prime, Mr. Godkin cried aloud and spared not in behalf of the great public causes which fired his zeal. It would be hard to say which of them were chief in his mind; but the reform of the civil service was one in which he battled longest and won most victories. Not the smallest part of his efficiency and success lay in his keen eye for allies, and his talent for inspiring them to seize every opening. Thus Bishop Potter consulted Mr. Godkin before delivering the sermon in St. Paul's in 1889, on the centennial anniversary of Washington's Inauguration. This fell at a time when the new Administration of President Harrison seemed to be degenerating into a sort of bureau to give outdoor relief, in the shape of offices, to indigent politicians; and the Bishop's sermon had one passage which the press everywhere took as a Nathan to David address. These must have been the "certain utterances" of which the Bishop wrote that he was "somewhat doubtful," and concerning which he took advice from the "cool and dispassionate critic" whom he found in Mr. Godkin. The latter at once wrote: —

Sunday Night, April 28th, 1889.

My dear Bishop Potter: —

I have treated myself by a reading of the whole sermon since you went away, and I must, before I go to bed, sit down and thank you for it from the bottom of my heart. I think it is the bravest, timeliest, and most effective piece of pulpit oratory which this generation has heard, and a noble use of a great occasion. If it hurts any one it will show that he is very sick and finds in you his physician. I have little doubt, too, it will loosen thousands of clerical tongues all over the country, and rescue many a grieving layman from the slough of despond. Many a great field has been saved by the ring of one manly voice at the right moment — "the psychological moment" — when even brave men begin to think of giving up the fight.

Sincerely and gratefully yours,

E. L. Godkin.

Mr. Godkin's address at the unveiling of the bust of Postmaster Pearson in 1894 has been called "the most classical of all his productions upon the Merit System." As it was never put into permanent form, a passage may be reprinted: —

A state grows, flourishes, and lasts, or declines and perishes through its servants. A good civil service will often arrest the progress, for great periods, of very potent causes of decay. A bad one will make the best constitution ever formed and the best laws ever enacted powerless to help or save any policy, however just, humane, or enlightened. When we consider in what a condition of mental flux we are just now upon nearly everything

that holds civilized man together, — our political economy and morality and religion, — what a very large population we have which is American only in name, what a very large body of Americans we have who care nothing about either law or political purity as long as it stands in the way of their getting rich, I think that you will agree with me that we cannot be in too great haste to give permanence, and the efficiency which comes with permanence, to the machinery of government. We civil service reformers have been accused a good deal of making a great fuss about a very small matter, but I think the events of each day show us more and more clearly that our matter is the greatest of all matters; that if we are to preserve our form of government, and our social organization intact, and at the same time to preserve our dignity and respectability in the eyes of the world, it is to be done, not by increasing our navy and our army, but by giving the government the kind of service which the experience of mankind has shown to be the best.

On financial and especially upon fiscal questions Mr. Godkin's writings were multitudinous, pungent, and persuasive. He used to say he thanked Heaven he did not know the details of the McKinley tariff, but on the general theory of protection, in its moral and social as well as political aspects, he was masterly. In 1885 he gave some lectures on the subject before Harvard University. An article which he wrote for the *Princeton Review* in 1887 showed his clear insight into the social demoralization which the protective policy was bound to work out: —

The truth is, that the first field offered for seeing what the freedom of the individual could accomplish, in the art of growing rich and diversifying industry, was offered on this continent. It was blessed with the greatest variety of soil and climate, with the finest ports and harbors, with the greatest extent of inland navigation, with the richest supply of minerals, of any country in the world. The population was singularly daring, hardy, ingenious, and self-reliant, and untrammelled by feudal tradition. That opportunity has, under the protective system, been temporarily allowed to slip away. The old European path has been entered on, under the influence of the old European motives; the belief that gold is the only wealth; that, in trading with a foreigner, unless you sell him more in specie value than he sells you, you lose by the transaction; that diversity of industry being necessary to sound progress, diversity of individual tastes, bent, and capacity cannot be depended on to produce it; that manufactures being necessary to make the nation independent of foreigners in time of war, individual energy and sagacity cannot be trusted to create them.

The result is that we have, during the last quarter of a century, deliberately resorted to the policy of forcing capital into channels into which it did not naturally flow. We thus have supplied ourselves with manufactures on a large scale, but in doing so we have brought society in most of the large towns, in the East at least, back to the old European model, divided largely into two classes, the one great capitalists, the other day laborers, living from hand to mouth, and dependent for their bread and butter on the constant maintenance by the government of artificial means of support. Agriculture has in this way been destroyed in some of the

Eastern States, and, what is worse, so has commerce.

The present state of things is one which no thinking man can contemplate without concern. If the protectionist policy is persisted in, the process of assimilating American society to that of Europe must go on. The accumulation of capital in the hands of comparatively few individuals and corporations must continue and increase. Larger and larger masses of the population must every day be reduced to the condition of day laborers, living from hand to mouth on fixed wages, contracting more and more the habit of looking on their vote simply as a mode of raising or lowering their wages, and, what is worse than all, learning to consider themselves a class apart, with rights and interests opposed to, or different from, those of the rest of the community.

With such convictions, the ardor and hope with which Mr. Godkin supported President Cleveland in 1888 and 1892 may easily be imagined. Yet it was in opposing Mr. Cleveland at a critical juncture in foreign policy that Mr. Godkin performed what was his last great feat in journalism, and at the same time rendered a service to the cause of international morality and peace. When the President's Venezuelan message of December, 1895, hinting war with England, first fell under Mr. Godkin's eyes, he could scarcely believe them, but he did not hesitate. Absolutely alone among American editors, he withstood the mad rush of what appeared to be the whole country into a needless war. Public recognition was slow in coming, but private appreciation speedily

poured in upon Mr. Godkin. Of the letters which came to him, specimens follow: —

Shady Hill, 22 Dec., 1895.

My dear Godkin: —

We have never known graver or more disastrous times than these. Your words during this last week have been of the utmost service, and once more I offer you my heartiest sympathy. Whether war follows or not, the harm done by Cleveland is immeasurable. It will be a very long time before America can recover from the blow which he has dealt her. The worst of all is the injury to the national character, far-reaching in its effect, by the evoking of the war-spirit. It makes a miserable end for this century.

Well, "peace and good will" seem further off than on any Christmas which you and I remember. But they seem all the dearer and more desirable.

Ever yours,

Charles Eliot Norton.

Boston, 25 January, 1896.

My dear Godkin: —

I feel that I cannot express to you my thanks for the manly stand you have taken on this Venezuelan question, nor shall I attempt to do so. We owe you more than we can ever pay.

The subject is one on which I could write a book, but I spare you. All I wish to do now is to tell you how fully I appreciate your strenuous efforts to save this country from committing the awful crime of beginning an unprovoked and unjust war, and to express to you my admiration of the great ability with which you have

marshalled the arguments, and the sagacity you have shown in promptly and boldly "taking the offensive," and not contenting yourself with mere criticism of the President's course.

J. C. Ropes.

New Haven, Conn., February 4, 1896.

My dear Mr. Godkin: —

"It is borne in upon me," as the Methodists say, to tell you how for many weeks past I have enjoyed the dealing of the *Evening Post* with foreign affairs — and, for that matter, with domestic political affairs, too. Your discussions have been so enlightened and so urgent and convincing that, I am sure, great good has resulted from them. This Venezuela folly is humiliating. The recommendation of the President was simply that we should define the boundary of British Guiana by a court of our own, and then establish it by force of arms. This, as I said to our "Club," the other night, may be fitly styled a *damnable* recommendation. The *Post* is doing great service in the cause of Peace; and "Blessed are the Peacemakers." There is a painful dearth of statesmen. We had, in my time, three — Webster, Calhoun, and John Quincy Adams. We have had a number of half-statesmen and, as to the other half, politicians — as Henry Clay and Seward. But now we have a pretty poor set of public men. It was a bad blunder for the House of Representatives to thank, without dissent, Wilkes for taking Mason and Slidell from the Trent, but it was not so shameful as the recent hurried endorsement of Cleveland's warlike schemes by that body.

Faithfully yours,

George P. Fisher.

To the Editor of the *Evening Post*:—

The Manse, Rye, N. Y.,
March 16, 1898.

My dear Sir:—

I desire to express my heartfelt thanks to you for the whole attitude of the *Post* in foreign politics ever since Pres. Cleveland made his unhappy surrender to Jingo policy. You have preached the gospel of Jesus Christ more efficiently than most of us who are professed teachers of his words. Such practical application of his principles to practical affairs is precisely the gospel our age needs. I was a missionary for years in Japan, and I know that the scandalous refusal of Christians to apply their professed rules of life to commerce and to politics counts more than all the opposition of all the heretics and sceptics. To get the church to really acknowledge in life the rudiments of that which it glibly professes on Sunday is more than all revivals and meetings for prayer.

Very sincerely yours,
George Wm. Knox.

A few personal letters of Mr. Godkin's may be grouped here:—

North East Harbor,
July 31, 1891.

My dear Garrison:—

I have read the article with great pleasure and interest, and think it only wants iteration to attract a good deal of attention to the plan. It has the enormous practical merit of seeming more democratic than the present system. About the need of some change, I do not think

you will get any one to dispute with you. The article, moreover, makes me regret for the fiftieth, if not the hundredth time, that you have not been able all these years to write more. I know no better political philosopher. I can safely say that in twenty-five years of perils by land and sea, there is nobody from whose advice and arguments I have got so much comfort and courage, in introducing novelties and oddities to an unappreciative world.

Yours ever,

E. L. Godkin.

May 17, 1887.

My dear Brace: —

The reviewer of Miss Mason's Georgics was Gildersleeve of Johns Hopkins, a Grecian of renown, as you know.

The writer of the notice of Beecher was Chadwick, Reverend John, Unitarian minister of Brooklyn. I thought it, and am glad to find you did, an excellent piece of work.

We shall certainly try and arrange a meeting either at New Rochelle or Dobbs Ferry, before you break up for the summer. We have just got settled, but the process is fatiguing, and our horses are hardly fit yet for long drives.

I am afraid "Teddy" Roosevelt has not got his father's level head.

Poor George Ward. I saw you in the distance at his funeral. How the ranks thin as we march on!

Yours ever,

E. L. Godkin.

December 20, 1887.

My dear Brace: —

I am very glad indeed that you all think so highly of

my home rule efforts. I hope before I die to see some endorsement of my views, by the course of events. But of course it is, at best, a good way off. The agitation is bringing out both the best and the worst side of the English character. I wish you all a Merry Christmas, Happy New Year; my wife joins me in doing so, but the ranks are getting very thin as each successive season comes round. The disappearance of the Gurney household has been a sad blow to me.

Yours ever,
E. L. Godkin.

April 20, 1890.

My dear Brace: —

What with moving from Twenty-Fifth Street, and storing furniture and getting installed in a furnished apartment for a brief period here, and being occasionally arrested and getting ready to be arrested, I have neglected acknowledging the receipt of your book, "The Unknown God," for which a great many thanks. I am going to take it up and read it as soon as I get a little leisure — that is, I hope, in June. I see it very favorably reviewed in the English papers. Did you see the long notice in the *Times*?

When do you go abroad? I was sorry to hear you say you needed the baths; I hope you are not ailing seriously. I keep wonderfully free from my rheumatism but live in fear and trembling, because we don't get hardier as we grow older.

Best remembrance to your little household; try and drop in before you go, any day, to lunch.

Yours ever most truly,
Edwin L. Godkin.

To Miss Brace:—

December 12, 1894.

My dear Emma:—

Many thanks for your letter. . . .

Of course it was I who wrote it. I would not let anyone else talk of your father's memory in my paper, and I am very glad your mother and you liked what I said. With more space I might have done better. He was a very kind friend of mine, long ago, when I was young and needed friends. I do not think I ever had a more sympathetic one, but now "clouds o'er the evening sky more thickly stand."

With kindest remembrances to your mother,

Ever sincerely yours,

E. L. Godkin.

To Mrs. Godkin:—

Cambridge, Nov. 7, 1886.

I had a very comfortable journey but arrived in torrents of rain. As I had telegraphed to the stable here to meet me with a cab, I got out, however, very dry and had a cordial welcome.

Lowell and his daughter, Mrs. Burnett, arrived soon after me and are staying here. L. and I and Theodora went up to dinner at the Nortons at seven. We found the Creightons, G. W. Curtis, Howells, and the two semi-Italian Miss Timminses there. I took one of them into dinner; Sallie looked charmingly and the dinner was very pleasant. Curtis is older now and seems to have lost the hang of society, but Lowell and Creighton talked a good deal. I am most comfortable here. Theodora, who looks tired, is full of attentions. It was,

however, rather ghostly last night at Shady Hill. The people who sat round that table when I first knew it had all vanished except Norton and myself, and many strange thoughts about life ran through my head as I looked around.

To the same: —

New Rochelle, Oct. 1, 1888.

. . . Your talk of the deserted farms touches my imagination. I have seen so many that I would have liked to buy and fit up if I were a man of leisure. Complete retirement seems so attractive to me that I feel I must be growing old. But on "Ben" this afternoon I felt very young; he was and is delightful, such good company. His snort delights me.

I have just finished Vereschagin's "Diary on Turkey and Turkestan," a wonderfully vivid book. He was on Skobeleff's staff in those terrible days on the Danube in 1877, and much of the fighting was on the ground I traversed on that famous ride of mine in the winter of 1853.

All goes well in the house. But the summer is gone, and each summer now is such a loss! and the number which remain dwindles so rapidly. Come back and cheer us up. "Fugit euro citius Tempus edax rerum."

To the same: —

The Country Club.

. . . I had a good night at the Knickerbocker Club and came out here this afternoon, a lovely one. Every one puts on an air of joy in seeing me; the night is heavenly, a full Premium Point moon, making the coast as light as day. I wish you were here but I know that "my loss is your gain." The beauty of the night recalls

many such at Premium Point, and makes me sorry that that life should have passed away as an episode. I wish there had been something more continuous in our existence since our marriage, but I am going into the new house with the firm conviction that I shall only leave it for the "undiscovered country," of which I think a good deal, young and buoyant though I seem.

All is well at the office, every one glad to see me, and the paper prosperous.

I got on the weighing machine with some trepidation considering my café au lait and beer and cakes, but found I had only gained three pounds. My heart is still, as it had not been for many months before going away. I shall get to work at my article to-morrow, and the time will thus pass more rapidly till you come. . . .

To the same: —

EDITORIAL ROOMS, *Evening Post.*

I was cauterized last evening between five and six in the midst of a howling storm, in which Nature, methinks, showed her sympathy with the sufferings of a great man! It was not painful to speak of, and I feel, or fancy I feel, the good effects already. The process is to be repeated on Friday morning.

The dinner was a great success, shouts of laughter, and did not break up till eleven thirty. Am working at my article. No riding yet, owing to storm. Jersey Beach awful place, Coney Island gone.

Quite correct about "dread of men for vehement women." Dread is a mild word. I would myself go fifty miles to avoid one, who was likely to be "vehement" with me. Very sorry for R.; thought of her last night when

I heard of the way Mrs. O. and Lady H. make it a point to have *American* friends at all their dinner parties and fêtes. You see this keeps friends among their own countrywomen and men on whom one is sure some time to have to fall back. Poor R. having pursued an opposite policy has probably now not one friend on this vast continent except K., who is undoubtedly a host in herself but cannot be in more places than one. It must be hard to have to make friends with "Fannie." All the Fannie-kind of women are jealous of R. and are glad to pull her down and trample on her. Oh, my dear, cultivate sweetness and *kindliness* and *politeness*. In the hour of death and in the day of judgment even, they will help you.

New Rochelle, July 8, 1885.

My dear Lowell: —

I was very glad indeed to see your handwriting again and gladder still to find that there was a chance of seeing you in New York and saying welcome home, as I was not able to go on to Cambridge for Commencement, as I had hoped.

We are living for the second summer in what once was a hotel, out here on the very edge of the water, with lots of room, if little else, an hour from town.

I telegraphed you to-day, asking if you would not pass a night with us on your way through New York, and sincerely trust you will. We are expecting the Gurneys soon; it would be, indeed, delightful if we could get you both here together.

I should enjoy a talk with you "awfully," and want to make you acquainted with my wife.

Yours ever,

E. L. Godkin.

To the same: —

May 12, 1890.

I did not imagine when I got your letter and the very droll verses, that I should be so long in thanking you for both. But when I tell you that I was about that time moving from one house to another, undergoing arrest about every second day, and keeping bail ready for the next occasion, besides editing a newspaper, you will understand my procrastination. We are having a brief lull just now, but, although three indictments against me have been dismissed, there is one still pending and a motion to renew one of the others is to come before the court to-morrow.

They would, I think, try to "live down" a solitary newspaper attack, but the daily sale of the pamphlet keeps them in constant fury which I must confess I enjoy. They are an awful lot of scoundrels, something unique, but the fault is not theirs. It is that of the decent people who let them come into power, and live quietly under them.

I was delighted to see your handwriting again as a sign of restored health. I went out to Cambridge during the early part of your illness, but the day I called you were not visible. Norton, who was here on Saturday, says you are yourself again, but not allowed to go to England. I suppose you will miss this a good deal; I would, badly, in your place. My wife sends you heartiest congratulations on your recovery, but I think would almost feel easier if I were, as you suppose, "behind the bars" than as I am now, for I am followed about all day and night by "a shadow," a precaution which my friends insist on as necessary, but which is a dreadful bore and fills her head with dismal forebodings.

I shall hope to see you during the summer in Cambridge or somewhere. It will be very pleasant to see you back in the old homestead from which you vanished now so long ago.

With kindest remembrances to Mrs. Burnett,

Affectionately yours,

E. L. Godkin.

To the same:—

Dec. 14, 1890.

Thank you very much for the note you sent for the *Nation*.

But what to say in acknowledgment of the praise you bestow on my humble labors in the Lord's vineyard I do not know, except that nothing more encouraging or more grateful has reached me during the last twenty-five years, and it often came in times of sorrow and care and disappointment. I am sure it has often been entered to your credit in the heavenly ledger.

I was very sorry to hear you had had a return of your old trouble. I have often felt thankful during your late illness that it had found you at home and not in foreign parts. Let me say here that, as you will see by the date of this, we have moved into another house in which we have, what I have not had since my marriage, a spare room, and it will give both my wife and myself genuine joy — not simply pleasure — if, whenever business or pleasure brings you to New York, you would come and occupy it. You will have as much liberty as you have in England, if not so much of other things.

With our best love and good wishes,

Affectionately yours,

E. L. Godkin.

JAN. 12, 1895.

MY DEAR NORTON:—

It was a great pleasure to hear from you, and especially to be congratulated by you. The year '94 closed indeed under vastly more favorable conditions both for the city and for me than I ever looked for. Nearly every one here whose good opinion I care for came forward to cover me with praise and felicitation, the press very characteristically remaining studiously silent; and there is a fair prospect of good government in the city for a few years at all events, possibly for my time. But with a villanous press — venal and silly, — and a somewhat frivolous and distinctly *childish* public, it is difficult to be sure of more than a few years. I know of no good influence now which is acting on the masses, and the practice of reading trivial newspapers begets, even among men of some education, a puerile habit of mind. I could give you illustrations of this that would amuse you. Think of old Dana being asked to Cornell University to deliver the address on "Founders' Day"!

But enough of this writing. You see I am not sanguine about the future of democracy. I think we shall have a long period of decline like that which followed the fall of the Roman Empire, and then a recrudescence under some other form of society. Our present tendencies in that direction are concealed by great national progress.

News we have none. There is not much variety in life here that is worth recording. The great fact in it is that we are growing older. In my little address the other night when they presented me with the cup, I recalled the day you came to New York thirty years

ago to propose the *Nation* to me. The world has been going round very rapidly since then, and it is a great gratification to me to think that you have nothing to regret concerning that enterprise.

We have been a good deal troubled here — some of us — about the proposed withdrawal of the Harvard examinations for women in New York. They have been a great source of pride and profit to many young women, and their place could not be taken as yet in the public eye by Radcliffe examinations, Radcliffe being much less known and respected. We sent a letter to Eliot about it, signed by Bishop Potter, Edward King, Lyman Abbott, and myself, but as he was just starting for Europe he turned it over to Martin Brimmer. If it comes under your notice, and you have not heard of the matter, will you look into it?

Affectionately yours,
Edwin L. Godkin.

To the same:—

Oct. 12, 1895.

Scribner & Co. have induced me to publish a volume of my articles in the *Nation* on non-political topics during the past thirty years. It will appear in a month or so. I am desirous of inserting in it a word of inscription to you, who more than any other man was instrumental in founding the *Nation*, and to whom I owed so much sympathy and encouragement in early and gloomy years. If you do not forbid it, it will appear.

Yours ever,
E. L. Godkin.

To the same:—

Nov. 8, 1895.

I have been so busy in various ways until the election that I have had to put off answering your two kind letters. I do not know now that I can make any better answer to them than to say that I have longed for many years for the chance the volume gave me of saying in some public way how much I was indebted to you for unfaltering, untiring kindness and support in very trying periods of my life. Of course I have not discharged, and never shall discharge, this obligation, but I was very glad to be able to confess it, so to speak, *in facie ecclesiæ*. And those early years of our friendship and intercourse were certainly the pleasantest of my life also. It has been an enormous satisfaction to me that the *Nation* should in any degree have rewarded you for the pains you took to bring it into existence. But its success, like all successes in this world, brings with it a flood of sad memories. Digging over the old volumes of the *Nation* was often like walking among graves.

We have been beaten in the election here, but it was not an important one, and it has served the good purpose of revealing the spots in which we are weakest and most foolish. I think we shall do better in 1897.

Yours most affectionately,

Edwin L. Godkin.

To the same:—

Highland Falls, Orange Co., N. Y.,
Dec. 29, 1895.

We are up here spending two or three days with the Pells. I was rather used up by the excitement of the

past week, which was the most anxious I have known in my career. I was thunderstruck by Cleveland's message, and have seen so much Jingoism even among intelligent people, and so much cowardice in the face of Jingoism, that the prospect which seemed to open itself before me was a long fight against a half-crazed public, under a load of abuse, and the discredit of foreign birth, &c., &c. It was in this state of mind we opened our batteries on that Friday morning, and I am bound to say relief came promptly. We were literally overwhelmed with laudatory and congratulatory letters, as well as oral applause of every description, and our circulation rose 1,000 a day. In fact our course has proved the greatest success I have ever had and ever known in journalism.

But the sureness of our own position, of course, does not do away with anxiety about the country. The Jingoes are still numerous and powerful and absolutely crazy, and Cleveland's submission to them, with the aid of a serious Boston lawyer like Olney, is a terrible shock. I do not know what you are going to say on the subject in your *Forum* article. But the situation to me seems this: An immense democracy, mostly ignorant, and completely secluded from foreign influences, and without any knowledge of other states of society, with great contempt for history and experience, finds itself in possession of enormous power and is eager to use it in brutal fashion against any one who comes along, *without knowing how to do it*, and is therefore constantly on the brink of some frightful catastrophe like that which overtook France in 1870. The spectacle of our financial condition and legislation during the last twenty years, the general silliness and credulity begotten by the newspapers, the ferocious optimism exacted of all teachers

and preachers, and the general belief that we are a peculiar or chosen people to whom the experience of other people is of no use, make a pretty dismal picture, and, I confess, rather reconcile me to the fact that my career is drawing to a close. I know how many things may be pointed out as signs of genuine progress, but they are not in the field of government. Our two leading powers, the legislature and the press, have to my knowledge been running down for thirty years. The present crisis is really a fight between the rational business men, and the politicians and the newspapers, and the rational business men are not getting the best of it.

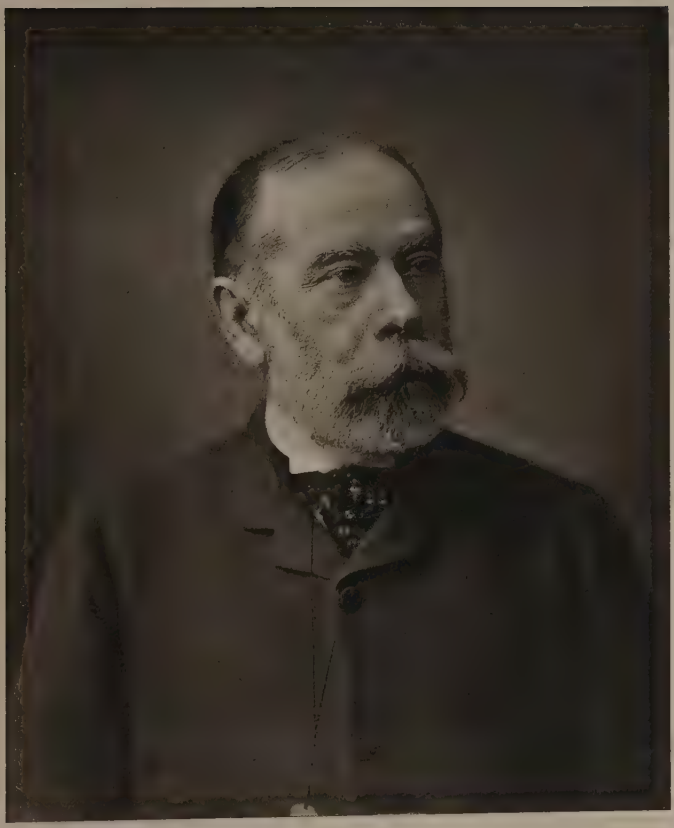
The press is the worst feature in the situation, and yet the press would not be what it is without a public demand for it as it is. I have been having cuttings about the present situation sent in to me from all quarters, and anything more silly, ignorant, and irrational you could not imagine. I am just now the great object of abuse, and the abuse is just what you would hear in a bar-room row. You are lucky in being a professor, and not obliged to say anything about public affairs except when you please. I have had a delightful and characteristic letter from William James urging me not "to curse God and die," but to keep on with "the campaign of education."

Ever affectionately yours,

E. L. Godkin.

CHAPTER XVII

No subject of thought and writing more closely knit Mr. Godkin's youth and age together than Irish Home Rule. The impulses and convictions which came to him in the ardent days of Young Ireland swayed him to the end. For many years he enjoyed a singular eminence as an advocate of Home Rule. In him, it was not simply the Irishman, but the philosophic writer on government who spoke; and it was not the instinctive passion and aspiration of race which found expression in him, so much as reasoned conclusions based on wide knowledge. He used to say that there were but three men in America who, by virtue of adequate historical study and acquaintance with actual conditions, were fitted to speak on Home Rule for Ireland with authority. He certainly was one. And from America his words reached England. In that country, during all the years of the Home Rule agitation, it is probable that the opinion of no foreigner counted for more than Mr. Godkin's. He wrote often on the subject for the English reviews; and when, in 1887, the Gladstonian Liberals issued their "Handbook of Home Rule," edited by Mr. Bryce, it contained two articles by



1892

E. L. Godkin, no other writer — not even Mr. Gladstone — being allotted more than one. It was thus a peculiar delight to Mr. Godkin that he was present in the House of Commons in 1893, when Gladstone's Home Rule bill passed its third reading. His letter to the *Evening Post*, describing the scene, and picturing Chamberlain throwing his "little squirts of vitriol" about, was written with great animation. It was the life-long Home Ruler seeing triumph dawn at last. Two years later, however, after the Lords had thrown out the bill and the Liberals had lost power, he wrote to Mr. Bryce: "Home Rule had a fleeting, consumptive beauty."

For several years Mr. Godkin spent long vacations abroad. They were necessitated by impaired health. Thus he wrote to Mr. Garrison: —

March 20, 1892.

My dear Garrison: —

I write mainly to tell you what I fear will be unwelcome news to you, that I am going abroad April 30 for four months. I have not been well, as you know, during the winter, and a gradual increase of headache in the back of the head, constitutes, the doctor says, a warning I must not disregard. He says six months' rest and change is needed, but I say *four* will do. I intend to spend the time mainly in France, Switzerland and Northern Italy. There will be time enough to talk of somebody to take my place after you come back.

You will have seen that I have been arrested again. The old story. I go before the Grand Jury to-day.

I shall be home September 1st for the last two months of the canvass. I thought of staying till the convention met, but I really cannot, and anyhow Cleveland now seems certain.

There is a letter to Professor Norton on the same subject: —

April 12, 1892.

My dear Norton: —

My regret at having seen so little of you this winter is increased by the fact that we sail for France on the 30th, to be gone four months, so that we shall see nothing of you this summer either. I am a good deal run down; have some disagreeable headaches, betokening too much work, and have been ordered off. So we are going to ramble, Katharine and I, during the summer in France, Switzerland and Northern Italy. Is there any chance of your being over there?

I got your note of lament over your inability to come to the Saturday dinner, and shared in it deeply. I went, but it was rather a melancholy affair to me. There was but a small party, and several ghosts, and the talk of the two old men at the end of the table was almost all that broke the silence. *Eheu, fugaces!*

I should be glad of a line with your news. The dinner at Theodora's was a great treat, and I was *so* glad to see the two old ladies once more. Our winter here has on the whole been rather dreary. I have been very rheumatic. And to wind up the season, one of the Tammany people had me again arrested the other day, to have the charge again dismissed by the Grand Jury. One does not need to be very vain to think one's self born for better things than denouncing these wretches. Can I do anything for you on the other side?

From abroad he wrote to Mr. Garrison: —

Aix-les-Bains, May 22, 1892.

My dear Garrison: —

We had a perfectly smooth passage, but this did not prevent my wife suffering greatly, and coming ashore in a very dilapidated condition. A week in Paris was given mainly to recruiting. It is thirty years since I was last in it, and I saw no difference except an increase of brilliancy and activity and beauty. I am quite sure that as far as one can judge from the streets, it has lost nothing by the overthrow of the monarchy. But Laugel gives a sad account of the increase of political corruption, which really, according to his account, seems to be in the very warp and woof of democracy. I went out with him one Sunday to lunch with the Duc d'Aumale at Chantilly, and had a very interesting morning with the old gentleman, who, I was sorry to see, is *old* in every way. Tell Horace White I had an interesting evening in the Eiffel Tower with a party of which Miss Maginnis was a member. She had a good pastel in the salon. Curiously enough, they absolutely refused to put her name down in the Catalogue as McGinnis or Maginnis; they insisted that it must be Ginnis, and wrote it so. Eiffel let us up to the very top, into which the public is not admitted, and where he has nice rooms and a kitchen.

We left Paris last Sunday night in the hideous "wagon-lit," and have been here ever since, where I am taking my cure, douches of hot sulphur water accompanied with massage. This will last till June 4, when we are going straight to Rome, to get a few days of it before the season closes in. Then Switzerland and the Tyrol.

This is a lovely region. Our view from this room in the hotel — lake and mountain — cannot be surpassed.

It is full of archæological and historical interest, beginning with the Lacustrians, and coming down through the Romans and the Mediævals. We made a pilgrimage yesterday to "The Charmettes," near Chambéry, which was in honor both of Jean Jacques and you, and had a most delightful day. We went by rail to Chambéry, and then took a carriage out about two miles to Les Charmettes, up a charming valley, and walking a good deal of the way. We found the house and garden very much as it must have been, allowing for the effects of Time's tooth on the door and other woodwork and the old Waren's furniture, some of which remains. I collected such photographs as can be had, and send them in a separate package, with the latest bit of Rousseau literature. This I do almost as a pious duty, for it is the first chance I have had, in twenty-seven years of real fraternity, of giving you a bit of pleasure at your request, often as I have longed for one.

I have been and am really sorry to be away this summer when you are so much perplexed by conflicting duties and cares; but I had, as I have told you, no choice. I had not done, before coming away, two hours' hard work in three months without bringing on headache.

I hope all goes well at the office. I have seen no American papers but the Paris *New York Herald*, which I never take up without shame and disgust. Silliness and vulgarity stand out in every line of it. There are very few Americans here. The English and French rule the roast.

The photographs give a very poor idea of the charm of "Les Charmettes."

Kindest regards to Horace White and the staff.

Although the immediate reason for the journeys of these last years was disquieting, they gave Mr. God-

kin rare pleasure. His visit to England and to Italy in 1889 had stimulated his desire to travel. Ever since his Crimean days he had planned to return to the East, and in his library had mapped out trips to Diocletian's palace at Spalato — to Montenegro, whose mountain warriors he knew, and who, he said, had never been conquered — and on to Greece and the Bosphorus. To find himself taking a prosaic cure at Aix-les-Bains, instead of following his wider plans, was something of a chagrin.

Directly after his cure at Aix, Mr. Godkin went to Rome, the city for which he had been hungry all his life. It was June. Friends assured him Southern Italy was impossible so late. But his mind was fixed. The tourists' point of view he would not adopt, and was well pleased on his arrival to find Rome swept and garnished of them all. He sought Signor Lanciani at once and studied Rome under his guidance. On the Palatine, the maze of the Palace of the Cæsars grew intelligible at the master's explanation. In the Forum Mr. Godkin laid his hand reverently upon the Rostrum. Lanciani indicated, too, Roman cafés and extra-mural retreats, where Mr. Godkin might study Italian manners. The churches he explored alone. *San Paolo Fuori* impressed him more than St. Peter's, the Pantheon more than all.

In Florence he visited, in 1892, his mother and sister, long resident there. Georgina Godkin was an incomparable guide both to the city and to Italian

politics. Among their friends he was particularly glad to meet frequently Professor Villari, from whose fiery talk on national affairs he drank information. He parted sadly from his mother — she was feeble in health and eighty years old — but he visited her again in 1897, and her life stretched beyond her son's by a few pathetic months.

A month at Bel Alp brought fresh vigor, as it had done thirty years before, when with his wife he had opened the little mountain inn — the first guest of its adventurous keeper. Tyndall was not far away. Mr. Godkin visited him and heard him gird at the English clergy who frequented the Bel Alp. On one point only, he said, they invariably agreed — his champagne was always satisfactory. At another Alpine hotel two Englishmen asked Mr. Godkin to explain to them the grand jury system in America. Fresh from his own experience with that institution, he was able to expound its workings, though with an amusement that his auditors could hardly have understood.

During his brief stay in England before sailing, he made his headquarters at the house of his brother in-law in Berkeley Square, seeing old friends and making visits. He particularly enjoyed Abinger Hall. Lord Farrer was President of the Board of Trade, a Free Trader, and a Home Ruler. Conversation under his roof was apt to be the true gospel to Mr. Godkin's ears. A custom he particularly relished was adjournment to the terrace after meals

and there prolonging the talk started by the meeting of men actively engaged in government. Opinions were fought for, but the best man won; and usually bore off his companions for a walk "on the rough"—up-hill stretches covered with heather. Among the guests, on this occasion, were Lord Welby, Sir William Bradford, later Chief of Police, the Herbert Pauls, Mrs. Greene, the Sidney Buxtons.

Mr. Godkin was again with the Darwins at Basset before sailing from Southampton on the *Normannia*. This was the steamer whose luckless passengers, when they reached New York, were made the victims of the senseless cholera craze, being rushed in a panic about the bay, and finally marooned on Fire Island. The discomforts and actual dangers which Mr. Godkin and his fellow passengers had to undergo during those two weeks, naturally did not blunt his pen, and the daily letters which he wrote from his imprisonment to the *Evening Post* were among the causes of the city's becoming heartily ashamed of itself by the time he was allowed to go ashore.

The one exception to the holiday abroad, after 1891, was the campaign summer of 1896. This was spent at Northeast Harbor. He joined his wife's family there in a pleasant house on the shore, and indulged his early zest for rowing. Days on the water, with lunch and books, refreshed him. The oar was his choice always. Sailing bored him.

When his own muscles drove the boat, with a companion at the helm, another in the bows perhaps, his mind was at its gayest. As the campaign deepened, he took a house at Seabright for two months, coming and going on the Sandy Hook boats. He used to say that they were much exposed to the weather and to bores. He benefited by tricycling on the Jersey roads; and enjoyed having his old friend, S. G. Ward, as neighbor. In December he went to Norfolk to address the Church Congress.

Across the ocean, however, he best renewed himself. The men he met were usually in political life. Through them, he said, he gained a near view of large movements often denied him at home. If human intercourse failed, London streets or the country outside gave him thought and pleasure. Masses of men always interested him. It was a habit of his to join the skirts of a crowd in the streets in any country.

On reaching London, Mr. Godkin would first seek Mr. Bryce. By no one else could he be so quickly put in touch with the world of higher politics. The Athenæum was open to him always. English hospitality was freely offered him. None was more welcome than Professor A. V. Dicey's. For the two, when together, there was no bedtime, and the breakfast talk was as eager as the evening's.

He heard Gladstone several times in the House, and met him at dinner and luncheon, renewing one of the

great admirations of his life. At Windsor Castle, where he went to a reception for foreign railroad officials, he saw the Queen and the Prince of Wales driving through the gardens and affably bowing to the people. "Fat useless royalty," was Mr. Godkin's comment.

Among the houses rented for these holidays was Ewhurst Place. The station was Gomshall, and the six-mile drive through deep and narrow lanes "home," yielded typical glimpses of the beauties of Surrey. House and grounds were large, neighbors friendly, and London but two hours away.

In 1897 Mr. Godkin had his Oxford D.C.L. In conferring the degree, the Public Orator's address was as follows: —

Præsento vobis virum hoc honore vel dignissimum, non nostratum nec tamen peregrinum sed cognatæ civitatis civem, qui et scripsit multa præclare de reipublicae institutis vitaque civili, et libellum hebdomadalem (non eo quo scribi talia solent stylo) jam pridem scribit editque; et in ipsis rebus publicis ita se gessit ut suis civibus optimorum consiliorum auctor, nostræ civitatis amicissimus, pacis denique et concordiæ (qualem vix alium invenias) amator exstiterit.

Hunc nec favor unquam nec timor deterruit quominus ea suaderet populo, quæ utilia, quæ honesta, quæ vera credidisset.

Ingenio sagacem ac sapientem, moribus egregium, litterarum peritissimum, hunc quis est Academicorum qui non libentissime academico hoc honore decoratum videat?

Præsento vobis virum egregium,
Edwinum Laurentium Godkin ut admittatur ad gradum doctoris in jure civili honoris causâ.

Shortly afterward Mr. Godkin wrote to Norton: —

Ewhurst Place, July 21, 1897.

My dear Norton: —

I need hardly tell you that no one's pleasure in the Oxford honor to me, gives me more pleasure than yours. You were one of my earliest friends, when I had to be largely taken on trust, and you were certainly the one whose confidence and regard were most valuable to me. I have never forgotten the loyalty and courage with which you supported me in those early days of the *Nation* when I was young, unknown, and mistrusted by so many crazy people. It is a great comfort to me that I have not belied the promises you then made on my behalf. Sam Ward is the other man to whom I owe some share of this gratitude.

The daily news from home is more and more distressing. The weakness and stupidity of the President is more and more apparent. I did *not* vote for him. I said I would not do it, no matter what happened. I voted for the Gold Democrat. The last despatch about the seals has, I fear, been prompted by the success of Cleveland's Venezuela escapade. I saw Hay yesterday, and he is greatly distressed by it.

To Arthur Sedgwick: —

Adhurst St. Mary, Petersfield,
Aug. 16, 1897.

My dear Sedgwick: —

There are many things here which reconcile me to America, but there is no country in the world to-day in

which you can be very happy if you care about politics and the progress of mankind, while there are many in which you can be very comfortable, if you occupy yourself simply with gardening, lawn tennis and true religion. This is one of them. I think I could prepare for heaven far more easily here than in America.

In Commemoration week of 1898, he was in Cambridge. Mr. Bryce and Professor Dicey received their Cambridge degrees. The large dinner in the old Hall of Trinity brought together many notables. Among them, Mr. Godkin enjoyed Lord Acton, the Frederic Myers, Lord Dufferin, Leonard Courtney, and Professor Sidgwick. He had often said that the best berth this world could give, to his mind, was to be Master of Trinity.

On a journey to Dunvegan Castle as the guest of Captain McLeod (the twenty-fifth chief of his clan, and living in the oldest inhabited house in Great Britain), Mr. Godkin was with Albert Pell. Their friendship began on the Northern Pacific trip in 1883, and ended only with life. Mr. Pell's qualities were after Mr. Godkin's own heart. He had wide experience of life and men, gained partly through the eighteen years during which he represented Northampton in the House of Commons. He had, too, a power of clear thinking and hard hitting similar to Mr. Godkin's. There were few dull moments on this trip. Pell knew the country well and compared the new and the old ways. From

Oban to Portree, many dwellings were in sight, and with Mr. Godkin's mind full of Scotch romance, it was a blow to him to learn that this old feudal home now belonged to "Borax," and the next to "Hops" or "Coal."

Pell's home was Wilburton Manor, in the Fens, Cambridgeshire, but he had long leased and farmed a substantial property at Hazelbeach, Northampton. Here Mr. Godkin made repeated visits, driving with him to the battlefield of Naseby, to the round tower of Brixworth, to Althorpe, to visit Lord Spencer's library and galleries, to Coventry, Kenilworth, and Warwick.

Another valued friend was Sir Charles Russell. In 1898 he was holding the Assizes at Winchester and invited Mr. Godkin to visit him there. The High Sheriff, Mr. Bonham-Carter, was also an old friend. In 1899 they were again together in Paris, Lord Russell engaged in settling the Behring Sea controversy. It was the Dreyfus summer, and Mr. Godkin invited M. Laugel to meet Russell at breakfast, wishing to compare with the views of an English judge, those of an intelligent Frenchman. The café in the Champs Élysées could not often have resounded to such sonorous argument. August of that same season brought these friends a few more meetings — their last. They dined together after Russell's prolonged day of hard work, and drove until midnight in the Bois.

To Miss Tuckerman:—

New York, Oct. 13, 1897.

My dear Emily:—

I have sent the extract for publication, and it will appear on Saturday. But I hesitate to promise a blood-curdling editorial so soon.

I wish, I must confess, that you were more interested in men and less in trees. As far as I can see, the great interests of civilization in this country are being left pretty much to the women. The men have thrown themselves pretty much into simple money-making. You have no idea how they shirk everything which interferes with this, how cowardly they have grown about everything which threatens pecuniary loss. It is the women who are caring for the things which most distinguish civilized men from savages. But the best women are leaving no descendants. They train no men. The best I know do not marry, so that society gets but little from them. I know a dozen who will pass away leaving nothing but gracious memories. You are one of them. You think apparently you are serving the state sufficiently by attention to forests and infant schools. *Erreur, erreur bien douloureuse!* I do not know what the future of our modern civilization is to be. But I stumble where I firmly trod. I do not think things are going well with us in spite of our railroads and bridges. Among the male sex something is wanting, something tremendous.

To the same:—

New York, Feb. 4, 1899.

Dear Emily:—

I ought long ago to have acknowledged your very kind letter conveying to me Sir Wilfrid Laurier's appreciа-

tion of me and the *Nation*. My feeling that he must be a very level-headed man increases my appreciation of you as one of the kindest of women. I always consider any one who conveys to another a third person's praise of him, as a true Christian. I enclose you a bit which has come to me in this way during the past week, and which has amused me not a little. But what male nature but would be "tickled to death" to hear of even the plainest of women keeping his photograph as a guide in morals. I have never seen her and do not know her.

We are all waiting anxiously here for the news of the treaty on Monday. I expect it to be confirmed, if not in this Senate then the next. But difficulty in getting it confirmed will help to enlighten McKinley and check the war fever. I am diverted every day by the number of people who are ready to take the "responsibility" of expansion, but do nothing but "take it." The one thing which will prevent expansion being a disgrace, is a permanent colonial civil service, but who is doing a thing or saying a word about it? No one that I can hear of. We "took the responsibility" of the Indians one hundred years ago, but what has happened? There is no people so easily soothed in their moral "inwards" by fine words. Theodore Roosevelt told us recently that he introduced into a speech a recommendation of this sort, simply to "frighten McKinley." This shows how far it is from the thoughts of all politicians. There is not a mention of it anywhere, except among a few philanthropists. But they think in England we are sure to have it!

Each winter's work told on Mr. Godkin in these years, and he would sometimes say, "I'm weary,

weary watching, waiting for the May." The May of 1899 found him again in Paris, consulting Dr. Goode, who did not give him a very encouraging account. Sent to Vichy, he found the local physicians also grave. After taking the cure, he went to Switzerland for a time. From Paris, he wrote to E. B. Smith, of Chicago: "You know how much I am with you, how much I am, heart and soul, an American of the *vielle roche*. American ideals were the intellectual food of my youth, and to see America converted into a senseless, Old World conqueror, embitters my age. Don't despair, however." On his return he met his son in London, who persuaded him that he ought to resign the editorship of the *Evening Post*. Mr. Godkin accordingly came back to the United States resolved to drop his work.

To Miss Tuckerman: —

ADHURST ST. MARY, PETERSFIELD,
Aug. 7, 1899.

DEAR EMILY: —

We are staying another fortnight, and will not sail until the 23rd. I have not courage to face the New York heat.

The doctors have warned me so solemnly against heat and fatigue that I have agreed to retire from hard work.

After suffering terribly on the way home from Paris, we reached England Aug. 27th, and went at once to stay with H. James at Rye, where he has bought a delightful old house, in a decayed mediæval town, oak panelling, king's room, sweet garden and lawn, and all the requisites

for the "long home" of a bachelor tired of the world. Four delightful days, then here in Sussex, with an American hostess, Mrs. Bonham-Carter, married to a very intelligent English squire, good Liberal, house modern Elizabethan, large, jolly, good-will, gardens, lawns, lawn-tennis.

We leave on Monday for Ethel Sands' in Oxfordshire. There one fortnight, and then back to "holy wars," patriotism, and buncombe, arriving in New York about the 1st Oct.

We sail by the *Campania*, and know of no company except the Schuylers. The Bryces have been away on a Swiss holiday, Italian side — but come back next Sunday. England in spite of the drought is as lovely as ever. We paid a visit yesterday to one of the loveliest of its ruins, Cowdray, but these ruins fill me with melancholy when I think of what is succeeding them. *Ay de mi*, as Carlyle said.

VICHY, July 1, 1899.

MY DEAR NORTON: —

I am here for my sins to drink these waters for rheumatism, which had become intolerable, and shall, I suppose, be home early in September.

Passing through Paris, I sought out and made the acquaintance of Gustave Le Bon, to whom my attention was drawn by his book on the "Psychologie des Foules," which struck me as extremely remarkable, as it explained so many of the phenomena of our war and the period immediately preceding it. His theory is that the mental and moral apparatus of a crowd differs *in toto* from that of an individual, and explains many of the oddities of popular government. He has recently published another book which I consider a very remarkable explanation

also of the present condition and immediate future of the Western world — "La Psychologie du Socialisme." The publisher is Alcan of Paris, but there is a good English translation I am told. I have read it with great interest.

I have no home news except what Katharine, who joined me a fortnight ago, brought with her. I avoid the American newspapers. I spent a fortnight in London, and found the two most interesting subjects were war and athletics, and that there was a steady indisposition to believe my accounts of McKinley and his government. It looks as if Chamberlain would succeed in what he is trying for, a war with the Transvaal. I came over here to consult about waters, and have been sent to Vichy, and shall be here for a fortnight longer. France is travelling fast on the American road, in some places faster, in others, slower, but always in the same direction.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3, 1899.

MY DEAR NORTON: —

I came back on Saturday, pretty tired with travelling and not very well. The doctors whom I had occasion to consult both in London and Paris, all agreed that I had worked on too late in life, and that I must take in sail, if I was not to stop altogether. So I withdraw from the editorship of the *E. P.* Jan 1st, and in the meantime do little or nothing. I shall continue to contribute when I feel disposed, and always to give "advice." But I have made my last change, and if I am not hereafter a "sage," I shall simply be a "vieux respectable."

I think it but becoming, my dear and early friend, to communicate this first to you, who witnessed and encouraged my beginnings. I hope all is well with you, and am glad we both survive to finish our careers together. But you need not noise it abroad.

Professor Norton's reply was: —

SHADY HILL, 4 Oct., 1899.

MY DEAR GODKIN: —

Your note brings ill news. I cannot bear to think of your being compelled by ill-health to give up the *Post*. You have good right to leave the field at your own good will; no captain has led his men so well, or stood a heavier brunt of battle. When the work of this century is summed up, what you have done for the good old cause of civilization, the cause which is always defeated, but always after defeat taking more advanced position than before, — what you have done for this cause will count for much.

Get well! there are still good years before you. You can still do much service, and, perhaps, can still enjoy doing it. At any rate, you may have much satisfaction in what you have done. I am proud of a good part of it, and am, as for half my life I have been,

Your affectionate friend,

C. E. NORTON.

The letters which follow relate to Mr. Godkin's withdrawal from daily work on the *Evening Post*: —

DOBBS FERRY, N. Y., Sept. 11.

DEAR MR. GODKIN: —

Your favor from Lausanne was duly received and I regret sincerely that the enjoyment of your vacation was marred by illness. I hope, however, that your complaint proved a curable one by the treatment applied. In view of what you wrote regarding your condition it seemed proper to all concerned to relieve you entirely of office-work, which was duly done by the Board of Trustees, as you will be officially informed. The action

is the expression of everybody's desire to make it as easy for you as possible.

Hoping that the Atlantic will be forbearing to you and Mrs. Godkin and that I may see you soon after your return, I am

Faithfully yours,

H. Villard.

Sept. 6, 1899.

Dear Godkin: —

I was deeply pained to hear of your infirm health, the first intimation of which reached me last Sunday through your letter to H. V. The Board of Trustees immediately adopted the resolutions accompanying this note. I hope we shall have all the help you can give us in the noble and patriotic task of laying out this Pecksniffian Administration and that it may be the means of restoring you to your wonted vigor.

Yours very sincerely,

Horace White.

Extract from minutes of Trustees' meeting: —

On presentation of a letter from Mr. E. L. Godkin, saying that the state of his health was such that he should not be able to write for the paper oftener than twice a week hereafter, or go to the office before 11 A.M., or exercise more than a nominal supervisory editorship, it was therefore

Resolved, first, that the Board has received this communication with extreme regret;

Second, that Mr. Godkin have leave of absence with full pay from the date of his return to New York to the end of the present year, and that he be asked to do such writing for the paper during that period as, in his judg-

ment, the state of his health may permit, and to give such advice as to the editorial management as may be requested.

New York, Sept. 29, 1899.

My dear Godkin: —

No one is more heartily sorry than I that you return from abroad less well than when you set out, and with medical inhibition of your customary intellectual labor. From the moment your vacations began to lengthen, I prepared myself, as you well know, for this detachment, of which the painfulness is now of long standing. It is a minor, though a real, regret that, in this hour of reaction against your special achievement in behalf of good government during thirty-five years, you must be hampered in exposing the chief undoer. I still trust, however, that you will find strength to express by anticipation the judgment of posterity on McKinley, as you desire.

Enclosed are the resolutions to which Mr. White refers in the accompanying letter.

I send herewith your presentation copy of John Forbes's "Memoirs." I had asked J. B. Thayer to review them for me, but learned that Mrs. Hughes counts upon you for that service. If this be now out of the question (as I sincerely hope *not*), pray let me know and I will look elsewhere.

You shall see me as soon as you are recovered from the fatigue of the voyage. Meanwhile, with best regards to Mrs. Godkin, I am

Your old friend,

W. P. Garrison.

To Mr. Garrison: —

Oct. 1, 1899.

My dear Garrison: —

Many thanks for your letter and that of the Trustees, both of which I received to-day, and the kindness and

good feeling of which I heartily acknowledge. You may be sure I shall not pass the three months in idleness if my health allows, but I have before setting to work to consult the doctor, which I shall do to-morrow, as to how much I may do. I got in last night, returning from Europe much wearied with much travel, but hope to recuperate soon. My best wishes to you all, and to the paper. Long may it wave. I shall drop in on you before long. Please thank the Trustees for the resolutions, and believe me, my old friend, yours, as long as I last,

E. L. Godkin.

Highland Falls on Hudson,
Oct. 29, 1899.

My dear Friend: —

I was delighted to hear it. You were made for something better than to be the historian of the battles of the crows and the kites. Now let your mind lie fallow for a year, amuse yourself, and court your wife again. You will then be surprised to find how much there is in this world that does not need reforming and how many stars there are still singing together in your firmament. After about a year of tooting about with your Andromache "a thinkin' o' nuthin'" and cultivating exclusively the resorts of people that are amusing themselves and others, Tammany Hall and Croker and Platt and Sheehan and Quigg and McKinley and Teddy will become to you as mythical and unreal as Mt. Olympus and all the hesiodic Theogony, and you will find just as many people will be born, married and will die annually as when you used to be wearing out your nerves and constitution in trying to make silk purses out of pigs ears in the sky parlor of the *Evening Post* building. *Haud inexpertus loquor.* Believe me, when you have reached this Narvana or what-

ever you may be pleased to call your condition at the end of a good fallow year, then my friend draw your gray goose quill and give us some of the results of the wisdom that will begin to pour into the sacred places of your mind that will by that time have been swept and garnished. You will then have stopped writing for the minority and begin writing for the majority. You will be surprised to see how much wiser you will have grown after a good long rest; and have become a passive recipient of the wisdom which only comes to the quiet mind. There are chunks of wisdom in those lines of the poet Waller which, after your year's vacation you will be old enough and wise enough to appreciate but not before, I fear.

> The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
> Lets in the light through chinks that time has made.

I will finish this patriarchal deliverance when we both get back to town; till then allow me to hold you and your good wife in affectionate remembrance. I was at your house a week or more ago where I learned that you were hibernating bear-like, sucking your paws at Ridgefield. As I descended your steps I said to myself, "If he had only had the good sense to take the advice I gave him three years ago," but as Providence grows incalculable numbers of acorns that never mature and supplies more spawn that never develops into a fish every year, than the sea would be able to hold if they did develop, so do I every year give enough good advice that if properly taken would make the lions lie down with the lambs the world over, and little children play over the holes of the asps. So I will waste no more upon you to-night.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN BIGELOW.

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA,
November 5, 1899.

MY DEAR GODKIN: —

The S. Frisco papers of yesterday announce your withdrawal from the editorial responsibilities to which you have so long been devoted. I am truly sorry to read that this step is due to bodily considerations.

But you have fought a good fight for law and order, for honesty, learning and unselfishness in politics; and you have influenced by your precept, and by your example, multitudes of good citizens in every part of this country. Personally I am very grateful to you for guidance in many of the political perplexities of our times. I can make these expressions all the more heartily because I have not always been able to agree with the *Evening Post*, and can add that when I have been obliged to differ, an extra amount of consideration has been necessary before forming an opinion. I well remember one of my earliest conversations with you, when I was the college librarian at Yale, and you told me, in outline, the plans you were forming for the conduct of a weekly newspaper. You have more than carried out the foresighted programme which you then laid down. You are certainly to be congratulated on the large measure of success which has followed your services.

D. C. GILMAN.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 3, 1899.

MY DEAR MR. GARRISON: —

Will you kindly convey to Mr. Godkin the expression of my very sincere regret at his retirement from editorial work and my hope that he may at no distant time be sufficiently restored in health to be able to resume his labors? Although our convictions have led us to differ

on many cardinal questions yet I have always fully recognized the thorough honesty of his opinions as well as the trenchant ability with which they were maintained and that in his hands the editorial pen was a power working for righteousness. In casting it aside he leaves the community distinctly weakened in the forces which wage the actual battle against evil.

Very sincerely,
HENRY C. LEA.

BURLINGTON, VERMONT,
Nov. 9, 1899.

MY DEAR GODKIN: —

The fear of boring you has vainly struggled with my impulse to tell you, on your retirement from active journalism, that at least one man feels that you have taught him — and not merely him, but the whole country, more than has any other man in it.

Having completed an honorable term of duty, may you continue, as a frequent pleasure, to teach us for many happy years!

Gratefully yours,
HENRY HOLT.

OBERLIN, O., 13 Nov., 1899.

DEAR MR. GODKIN: —

I was totally unprepared for the announcement of your throwing down the responsible editorship of the *Evening Post*. The proverb has it that we think all men mortal but ourselves, but in your case I reverse the saw, for whilst I have fully recognized my own right to go on the retired list, I have never thought of you but as flourishing perpetually in the youth which I admired when you issued your prospectus for the *Nation* in 1865

and when I made haste to subscribe for the first number, never missing or wishing to miss a number from that day to this.

Indeed I think you seemed to grow younger as you warmed to your work, and to be a livelier if not a friskier youth in the eighties and nineties than you were in the sixties.

Of course, in the perplexities of political duty and in the sometimes discouraging effort to apply principle to its problems, I have occasionally (though very rarely) found myself wandering a little from the career you were taking; but then, perhaps more than ever I realized what a valuable thing it was to have the clear strong light of your judgment thrown on the path, and to have to reckon with the criticism of one whose honesty was unquestionable, whose vision was of the clearest, whose patriotism was of the highest and purest, whose devotion to truth was a passion, and whose faithful dealing was unflinching. I really believe that earnest men, all over the land, whether they agree with you or differ, will unite in the exclamation which Lincoln made as to Grant, we can't spare this man — he *fights*. In the battle that is on, this will be more and more felt, and even those who have counted you an opponent, will sadly miss the standard of uncompromising integrity in political discussion by which they have, more or less consciously, clarified their own judgments.

I shall hope that a temporary rest will so renew your strength that, without taking up again the wearing grind of daily toil at the unending details of editorial work, you will for many a long year to come lead the discussion of everything which belongs to the true progress of man.

Faithfully yours,

J. D. Cox.

BALTIMORE, Jan'y 4th.

There is said to have been a witty Frenchman who gave the advice not to act on a first impulse lest it should turn out to have been an honest one. In spite of such warning I am going to follow a prompting which I have felt for some time, and send you a few lines to express some small part of the appreciation and gratitude with which I have regarded your editorial work as it has come before me these thirty years. It would be almost impossible for me to overstate the value of your services as editor of and writer in those two most admirably conducted papers, the *Nation* and the *Evening Post*, all these years, almost impossible to exaggerate the pleasure which I have had in being one of your readers.

Quite apart from the very high value of the *Nation* as a literary and critical paper, as the organ *par excellence* of cultivated people, and leaving out of consideration the mental and æsthetic stimulus it has been to thousands of readers, the sustained merit of its editorials on important public questions — so varied, vigorous, eloquent, witty, effective, and inspired by so high a moral purpose — has seemed to me something not only admirable but extraordinary. You have a right to feel and a right to be told that you have fought a good fight and deserved well of your adopted country.

Apart from those whom you reached directly, your editorials were read by hundreds of other editors and influenced them, and through them you reached indirectly and at only one remove a very great number. For years I have noticed your editorials reappearing unacknowledged, a little changed and somewhat diluted, but still with their original integrity not entirely removed from them, in the columns of other papers — a course of

Post-and-water not equal to the strong meat from which the decoction was made, but still wholesome for the inwards of the weaker brethren, the average reader.

Yours truly,

FRED'K J. BROWN.

NEW YORK, November 5, 1899.

DEAR MR. GODKIN: —

I cannot see you passing so significant a mile-stone in your life's journey as the one that marks your relinquishment of editorial duties, without feeling a strong impulse (which I trust you will not resent as intrusive) to thank you for all the help I have received from you, these many years, as a teacher of political truth and as a critic of life and manners.

Faithfully your minister and friend,

W. R. HUNTINGTON.

CAMBRIDGE, 30 Nov., 1899.

DEAR MR. GODKIN: —

I saw lately that you had retired from active work. Naturally I fell to thinking about the results of your work on the *Nation*. One may sometimes infer from his own experience probable effects on others who have been subjected to like influences. Now I am conscious that the *Nation* has had a decided effect on my opinions and my action for nearly forty years; and I believe it has had like effects on thousands of educated Americans. This does not mean that your readers have always adopted your opinions; but if you have not convinced them, you have forced them to find some good reasons for holding opinions different from yours; and that is a great intellectual service. Then you have pricked any number of bubbles and windbags, and have given us keen enjoyment in the process. And how often you have exposed

humbug and cant to the great refreshment of sincere people!

I have sometimes been sorry for you and your immediate coadjutors, because you had no chance to work immediately and positively for the remedying of some of the evils which you exposed. The habitual critic gets a darker or less cheerful view of the social and political state than one does who is actively engaged in efforts to improve that state. All the greater are the obligations of society to the critic.

I have said nothing about the *Evening Post* because I have seldom seen it; but I remember that James Bryce told me that he thought it decidedly the best paper printed in the English language.

Hoping that you lay aside your armor with a just sense of achievement, I am,

Very truly yours,

CHARLES W. ELIOT.

54, PORTLAND PLACE, Dec. 6, 1899.

MY DEAR GODKIN: —

Your leaving the direct and constant editorship of the *E. P.* would be matter of the keenest regret to me and to my wife, who is no less an admirer of what you have done through it than I am, were it not that I trust it will give you better health and more leisure to come to us frequently in Europe. Still I do regret it terribly, for there is no one in the U.S.A. that one has heard of who can do the tithe of what you have done for principles of good government and purity and for sound reason as against demagogism. Please accept our heartiest wishes for your easier life to justify these inevitable regrets.

Ever yours,

JAMES BRYCE.

RYE, 24th November, 1899.

MY DEAR GODKIN: —

Your good news reaches me at a moment when, without the least flight of fancy or stretch of veracity, I was on the very point of writing to you. The newspapers here had been full of the news of your retirement from the *Post*, and this had set me wondering whether that desirable step had been precipitated by your finding yourself, on your return, less well. I gather that both these things were the case; but as I gather also that your recovered freedom has sent you up, very much, to "where," as Tennyson says, "above these voices there is peace," my comfort and reassurance are beyond any anxiety. Your speaking of your return hither as fixed for an early date fills the cup of my confidence. May that date arrive by leaps and bounds — as, for that matter, I find in these days, in these years, that every date does. I look for your advent as for one of the few luxuries that, in this braced and simplified country state, I now permit myself. I can well imagine the sweet taste that real leisure at last has for you. I imagine that an occasional roar, half suppressed, but causing such remark in your immediate circle as is occasioned by mutterings of summer thunder — I can imagine that some such echo of the awful drift of things occasionally proceeds from your gilded cage; but am still more sure that when you have once again let yourself loose over here you won't care the least little bit.

Arrive, arrive therefore, so that we may mingle our *insouciance*. I seem to be, as yet, practically wintering here — and it's a part of the year that, all but the shortening days, I like almost better in this quiet corner than any other. Moreover I have again

disposed, commercially, of my London apartment for a number of months; so that, whatever may happen in the interval, I dare say I shall be here awaiting your visit at the moment your reappearance renews the promise of it. Yes, we are indeed on the war-path but as yet setting no very shining examples. These will doubtless be, in abundance, for later. I note, as they say, your good account of your Blickenderfer, the portability of which must greatly endear it. But I am wedded, as you see, to dictation and the *alter ego*. I send my love to yours — by whom I of course mean Mrs. Godkin. Please tell her I earnestly press her not to let you linger *là-bas* a moment longer than can be helped — for I apprehend (I *can*, at least) a climax, or an abyss, in which you would break out into a new Journal. Give me, please, early news of your approach and believe me always yours both,

HENRY JAMES.

DEC. 28, 1900.

MY DEAR GEORGINA: —

I meant to have written to you on Christmas Day, but we had so much to do and so many people to see that I did not get a moment before bedtime. As you know I have resigned from the *Post*, but I am going to write once a week for them under my own signature without going to the office, and without any necessity of being in New York. This is as much as I am equal to. I am for all ordinary purposes of life very well, but I have damaged my nervous system by overwork, and the doctors threaten me with serious things if I do anything that can be called labor any more. So I am simply enjoying life by means of the *dolce far niente*. I have not found life so agreeable

for many a year. My library is more delightful than ever. We are staying in the country till next autumn, when I think we shall go to Italy or Southern France for the winter. As my income is somewhat reduced by my retirement, we are anxious to get out of this terribly dear place for a while at all events.

I have written for the last day of the old year for the *Post* a sketch of my whole career since I went to the Crimea. I will cut it out and send it to you in an envelope so as to make sure of your getting it.

I hope you are all well — mother especially. I would write to Kate if I had her address. Will you send it to me when you write? Tell me also if Tim Healy is still living. If he is, I should like to send him some little remembrance. I hope you have had a pleasant Christmas, — we have got past the age of *Merry* Christmas. I feel less secure about life since my last breakdown, but I feel now I have acted my part well and may leave the rest to God.

A Happy New Year to you both!

Your affectionate brother,

E. L. Godkin.

CHAPTER XVIII

Withdrawal from active work meant for Mr. Godkin both rest and a rebound of spirits. In December, 1899, he wrote to a friend: "I am enjoying my leisure to a degree you cannot imagine. I wake over it with joy every morning, and am reading so many things that I have longed for, for years." He now took redoubled pleasure in his library, where, indeed, it had long been his delight to find relaxation and renewal. His rule was to exclude even talk of reform from that still air; and once when an ardent lady came to urge him to raise his oriflamme in the van of some good cause she had at heart, his reply was, "I am out of oriflammes to-day."

Much reading, large discourse with friends, and a real lift of heart and strength marked the first weeks after retirement. His occasional signed articles in the *Evening Post* brought him swift and warm appreciation, while the "Random Reminiscences" which he published in that newspaper on the last day of the year, led to requests by publishers that he extend them. Such suggested plans for work at leisure filled and cheered his mind. It is not to be denied, however, that his impaired health cut into his old hopefulness. When he could no longer fight with

the vigor of other years, he became more doubtful about the struggle availing.

In answer to a letter from Mr. F. E. Leupp, long the Washington correspondent of the *Evening Post*, Mr. Godkin wrote: —

I am of course sorry to retire, but nature has a very imperative way with men of my age. Then our present political condition is repulsive to me. I came here fifty years ago with high and fond ideals about America, for I was brought up in the Mill-Grote school of radicals. They are now all shattered, and I have apparently to look elsewhere to keep even moderate hopes about the human race alive.

To Dr. Huntington: —

Nov. 13, 1899.

Dear Dr. Huntington: —

There is no man in the United States whose *Ave et vale* I value more than yours. The doctors have told me it is time to take in sail, and I have had insinuations to that effect from even surer sources. The last two or three years, too, have been very trying to me, as rowing against the tide always is. And then I have suffered from seeing the America of my youthful dreams vanish from my sight, and the commencement on this continent of the old story; and I must confess I think I have seen great decline in both morals and politics, within my forty years. Arthur Balfour told me last summer in London that "he heard I was a pessimist." I said "what would you think of me if I were satisfied and made cheerful by all I see?" Possibly it is all along of my sixty-eight years. I trust so. Thank you heartily for all your kind

words. But alas, I am not the only disillusioned radical. Where I shall finally elect to die, I do not know, but I remain in New York for the present.

My thoughts often recur to you as one of the public teachers who "stand fast." The disposition of the church almost everywhere to take pains not to rise above the morality of the crowd has been one of the afflictions of my later years.

I am immensely enjoying my leisure, and find that without work I can be very well.

With many thanks and good wishes, I remain,

Your grateful friend,

E. L. Godkin.

To Mrs. Bryce: —

New York, Nov. 14, 1899.

My dear Mrs. Bryce: —

You will forgive my again using the typewriter, as I do it myself. I have almost given up handwriting, having procured a little machine, recently come on the market, which I can carry about with me everywhere, and is immensely convenient. Any one who has written as much as I have in forty years must curse the pen.

I am greatly obliged by your letter. It was exactly what I wanted — some inside glimpse of English feeling. I am on the whole not sorry for your experience. You now know what we have been through, seeing a perfectly avoidable war forced on by a band of unscrupulous politicians, the permission of whom to exist and flourish on the part of the Almighty always puzzles me; and behind them a roaring mob.

We are dragging wearily in the old way, killing half a dozen Filipinos every week, and continually "near the end." The folly of ignorance and rascality we are dis-

playing in the attempt to conquer and have "subjects" would disgrace a trades union. You do not see a quarter of it in England.

I have resigned from the *Post*, as you will see by the enclosed slip. The work had become not only more and more disagreeable in the present state of our politics, but more and more wearing to my health. My wife had become absolutely peremptory. I am receiving shoals of lamenting letters.

To the same:—

Nov. 18, 1899.

In writing to you in the beginning of the week, there were some things I forgot to say.

The election is over with a heavy majority all over for the Imperialists. This is a great change from the beginning of the summer, and is undoubtedly due to your war. You know they are very childish, and think, as you have "a war of civilization," they must have one too. We are much amused but somewhat sickened by your professions of love for America as soon as she abandons what constituted her ancient fame, and launches on a career of lawless brutality, and serves your purposes. These professions are a popular joke here. You are hated just as much as ever, and it is a common remark how the stumps would resound with denunciations of your attack on the Boers, if we were not in the same business ourselves.

A few days ago I dined beside Reed, the Speaker of the last Congress, and the one statesman remaining in Washington. Said I, "What do you think of McKinley; you must know him pretty well. Some people tell me that, although he has made mistakes, he is a good man."

Said he, "What do *you* think of a man who gets his debts paid by other people and rewards them with missions in the public service?" I need not comment on this. But we are making money gloriously.

To Dr. Gilman:—

NOVEMBER 15, 1899.

MY DEAR GILMAN:—

Your kind letter would be very grateful if only because it is over forty years since first "we were acquent." But I have ever since been taking pleasure in the fact that you were yearly achieving success by doing what I thought "the right thing in a very great field of activity," and then you know I am your wife's "oldest friend," as she has often remarked. You both carry me a long way back up the stream of time to the "jours charmants de la vie."

As to my health "there is life in the old dog yet." I went abroad in May completely broken up, but the doctor there assured me there was nothing wrong but having worked too hard and too long, and that obligatory work must cease absolutely. In other words, that at my age I must "take in sail." This was confirmed when I got home by the doctor here. So I have degenerated from a truculent editor into an occasional contributor, and as a matter of fact I am leading the life of a gentleman of leisure and refinement. I feel as if I had never before, not even in youth, enjoyed life so much.

To Miss Tuckerman:—

THANKSGIVING DAY, 1899.

DEAR EMILY:—

Nothing has happened since you went except Bell's "Feat of Arms" in the Philippines. It's high time for

another childish craze, and I feel the need of one. We had a very agreeable visit last night from ex-Speaker Reed. He came very kindly on my invitation to advise us about the "Traveller's Defence" Bill. He makes a distinct impression of power, and is full of sardonic humor, which suits his face very well. It is so pleasant to meet a mature rational man.

I am going to look forward to a day at Mt. Vernon with you. When last there, fifteen years ago, it quite *m'attendrissait.* It will be delightful to see it with a dear sympathetic friend.

To the same:—

DEC. 26, 1899.

I cannot accept the office of godfather without knowing distinctly what are its obligations. For what am I responsible? What have you forsworn? Doubtless you have abandoned the devil and all his works, and "the flesh," but how about "the world"? I never accept an office for which I think I am not thoroughly fit. As your uncle, I would feel easy and would not care what you did; but as your godfather, I would feel uneasy constantly. Had I not better be simply your uncle, and thus be able to allow you complete moral freedom? It is probably because you are a Unitarian that you take the office of godfather so lightly. I, on the other hand, having never left the Episcopal church, still have a certain reverence for it, and like to see its duties faithfully fulfilled. Think of these things.

We had a quiet Christmas Day, Lawrence, Mrs. Sands, and another friend or two. But Christmas gets worse for me every year. I have had too many, and they have been so sad, many of them. I am, however, enjoying my home, as never before. I suppose we ought to go away

for a year or two, but how to make up our minds to do it I do not know. I have just sent down to the *Post* a page of random recollections of the last forty years. In writing them, I felt a good deal of "the warm light of my earlier skies." But what a cheat life is, and how delightful it would be to feel like a good Presbyterian, or Methodist, that the Creator had charge of your little affairs, chose the ship for you to go to Europe or arranged "summer board" for you in America.

A Happy New Year to you. No matter what you are, niece or goddaughter, you are very dear, and will always be mentioned in my prayers, whatever they may be.

To Moorfield Storey:—

JANUARY 19, 1900.

MY DEAR STOREY:—

I was mortified to have missed your visit, and if you had left any address I think I should have sallied out at once to try to find you, but surely you will soon be coming this way again. Why could you not give us a Sunday some time shortly? I want much to see you, so much that writing seems very illusory.

I am, as you know, a gentleman of leisure. Forty years of work have naturally left their traces, but they have not diminished my capacity for enjoyment, and I am getting a great deal out of my idleness. The nearest I come to work is a letter once a week to the *Post* on anything that occurs to me, and I have agreed with the publisher to amplify my recollections into a good-sized volume to be ready next fall. I am going to make it the vehicle of a good deal of comment as well as reminiscence.

I agree with you that things look very black. I think that while money-making will long continue on a great

scale, the government will shortly undergo great changes which will be presided over, not by men of light and leading, but by capitalists and adroit politicians. Forms may be kept up as at Rome, but the spirit will be gone. I shall not see it, but you may. Here the indifference to what happens, as long as "prosperity" continues, is already appalling, and the military spirit has taken possession of the masses, to whom power has passed. But for the extraordinary power of self-deception possessed by Americans, the changes would have been perceptible long ago.

Do try and come in some day, even mutual lamentation would be pleasant.

On February 7, 1900, Mr. Godkin was taken ill while working on his reminiscences. He had exceeded the one hour to which his physician had limited his writing, and when remonstrated with insisted upon ten minutes more. Within that time, it was evident something had gone wrong. "My hands are foreign to me," he said repeatedly, as he clasped and unclasped them. The symptoms of cerebral hemorrhage speedily declared themselves, and for forty-eight hours he lay in most critical state. A long illness followed, and during the weeks of slow recovery his patience and cheerfulness were exemplary. Playfulness of spirit came back before strength of body. His gratitude for the slightest ministrations and joy in the visits of friends were marked. A morning salute to his wife was, "Advenisti, O, desiderabilis quem expectabimus in tenebris!"

As spring came on, it was a great disappointment that his physical condition forbade his going to England. But he determinedly set about learning to walk again, was able to read his fill, saw his intimate friends, and expressed few misgivings. In May he went to Lenox, for a refreshing six weeks, spent in the home of Mrs. Kuhn, whose friendly hospitality he had known for half his American lifetime. Late in June, he proceeded to Dublin, N.H. The landscape had small charm for him, "miles and miles of woods and not a tree," he would say. The oaks and beeches of England were in his mind. But he had a camp in the pines which proved a real resource, and he was walking with less difficulty. Many friends found him out there. October saw him back again in New York, well content to be at home and in his library. He rejoiced that he was "out of the elevating business."

To Mr. Bryce:—

LENOX, MASS., May 11, 1900.

MY DEAR BRYCE:—

Many thanks for your letter. I am here on my way upward, I hope, but my handwriting is not yet fit for letters. I am much obliged for your English news. The disappearance of conscience from public affairs has long been visible to us, but there is always enough hypocrisy kept on hand to impose on foreigners. In spite of a very valiant "remnant," our prospects are far gloomier than yours.

I am going to spend the mid-summer months in the mountains of New Hampshire. I have read about the Queen's visit to Ireland, and am amused to see how Salisbury managed to throw cold water on it and prevent its having any good effect — one of his finest "blazing indiscretions" and one of the worst. A man like Salisbury needs a man like Chamberlain to do his dirtiest work. I suppose he has as little objection to Chamberlain as he had to Disraeli, and the future historian will have difficulty in fairly dividing between the two whatever rascality there is in English politics.

Good-by. My next letter will, I hope, be written with my own hand. Tell Mrs. Bryce how much we appreciate her luminous political summaries.

To W. P. Garrison: —

LENOX, MASS., June 3, 1900.

DEAR GARRISON: —

I have read your article with interest and hearty approval. It is the unwillingness of people to believe such things as you have written, and to speak them out, which is ruining the national character, and has ruined our politics; the reason being the tawdry *bouffe* respect given to a man of great insignificance and worthlessness because he has managed to capture the yells of a convention. Believe me, as long as this timidity continues, our downward progress will continue. Already there is no one left in public life whom any educated person calls a statesman. We are a parcel of big boys playing at politics.

I am doing pretty well here; I am already able to compose a little daily, and am progressing. I walk over a mile every day. I hope you are getting on well, and that the *Nation* is maintaining its ancient fame.

To the same:—

MONADNOCK, N.H., Sep. 28, 1900.

There is no one with whom I have so long "clambed the hill thegither" as with you, and naturally now on returning once more, even for a brief period, to life, I am exceedingly glad to hear from you. I have been gaining steadily since I came here, and find myself once more capable of a little work. I had intended paying no more attention to American politics, but the habits and interests of forty years cannot be dropped in a minute.

We are leaving here Oct. 10, and go almost immediately to the Hot Springs, Va., for three or four weeks. After Nov. 15, I will be in our own house, and hope soon to see you there.

To Charles Eliot Norton:—

MONADNOCK, N.H., July 31, 1900.

MY DEAR NORTON:—

About my occupations there is little to tell. I rise early, take a longish walk after breakfast, over rough ground, as an exercise in locomotion, read an hour or two in books kindly sent to me by Eliot, in accordance with your suggestion, mainly biography and travels, sleep an hour or two, and am now beginning to write about fifteen minutes for the *Post*. My days, however, are undoubtedly dull. I take a drive with my wife every afternoon in a one-horse wagon, she driving, through a country picturesque but monotonous. I find I am a "homme très policé," and only thoroughly enjoy scenery created and improved by man. Nature, except Switzerland, tires me. The summer resorters here are few, but respectable and intelligent. The westerners are rich. I am amused by their political hopefulness.

I have been re-writing a reminiscential sketch of Old Cambridge as I knew it forty years ago. I thought at first of sending it to you in proof, but concluded that this would be giving it too much dignity. It is simply an experiment intended to test my working powers, but the mere remembrance of those happy days moved me.

I was very glad to hear of your safe return, and was not surprised by what you say of England. If the Lord means to save modern nations now is his time. The fall of England into the hands of a creature like Chamberlain recalls the capture of Rome by Alaric. I suppose we shall stay here till October; where we shall go in the winter then depends on my health.

I congratulate you on the D.C.L. I presume you would have got it long ago but for the personal-presence condition. The degree is still the blue ribbon of literature.

My handwriting is bad, but my heart is in the right place.

To the same:—

MONADNOCK, N.H., Aug. 7, 1900.

I enclose the proof of a letter I have written to the *Post* about Old Cambridge. I am anxious that no living person should be *froissé* by anything that it contains. You and the Jameses are the only persons whom it concerns, and I should consider your judgment on the matter final. I have tried to err, if I err at all, by saying too little, rather than too much.

To W. P. Garrison:—

NEW YORK, Nov. 16, 1900.

MY DEAR GARRISON:—

I was met at Washington on my return by the news of Villard's death, for which your visit in New York had somewhat prepared me.

I hope things will go on as usual with you, but I shall not be able to finish my letter on Parkman as soon as I expected, certainly not for next week. It will not in any sense overrun Higginson's notice.

I am living prudently for a few days, until the fatigue of the journey quite goes over. Come in and see me when convenient.

To Professor Fisher:—

MONADNOCK, N.H., Aug. 12th, 1900.

DEAR FISHER:—

It was a great pleasure to me to hear your news again. I have been for months without seeing any one who could tell me about you. I was very glad to hear your North East Harbor news. My news is not hard to tell. I have been slowly toiling up the hill since February last, cheered by the fine promises of the doctors, who say that before long I shall be as well as ever. By the end of the year I really think their anticipations will be realized; but it has been a slow and painful process, one of the conditions of which has been keeping my mind unoccupied. We expect now to spend the winter in our own house, after November, and there we hope to see you. Possibly by March we may take our departure for a prolonged absence in Europe.

I have retired from the active elevation of mankind; man must get on now by his own unaided exertions!

To Charles Eliot Norton:—

NEW YORK, Dec. 31, 1900.

MY DEAR NORTON:—

Your note this morning made me a little unhappy, not because it reminded me of my own neglect, but of my

disability, because I have intended to write you ever since Christmas began to loom on the horizon, through the typewriter, which Katharine works for me, on account of the defects still shown by my handwriting.

My dear fellow, no anniversary ever comes round without recalling most vividly the happy days passed with you in the sunniest years of my life, and how much of the sun of those years was due to your kindness and friendship! In fact, all you say about my work is simply a compliment to your own goodness of heart. We were glad to get the photo group of Shady Hill, which has been for so many years one of our *cari luoghi*. We are both nearing the end of our career, and certainly the sweetest memories of mine are clustered around you and your sisters. Give our love to Sally, and take the warmest wishes for a Happy New Year for you both.

To Mr. Bryce:—

Lakewood, N.J., March 18, 1901.

My dear Bryce:—

When you see this handwriting you will understand why I have not written to you sooner and oftener. I have been completely disabled since February by a recurrence of my old disability, and am now writing from Lakewood, a health resort near New York, to which I have come in the hope of getting rid of extreme weakness and getting back my power of locomotion. Here I have luckily found Goldwin Smith and some other friends. He is very human and kind in his intercourse with me. Comes to see me often, and talks most interestingly about English matters. We are going to England early in May (D.V.) for an indefinite period.

Our passages are taken, and we are looking for a house in Devonshire. We sail to Plymouth.

Do read Mark Twain in the *North American Review*. He is doing excellent work. Do you know Ian Malcolm, one of Salisbury's private secretaries? He was here in December about the treaty, and I tried, I think with success, to enlighten him.

Good-by. I shall be in Plymouth some time in May. I watch you in the *Times*, and wish "more power to your elbow."

Mr. Godkin was not so well in the first months of 1901, yet his longing for England was so intense that it was finally thought best he should go. He sailed on May 28 for Southampton, a physician being in the party. The voyage was made in comfort, much of Mr. Godkin's old spirit returning. He laughed at queer situations, had comic disputes, objecting particularly to being wrapped up. "My only disease," he said, "comes from woollens." On landing, he went direct to Lyndhurst, in the New Forest. There he found a garden full of rhododendrons, which filled him with content. To him, as to Grimm, an English garden yielded an emotion akin to that of a great drama. Mrs. Godkin's journal bears frequent testimony to the satisfaction he found in the landscape upon which his eye rested, while his mind was busy with historic associations and the memory of friends. Later, he rented for three months Castle Malwood, near Stony Cross. Here a tiled porch, shut in by a vine of white passion flowers, was his

favorite morning retreat. He was able to take almost daily drives, and friends often came for long talks in the garden or in the low-ceiled library, looking out through French windows to the lawn lying green under the western sky. The James brothers sought him out here, as did Mr. Bryce and Prof. Dicey, and Miss Dawson brought him brightness. His sister Kate visited him repeatedly, as did also a cousin who recalled early days. Among his neighbors, Sir Leslie Stephen came oftenest, and Sir William and Lady Harcourt were both near and kind.

The waning summer made a change necessary, and Torquay was pitched upon for the winter. Hatley St. George was chosen, a villa overlooking the Lincombe Gardens and the sea. Albert Pell was occupying a house near by, and his unfailing manifestations of friendship were a prop and comfort to Mr. Godkin. It was here that cabled greetings reached Mr. Godkin from the celebration of the centenary of the *Evening Post*, at which many a feeling tribute was paid to him. He wrote in acknowledgment: —

TORQUAY, Nov. 29, 1901.

MY DEAR GARRISON: —

I have received your account of the *Evening Post* anniversary; it was evidently a very gratifying occasion for all who were concerned in it. I do not remember any newspaper ever having received a similar compliment before. It is some return for the way in which we all spent ourselves. I read most of the speeches. I have read what you saw fit to say of me with emotion; it is certainly most gratifying. The dearest thing I recall in

it all is my thirty years association with you. You have been to me, in it all, the kindest and most devoted friend. That you are able to hold such a meeting, seems to me one of the best rewards you could have had; you will feel surer of your public, and your task therefore should be easier in future. Some day I believe civil service reform will have become as obvious in America as it is here; anything else is unthinkable. The anti-slavery fight seemed even more hopeless, yet it was won, and now people wonder that there ever was any fight at all.

I am progressing here slowly. I have back everything but my handwriting and walking. I do a little of that on a good terrace we have, but nothing to boast of yet. I am constantly out of doors, and enjoy this moderate climate. I made a mistake in not coming here, or to some mild climate, last winter. I have been reading a life of my poor friend Russell, by Barry O'Brien, and have enjoyed it very much. I hope you will have it well reviewed in the *Nation*.

I am glad to hear you have all your family about you this winter. Give my love to Katharine, and make my acknowledgments to Oswald Villard for his handsome mention of my services.

Affectionately and faithfully yours, and bearing in mind our unvarying friendship of thirty years,

Yours always,

E. L. Godkin.

To Charles Eliot Norton:—

Hatley St. George,
Torquay, Jan. 22, 1902.

My dear Norton:—

Your letter, received two or three days ago, gave me great pleasure, but I still have not confidence enough to

answer it, as it ought to be answered, in my own handwriting.

I have been here since the end of October. We spent the summer, as you know, in a pleasant part of the New Forest, and came here for climate, good doctors, etc., and thus far have had tolerable success with both.

My main interest is, of course, political, and I am sickened to see how closely we are following the Tories, and also to see how we are flattered here, in place of the abuse which was heaped upon us of old. The grand place we promised to occupy in the world seems to be completely out of sight. The next generation will have very little to quote from us about the war. We have resorted to the old Tory trick of employing clever men to do dirty jobs. I see that the hold of the Jingoes is stronger on us than it used to be; society has been brought to play in politics with great effect. Chamberlain is a capital specimen of the rise of an unscrupulous politician, and we have not yet seen the end of him. America is hereafter to play a large part in European politics; our means of resistance to bad influences is less than it used to be. American methods are much more in favor over here than they once were, and the art of lying is much more popular. Our army in the Philippines is repeating the practices of the Spanish and other older despotisms. The worst of it is that the cheap press has become a great aid and support in all these things. It has by no means turned out, as it was expected to, a teacher of better manners and purer laws.

Sallie's news of you all in Cambridge, as well as your own later instalment, was very welcome. I am some what reassured by you about Roosevelt, of whom I have had grave doubts. I quite agree with you in what you

say as to the improvement over McKinley. Chamberlain uses the Jingo lingo as well as any of his congeners, and has the same brazen indifference to being exposed. If my handwriting were easy, I should write you oftener. I spoilt it, even before my illness, with typewriting.

Always, my dear old friend, yours with real affection,

E. L. Godkin.

The mild winter allowed Mr. Godkin to be much out of doors. The first primrose came in February, and the wall-flower, a great favorite of his, bloomed right through the winter and drew out of some pigeon-hole in his brain verses that he had memorized as a boy: —

But thou, neglected wall-flower, to my heart
And muse, art dearest, wildest, sweetest flower, etc.

Much other poetry, apparently forgotten, welled up from hidden stores and fell from his lips in these months. Friends came for brief visits at Torquay, several from America. His guest, Miss Alice Lyon, was an indefatigable reader, and helped him while away many an hour and get at the marrow of many books.

May Day found him at Greenway on the river Dart, in an historic house, with lovely gardens, in the midst of romantic scenery. "Can you explain to me," he demanded of his wife, "why you ever searched further for a country place after seeing Greenway?"

Raleigh and the Gilberts had lived there, and had sailed from Dartmouth, a mile below. Davis and

Frobisher, Drake and Hawkins, all belong to Dartmouth and Plymouth, and their names were often on Mr. Godkin's lips. To those who warned him that the air of Devonshire would be too relaxing, he replied that the air which had produced these naval heroes was good enough for him. He made an excursion across the Dart in his carriage, poled in a flat-bottomed boat, so anxious was he to see Dartmouth. On returning from this over-long trip of five hours, he conceded nothing to fatigue except omitting to dress for dinner. Indeed, he throughout left apprehension to others. Rebelling at their precautions, he would merely say: "If my limitations must increase, I shan't care to live much longer." In his own person he illustrated what he had once written of "the power of meeting death calmly — that noblest of the products of culture."

The end came painlessly, after a sudden lapse into unconsciousness, May 21, 1902. He was buried in the old churchyard at Hazelbeach. The church is an ancient edifice restored within the last ten years by Albert Pell; who hurried to Greenway, though he was not in time to see his friend again. They had walked and talked in the Hazelbeach churchyard together, and while not planning to lie there, as his friend had already done, this grave in middle England would not have displeased Mr. Godkin. On his tombstone is this inscription, from the pen of Mr. Bryce:—

EDWIN LAWRENCE GODKIN,

PUBLICIST, ECONOMIST, MORALIST.

BORN AT MOYNE, WICKLOW, 1831. DIED AT GREENWAY, DEVON, 1902.

FOR FORTY YEARS A CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES.

Gifted with a penetrating intellect and singular powers of expression,
constant in friendship, tireless in energy, dauntless in courage,
a steadfast champion of good causes and high ideals,
he became an inspiring influence, and bore a foremost part in all
efforts to make government just, pure, and efficient,
and wrought unceasingly to strengthen the ties
between the nation whence he sprang, and that to which
his services were given through a long and laborious life.

BURIED IN HAZELBEACH CHURCHYARD, NORTHAMPTON, MAY 28, 1902.

SAPERE AUDI.

Mr. Godkin's death drew forth a flood of tributes. The English press knew what a loss journalism had suffered in him, and the American newspapers, with envy extinguished, were unanimous in recognizing his shining qualities and distinguished services. Private expressions of grief, love, and pride poured in. Professor A. V. Dicey wrote: "Two things will always remain fixed in my memory. The one is his incessant and strenuous conflict with every form of injustice and wrong-doing, and the other his extraordinary kindness to his friends." From Mr. Bryce's letter of condolence, a sentence or two may be quoted: "He was the truest and warmest of friends. . . . It is thirty-two years since I first knew him, and twenty-one years since we began to exchange letters, so that the stimulus of his wonderfully bright, keen, flashing mind was never long absent from me. . . . And what a noble record of courage

Hazelbeach

and energy in the highest causes to recall!" Mr. Godkin's old and honored American friend, James C. Carter, declared: "I felt that truth and right had lost one of their most courageous and powerful champions, ever since he retired from the field he had made glorious;" and his long-time brother in arms, Mr. Garrison, exclaimed, "He belongs in that Westminster Abbey which transcends the historic pile, and gathers in all the honored names which make the glory of England and America."

Friends of Mr. Godkin desired to found a lasting memorial to him, and decided upon the plan of endowing a lectureship in Harvard University. More than $12,000 was subscribed with this end in view, and on March 18, 1903, was turned over to the President and Fellows of Harvard, with the sole proviso that "the income be used in providing for the delivery and publication of lectures upon 'The Essentials of Free Government and the Duties of the Citizen,' or upon some part of that subject, such lectures to be called 'The Godkin Lectures,' and of which there shall be at least one in every year." The University accepted the trust, and the first Godkin lecturer was fittingly Mr. Bryce. In introducing him at Cambridge, October 24, 1904, President Eliot said: —

> These lectures upon government and civic duty are in remembrance of a man who gave his life to the public through the medium of the press. It is the first endow-

ment of its kind given to Harvard University. The subscription list is one of the most interesting I have ever seen, not only because of the quality of the men and women who desired to contribute, but also because the list bore the names of many to whom Mr. Godkin's opinions were not acceptable, but who wished to show their profound respect for his character and high motives. Mr. Godkin was a man of remarkable vigor and great candor, and of unremitting devotion to lofty ideals of public duty. To the advancement of these ideals he brought the use of sharp weapons. His was a strong, virile pen. His writings were often intensely irritating to his opponents. He died without seeing his ideals realized. After his death, friends, acquaintances, and persons who had never known him raised the fund for the purpose of these lectures. If the whole world had been searched it would have been impossible to have found a more appropriate man to treat of the civic duties so near to Mr. Godkin than the publicist and historian whom I now have the pleasure of introducing.

In beginning his lecture, Mr. Bryce made a rapid outline of Mr. Godkin's career, and then proceeded to characterize him as follows: —

It is not for his intellectual gifts that Mr. Godkin was most admired, but for the moral qualities that directed the exercise of those gifts. The lot of a journalist is a hard one, for there are many things that the public wish to hear but which it should not be told. To censure people is a public function, and the journalist must cast aside his personal feelings. Mr. Godkin did not seek to please or flatter his readers, nor to strive for advertisements, but to maintain an unbending independence.

He compromised for no one, and he enjoyed a liberty which a member of a party in a legislature cannot enjoy. In practical politics one learns the force of will and steadfastness of purpose. Courage, unselfishness, public spirit — those are the virtues needed to benefit a community, and these Mr. Godkin possessed. He hated corruption, ignorance, and inefficiency in public affairs, and they raised his ire as an offence against himself would have done. Because he was so devoted to the true cause of America and to the true ideals of what America should be, he impressed those who joined in creating this foundation. He was a scientific student of methods of reform — an alert, accurate observer, and he applied his knowledge of history to practical politics.

Those who knew Mr. Godkin well were aware that he often bent his mind upon death. Upon that oldest of mysteries, he had not failed to look with steady eye. It was with the turn of a Swift that he once wrote to his wife: —

. . . But then, after all war there comes peace; after all voyages comes port; after all labor comes rest. Some day I think I shall really be able to put over my door Brougham's inscription at Cannes (translated freely): —

"In port at last; Fame and Fortune both good-bye,
With me you've fooled enough, the game with others try."

As in the case of his great countryman, friends could turn away from his grave comforted that he had gone where *sæva indignatio* could no longer tear his heart.

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